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October, 1972
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—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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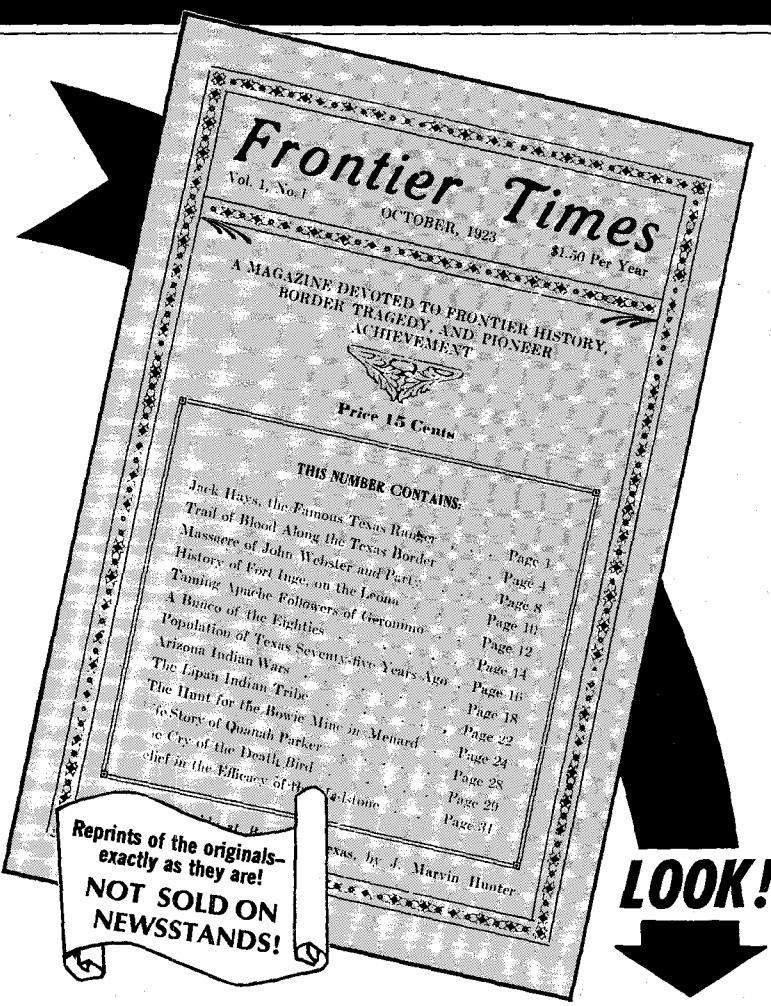

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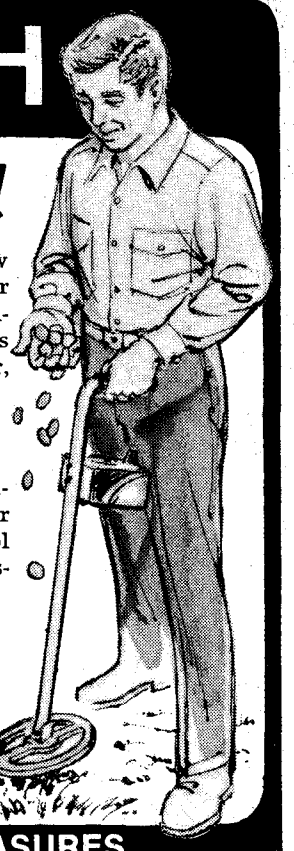

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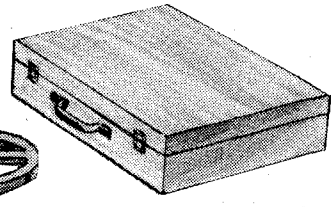

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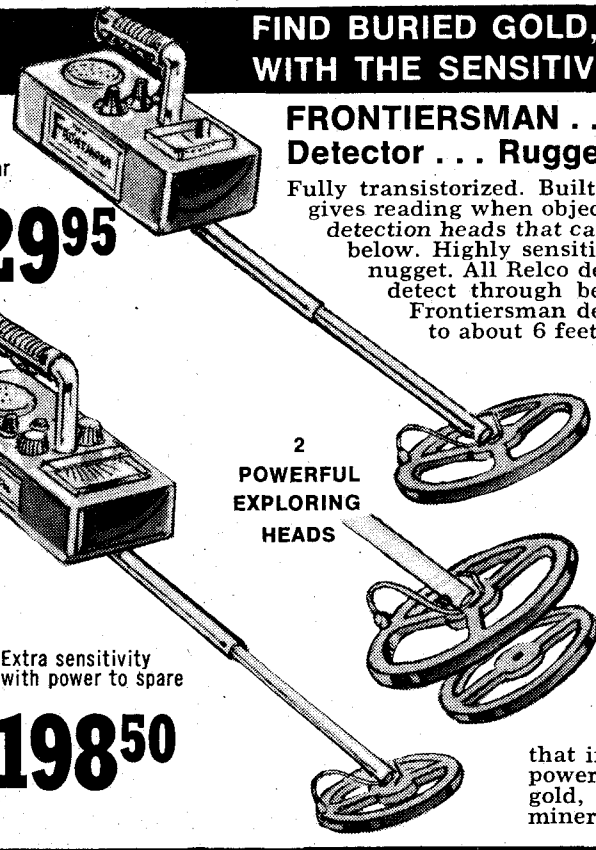

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Whole No. 113

True West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."— Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: F. I. Russell

A Mountain Man's first view of the Pacific—
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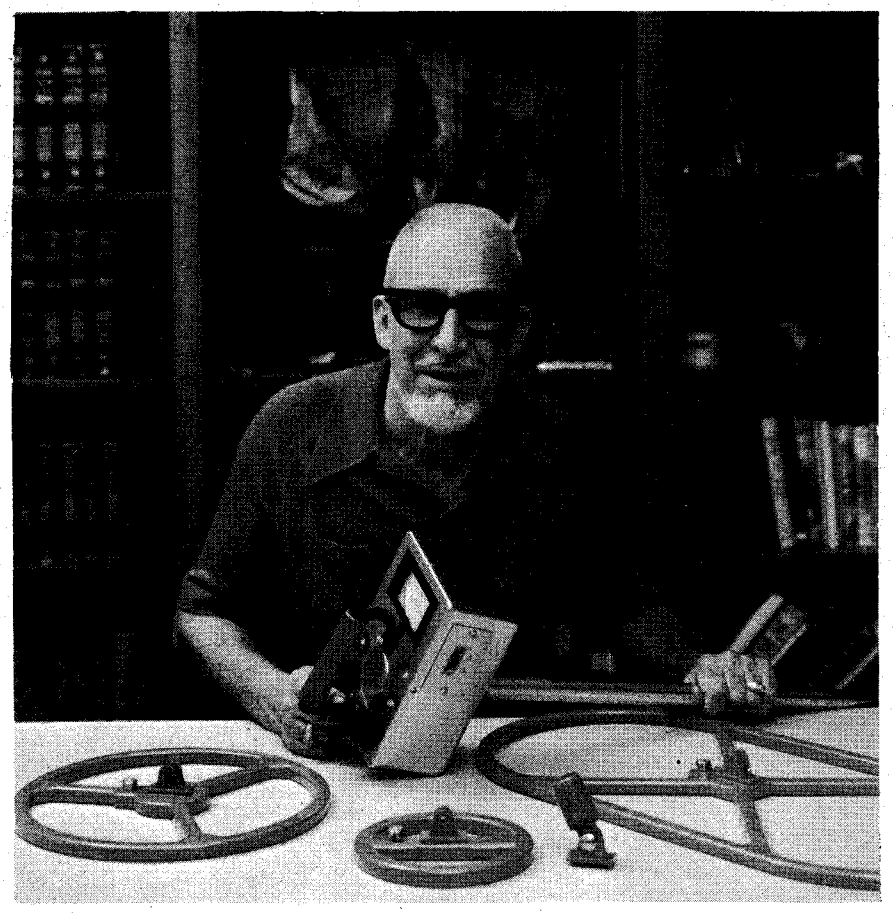

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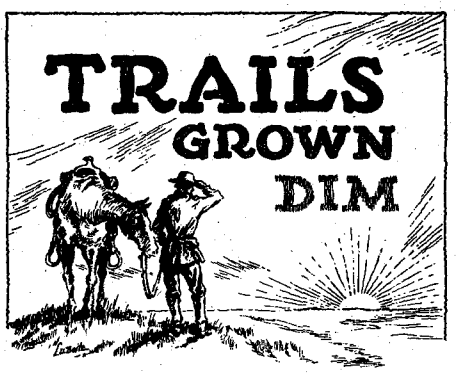

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Terryberry

Ross Terryberry was a treasure hunter in Canada in 1936. He used a gold-tipped diving rod to detect treasures and was successful in most of his ventures. He has traveled all over Canada in search of treasure and fortune. If still living, he would be about seventy-five years old. I would very much appreciate hearing from him or anyone knowing him or his whereabouts.—M.W. Marple, 1320 Broadview Street, Bay Ridges, Ontario, Canada

Lowman

I am seeking information on my half-sister, Edna Lowman, whom I've never seen. Charles Joseph Lowman was born in Knoxville, Illinois October 27, 1874 and went west in 1893 to Utha, northern Nevada and southern Oregon. About 1898 he drifted north into southern Idaho and worked with and owned sheep around Shoshone to Arco. He summered in the Sawtooth Mountains and wintered on the Lost River Desert and the lava beds. He married somewhere in this area about 1900 and had one daughter, Edna, who is thought to have been raised by her mother's folks, the Andersons. There was also one boy, Charles, but if there were other children they are unknown.

Edna is supposed to have worked in a bank for years, probably in southern Idaho. If Edna or her descendants are living, please contact me.—Harold James Lowman, Box 24, Sentinal Butte, North Dakota 58654

McCoy

I am seeking information on the McCoy family who came to Texas because of the Hatfield-McCoy feud; also, their son William E. McCoy, born about 1880 and who left home about twelve years of age. He was in New Mexico; Casper and Green River, Wyoming; Linwood and Manila, Utah in the 1920s, then Visalia, Bakersfield and Stockton, California until 1934. Also want information on one William McCoy who ranched in Arizona, possibly around Tombstone between 1890 and 1930.—Marjorie Sims, RR L, 26th & Central, Cody, Wyoming 82414

Shamhart

I would appreciate any information concerning my great-great-grandfather, Henry Shamhart. He was born in Germany in 1794 and came to this country, settling with his parents in Baltimore, Maryland in 1800. He married Catherine Overly of Pennsylvania in 1820. He was one of the old baronial families who came down in Bavarian history under the name of Von Scheaumhardt, later changed to Shamhart.

My great-grandfather was Doctor George Shamhart, who came to Illinois about 1865 from Gallipolis, Ohio and settled near Newton, Illinois.

Any information would be appreciated. Also, I would like to know where in Baltimore to write and obtain the family records.—Sybil (Shamhart) Fischer, Box 386, Wheatland, Oklahoma 73097

Lowman

My great-grandfather, Upton Lowman, was born in Marion County, Virginia, March 1830 and from there migrated to Vermillion County, Illinois. He came to La Grange, Texas in 1846 and was a private in Captain Highsmith's Company, First Regiment of Texas Volunteers. He was a Texas Ranger and Mexican War veteran.

He first married Mary Rabb of La Grange. Two daughters, Fanny and Jennie, were born in this union. After Mary's death he married Lavina Ellen Ross, also of La Grange, in 1859. Four children were born to this marriage: Thomas Isiah, April 3, 1861; Mary Louise, April 1, 1863; Upton Ross, June 21, 1865; and George T., June 1, 1868. He once owned large ranching interests in Karnes County, near the old town of Helena. I would appreciate any information on the above mentioned persons.—Gordon B. Mitchell, 14831 Imperial Valley Ct., Houston, Texas 77037

Doss

I would like to hear from anyone who knows or knew a very dear friend of mine who went west before World War I. I last heard from Mattie Doss about 1930 at Vinita, Oklahoma. I believe she married a man named Tom Lawrence. They had an adopted son named Jim. Mattie would be about seventy-six years old now. Any information will be greatly appreciated.—Leila B. Caston, 1627 Litchfield Avenue, East Gadsen, Alabama 35093

Everybody!

I would like to hear from anyone with the last names of: Harris, Chilcote, Lemmons or Lemons, Burns, Huston, Gregg, Rowe, Morgan, Cornett, Moran, Mus-

(Continued on page 29)

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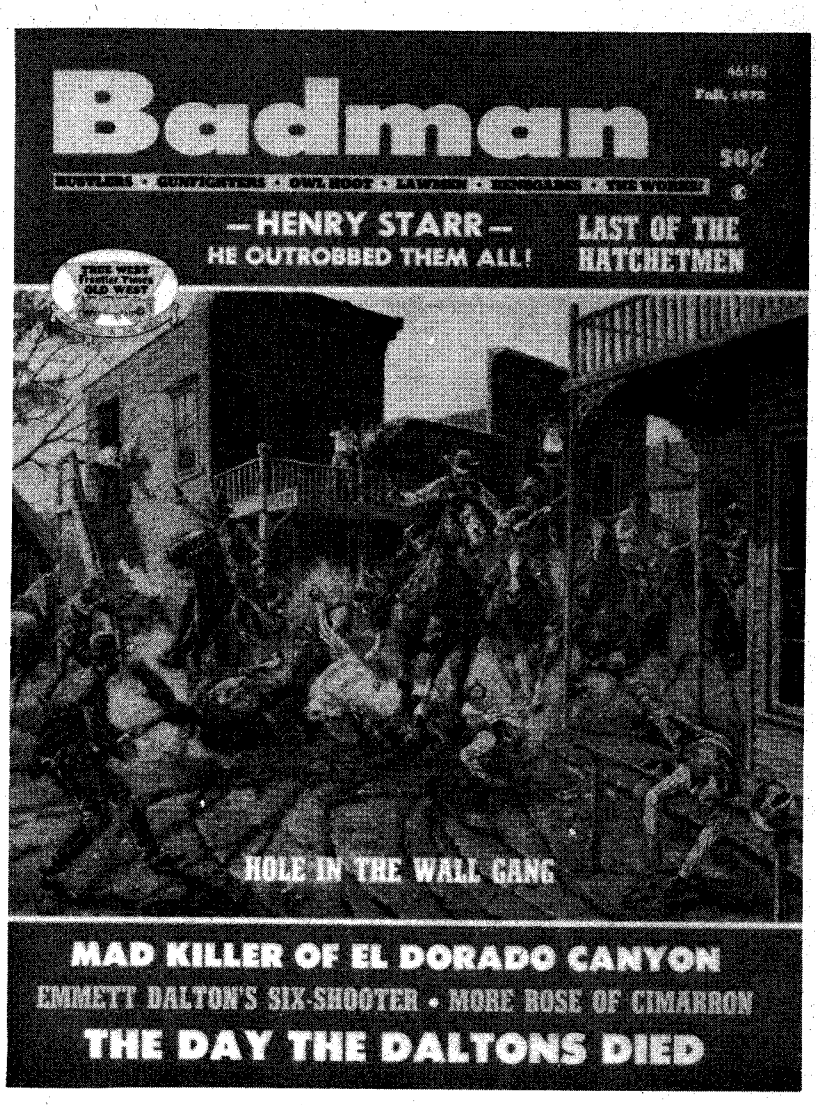

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By The Old Bookaroos

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FIT FOR A KING

Camp cooks everywhere should own a copy of *The Old-Fashioned Dutch Oven Cookbook* (Caxton Printers, $3.95) by Don Holm. This unusual and popular book went into a fourth printing in two years. The standard for the Dutch oven is believed to have been drawn up by Paul Revere. Traders from Holland brought many of the ovens for frontier barter, hence the name "Dutch oven." Serving as an outdoor kitchen, the oven moved west with the army, mountain men, traders, explorers, gold seekers, cowboys, pioneers, lumbermen, sheepmen, and on to the Klondike. This reviewer ate out of the Dutch ovens during much of his younger life and thought he'd tried about everything, but Holm has presented recipes that include plain and fancy dishes fit for anyone's taste. His suggestions for breaking in a new oven and caring for an old one are valuable for beginners and experienced hands alike. What he has to tell readers about sourdough bread baking, smoking fish and game, making jerky, pemmican and other lost campfire arts is well worth the price.

COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES

Overland buffs seeking a quick picture history of the Santa Fe Trail can find it in the new brochure *Trail Dust* (Golden Bell Press, $1.95) by Gene and Mary Martin. Over the 800 miles of rutted tracks moved hordes of traders, freighters, trappers, buffalo hunters, soldiers, pioneers and gold seekers. Many found what they went for but others died en route of privation or Indian raids. Traffic continued over this unimproved dirt highway for over fifty years. In 1810, Zebulon Pike alerted businessmen of the opportunities for lucrative trade in Santa Fe. In 1821, William Becknell left Franklin, Missouri and ended up in Santa Fe where he made a 1500 per cent profit on trade goods. His success fired up the enthusiasm for Santa Fe commerce and later Senator Hart Benton succeeded in getting funds from Congress to survey the road, an abortive adventure. A brief text lists the major freighters and traders who opened the trail. Several maps show the trail and alternative routes. Impressive are the numerous reproductions of contemporary photographs, drawings and paintings of freighters, traders, badmen, army men, lawmen, pioneer families, Indians, buffalo, and trail stops.

RANGE LIFE

44 Range Country Books by J. Frank Dobie and *44 More Range Country Books* by Jeff Dykes (Encino Press, $10) is a reading guide emphasizing the vitality of the writings rather than historical values. Dobie topped out his 44 in 1941 and Dykes his 44 in 1971, covering only the years 1941-1971. In introducing his mimeographed list in 1941 Dobie stated "I have considered vitality, readability, fidelity to range life and historical information" and Dykes followed his lead. The 88 books, plus others mentioned by the co-authors, would make a great basic range life collection—one the owner could read and reread with pleasure, and that would educate as well. There is a Will Crawford drawing on the title page (repeated on the front cover) and Dykes tells the story of the compiling of the book in the foreword. It was designed and produced under the supervision of William D. (Bill) Wittliff in the usual excellent Encino Press way, limited to 1,000 copies signed by Dykes. Royalties from the book were assigned to the Dobie-Paisano Project for writer-artist fellowships by Mrs. J. Frank Dobie and Dykes. Recommended.

Approaching eighty years of age, Ralph J. Hall finally wrote down his memories as missionary and preacher. From cow camp prayer trees, traveling seminars, youth camps, and sophisticated gatherings from coast to coast, he influenced people to be committed followers of Christ. *The Main Trail* (The Naylor Co., $7.95) by Ralph J. Hall is a warm story, full of dedication, wit, and service in the ministry. As a young boy in West Texas, Hall grew up with the desire to be a missionary. He rode from cow camp to cow camp with "his Bible in his bed roll." After joining an outfit and proving his ability as a rider and cowboy, he would hold a campfire meeting. Many men and women isolated from organized churches were deeply influenced by this unadorned and sincere devotee of Christ. As word of his influence spread, the main church utilized his special abilities. He organized the annual "Ranchman's Camp Meeting" on Mogal Mesa in Arizona. The idea has since spread to many states. Hall writes with warmth and humor in retelling his experiences and leaves us a unique addition to Western history.

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THIS IS NO. 102, "COWBOY SPORT"

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 9x12
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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MOUNTAIN

Simmons' life is not easy to follow. He covered wide areas, paused only briefly, recorded very little. Like other trappers, his journeyings were like "eagle tracks in the sky"

By DEN GALBRAITH
Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Jackie McFarland

MOST EVERYONE resembles someone else, and at the end of his life Philander Simmons looked a lot like Moses. White-haired, white-whiskered, nondescript otherwise but hearty and rugged, he talked like a man does when he has spent a lot of time "up on the mountain." That is, he talked like the wind soughing through the pines.

But a couple of photographs tell you so little, really. And, of course, he looked like an artist's concept of what Moses looked like. Only the avid historian can tell much about Simmons, for he has been largely bypassed and almost forgotten. Too bad! Not only was he a colorful character, but he may have been the first white man to discover gold in Colorado. Since he wasn't particularly searching for gold, he didn't receive any of the credit.

Most adventure seekers lead an enigmatic life, but with Simmons you wonder about him all the way back to the day when he was christened with that whimsical front name, Philander. Makes you curious why his mother chose a name like that. Yet, if we surmise that he was human, he had ample opportunity for a "girl in every port" or to have shared a blanket with an Indian gal in a tepee. For the record, though, he never married.

Adventure was his goal in life, and he searched for it far and wide, breathed it and lived it, day in and day out, both on the high seas and in the mountains. Money never influenced him, and as a result he never had any. He became rich only in experience and memories.

He lived life to the fullest for seventy-eight years, during which time he was a sailor, guide, trapper, scout, prospector, miner, and stage driver. During his life in the West, he became a friend of Kit Carson, Old Bill Williams, John Albert, Jim Baker, John C. Fremont, Jim Beckwourth, and many other noted frontiersmen and adventurers, but the fur-trading and mountain man era was over by the time Simmons began to wander around on the frontier. Nevertheless—even though a relative latecomer—Simmons must be remembered as one of the first white men to open up the frontier to white settlers.

Philander Simmons

BORN in Batavia, New York on August 31, 1821 he became orphaned at an early age, shifting for himself while still barely in his teens. His youthful dreams jockeyed between sailing on the high seas or roaming the Far West. Living, as he did, near the coast, his affections were tugged seaward.

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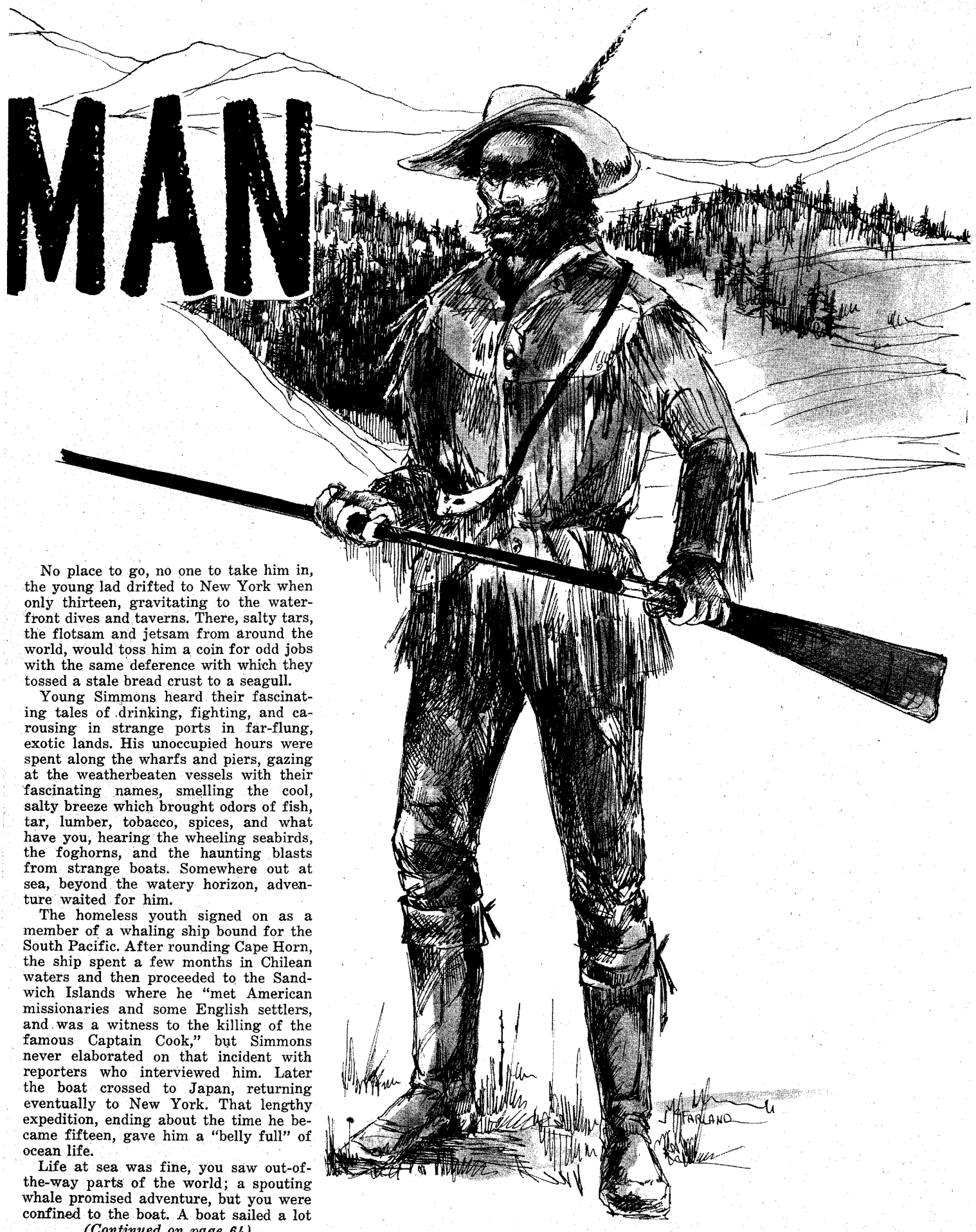
MAN



No place to go, no one to take him in, the young lad drifted to New York when only thirteen, gravitating to the waterfront dives and taverns. There, salty tars, the flotsam and jetsam from around the world, would toss him a coin for odd jobs with the same deference with which they tossed a stale bread crust to a seagull.

Young Simmons heard their fascinating tales of drinking, fighting, and carousing in strange ports in far-flung, exotic lands. His unoccupied hours were spent along the wharfs and piers, gazing at the weatherbeaten vessels with their fascinating names, smelling the cool, salty breeze which brought odors of fish, tar, lumber, tobacco, spices, and what have you, hearing the wheeling seabirds, the foghorns, and the haunting blasts from strange boats. Somewhere out at sea, beyond the watery horizon, adventure waited for him.

The homeless youth signed on as a member of a whaling ship bound for the South Pacific. After rounding Cape Horn, the ship spent a few months in Chilean waters and then proceeded to the Sandwich Islands where he "met American missionaries and some English settlers, and was a witness to the killing of the famous Captain Cook," but Simmons never elaborated on that incident with reporters who interviewed him. Later the boat crossed to Japan, returning eventually to New York. That lengthy expedition, ending about the time he became fifteen, gave him a "belly full" of ocean life.

Life at sea was fine, you saw out-of-the-way parts of the world; a spouting whale promised adventure, but you were confined to the boat. A boat sailed a lot

(Continued on page 64)

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A Colorado saloon probably much like the one where Pat told his implausible story about the gold that floated.

THE GOLD THAT FLOATED

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

THE NIGHT Pat walked into an Alamosa saloon he had been away from the Old Country and in Colorado less than a year. No one knew his name but with an Irish brogue so thick few could understand him, he was automatically called "Pat."

From the heavy sack he dropped on the bar top came gold double eagles. Piling them up he ordered drinks for the house. In an instant the long bar was deep with men eager for a snort of free red-eye.

Pat declared he had struck it rich. When asked where, he laughingly replied that he found his gold floating down a stream south of Alamosa on the Conejos River. Most chortled in disbelief. Imagine gold floating on water!

The fact that the Irishman who knew nothing about prospecting, and even less about how to recognize valuable minerals, had hit it lucky was astounding to the experienced. Yet find gold he had, substantiated by the merchant running a bank exchange, who boxed and shipped it to Denver. There had been slightly more than fifty pounds of very light yellow metal. After it was weighed from the two sacks, Pat insisted on being paid something immediately. The merchant advanced him $2,500. That was what he brought into the Alamosa saloon, carousing and buying drinks for the spongers who collected around him.

At the end of eight days the money was gone. Returning to the merchant Pat could wheedle no more than $250 from him. The Irishman felt he didn't deserve being treated so miserly.

Three days later the merchant summoned Pat, worriedly informing him

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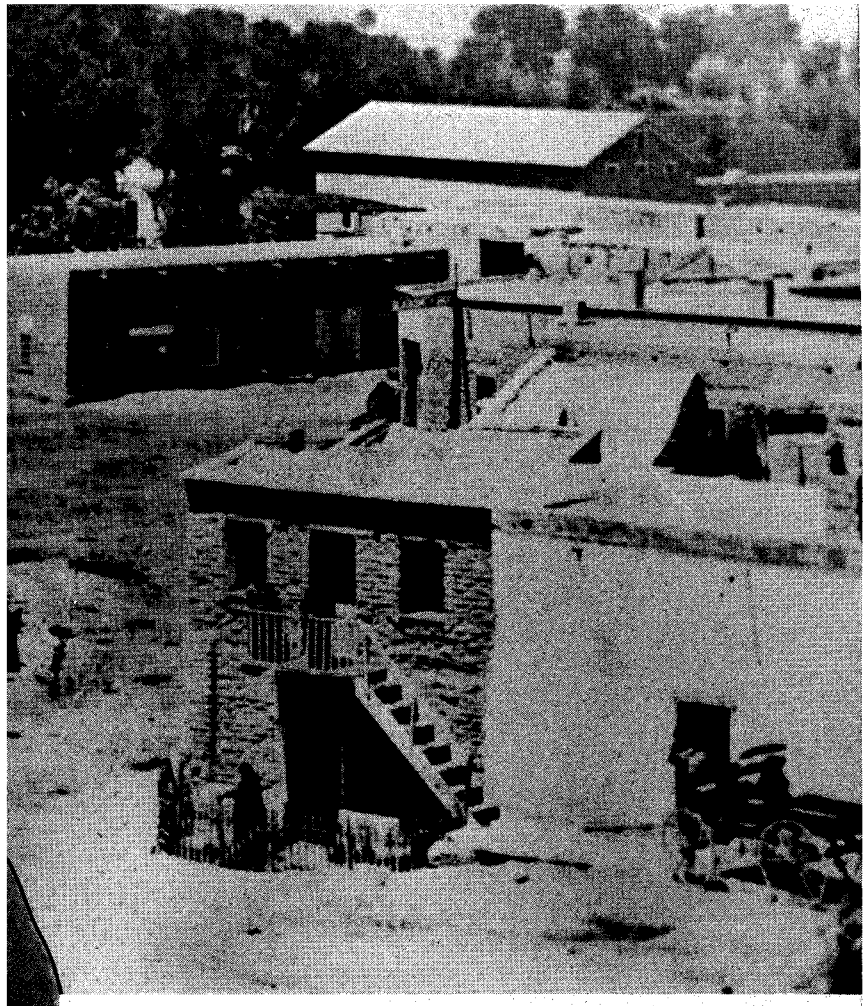
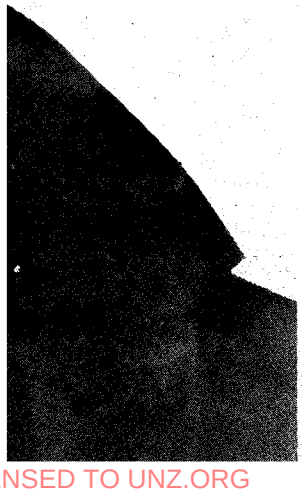


Above, adobe villages still moulder in the sun along the Conejos River.

Old villages and archaic Spanish are the cradle of treasure tales . . .

Payson in his younger days.



that his ore was largely silver and copper, less than fifteen per cent gold. Showing him the assay report, the merchant explained that Pat actually owed him about $300 on money advanced.

"Me mither's son hast fallen into the hands of infidels!" Pat exclaimed in great anger.

The news spread from one end of Alamosa town to the other. That night Pat disappeared and was never seen in those parts again.

JIM PAYSON, however, did not take Pat's wild tale as a joke. A gaunt, slow-talking man, he went to the merchant asking precise questions.

The gold was not in the form of flakes nor was it nuggets. The pieces had been curiously unusual in shape, but an acid test showed gold. Some of the fragments were long and slender, with at least one smooth side. Others were matchhead and pea size, also with the same odd flat

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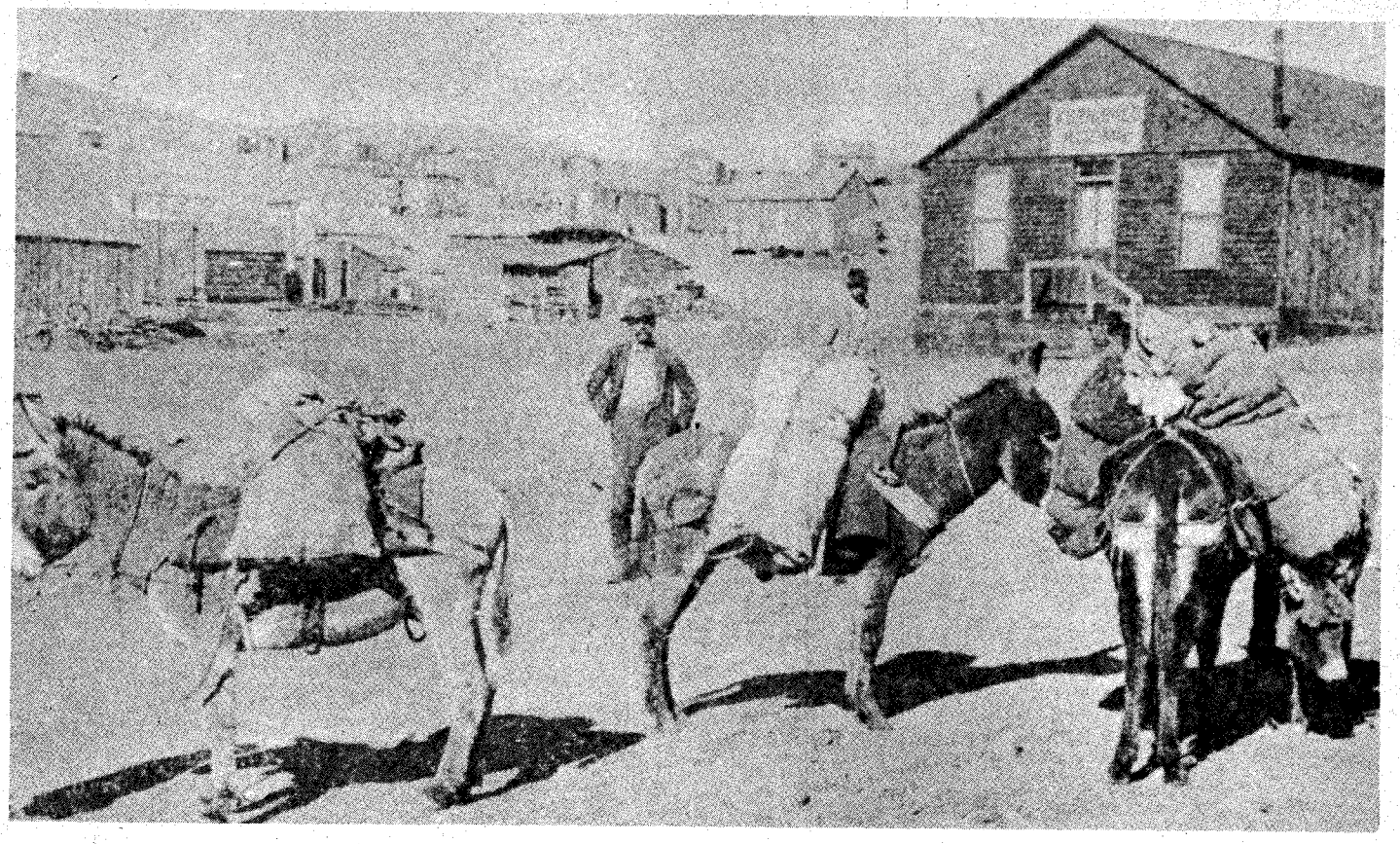

Burro prospectors went to hunting the "gold that floated."

surface. Perhaps they had been picked out of the ore that way.

Pat had told the merchant of being caught in a sudden rainstorm off the Conejos River. Leaving his burro in the shelter of one high rock he took refuge under the overhang of another. It stood on the side of a boulder-filled dry wash. But as the downpour continued unabated, a trickle came down from the direction of the San Juan Mountains. It never ran deep but covered all except the largest boulders.

According to Pat, as the sheets of rain receded the sun shone brightly around him. He observed the floating objects for some time before suspecting what the yellow glint in some of them might mean. Then, with a whoop, he jumped into the wash, tossing onto the bank the sparkling pieces of float as fast as they reached him. The next day he extracted the gold. Since the wash ran down during the night he headed for Alamosa, his departure point, that day in August 1887. On first examining the oddly shaped pieces the merchant had been dubious. But his acid test proved part of the metal was surely gold. A long experienced and knowledgeable prospector, Payson knew that the Spaniards had mined gold in southern Colorado, especially in the San Juan Mountains and also below the New Mexico border in the Ute Mountain area.

Old mine shafts were usually filled in with rock and rubble.

In that wide region, mines and shafts once worked by Indian slaves had been uncovered. As early as 1847 a man known only as "W. K." accidentally found a Spanish mine believed worked before 1680, just across the Colorado border at Chama.

Two others had been discovered near the *placitas* of Conejos and Cañon Magote in the 1870s, a stone's throw from the New Mexico border. A more recent discovery was reported by the Santa Fe *New Mexican* in January 1884.

For ten years Payson, who spoke Spanish fluently, had searched for various mines. When loitering in any of the old villages he listened and asked questions. During this pursuit he educated himself, in time, to read archaic Spanish. Thus he was able to interpret ancient documents gathering dust in the archives of Church and Territory for clues to the then unknown mines of Spanish times. Three concealed workings had been found in his wanderings, but they had either been depleted or contained too many other minerals to be profitable.

In between his fascinating searches Payson placered in the San Juans or farther north in the Rockies. To him it was perfectly reasonable that the Irish-

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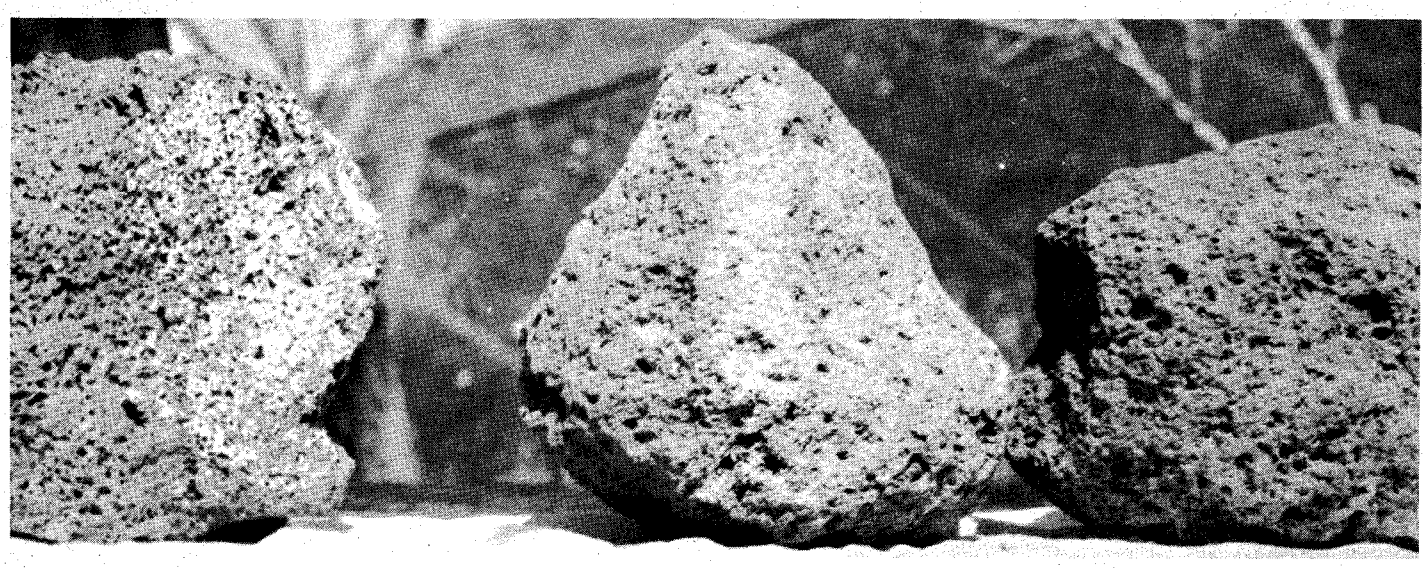


Gray, porous tufa rock, sometimes cut and used to fashion molds for casting metal ingots.

man actually found low grade yellow metal floating on water. His fund of knowledge of how the Spaniards recovered their silver, gold and lead was sufficient to encompass facts concerning their casting of ingots or bars. He was one man who did not scoff over the poor Irishman's bad luck, for he felt certain that Pat told the truth. Payson *knew* how it could have been possible. He also realized that by tracing those floating rocks to the source he would surely come onto an old mine. The metal had been smeltered there and cast into small bars for transportation by pack animal southward.

RATHER EXCITED, scenting a new and valuable trail, he packed his two burros and proceeded south. In Magote and nearby Las Mesitas he had many Mexican friends. The most important of them was Epifanio Caballero at Conejos, who had married into the Baca family. Both families were original Spanish-stock settlers in that region. If the Irishman had been on a wash emptying into the Conejos River, then some of the villagers would know it.

Putting up at Epifanio's adobe-walled home, Payson soon discovered that everyone knew the Irishman. They had been unable to understand his speech but his flashing smile and air of childish innocence made the portly man many friends. The spring before, he had rested over in Cañon Magote, then followed his burros south into New Mexico.

After wandering around lost for several weeks. he was found by some Mexicans who pointed him into Colorado. When he crossed the Conejos River, he soon was lost again. Found by a sheepherder, Pat was directed south to La Mesita, and became lost once more on the north side of the river. As the swarthy Epifanio declared, "Such a man in swaddling clothes!"

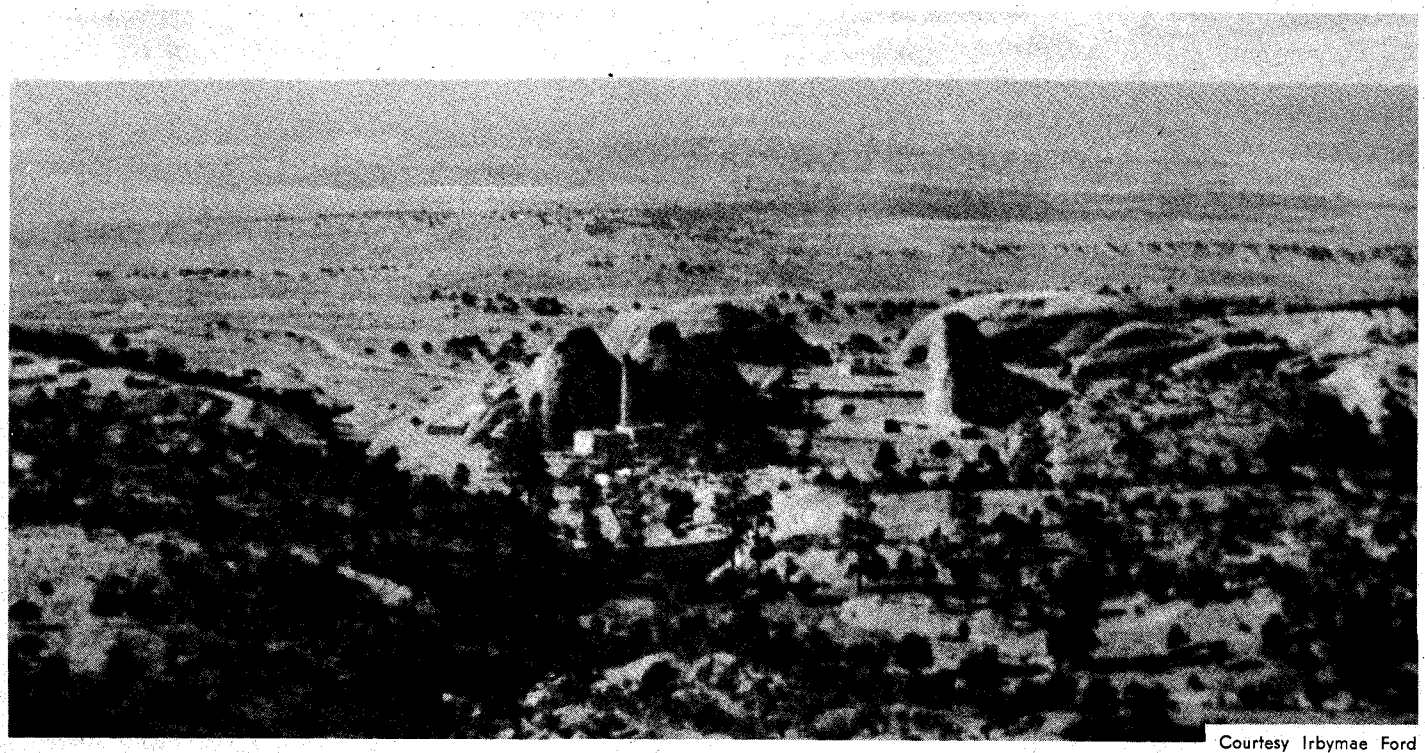
Leaving the Spanish *placitas* where red chili hung in strings to the *vigas*, Pat was seen several times far above the river. The last occasion was by a goat herder looking for a lost kid. Pat talked to him on the trail north of Alamosa.

When Payson explained that the Irishman had brought in some very low grade gold, Epifanio nodded his head. "You look for this?"

"Not exactly," Payson shook his head.

(Continued on page 44)

The view across the Conejos River Valley toward the mountains where Payson experienced his terrible ordeal.



Courtesy Irbymae Ford

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FRENCHY

The Bronc Rider

AFTER MORE than half a century I cannot remember the name of the bronc rider called Frenchy as recorded on the books at the old Circle C ranch in Montana. I doubt very much if any of the old-time cowhands ever knew his real name.

Frenchy, to the best of my knowledge,

He was put on the books at $75 a month—but nobody thought he'd last more than a couple of weeks!

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was a French-Canadian halfbreed—a Metis—albeit he had an accent all his own that differed from the Metis in that part of the Little Rockies cow country.

When Frenchy hired out to the Circle C outfit about 1912 he said that he had recently returned from South America where he had worked as a cowhand for the Swift Packing Company that owned vast acreage in Argentina and Brazil. He had picked up a smattering of the native *gaucho* lingo, an odd mixture of Spanish and Indian, and combined with French-Canadian-Cree it was at times an unintelligible jargon that defied translation.

Frenchy was a little under average height and slightly bowlegged, wiry and quick. His black hair was straight and coarse as a horse's mane, his eyes dark, his skin swarthy. He had a grin that bared a set of white teeth under a toothbrush mustache, and whenever he got excited he gestured with both hands and his talk so rapid fire that a man was hard put to follow the drift of what Frenchy was saying. It was summer time, just after the spring calf roundup, when Frenchy first showed up at the ranch, riding a good looking bay and leading a horse packing his bedroll. He was riding the grub line looking for a job breaking horses.

By WALT COBURN

Illustrated by Bruce Marshall

Jake Myers, the wagon boss and ranch foreman, decided to hire him. He told Frenchy the outfit had about a dozen, perhaps fifteen, head of two-and three-year-old green broncs that had never been halter broke or ridden. Jake offered a straight monthly salary of seventy-five dollars, or ten dollars a head—take his choice.

"How much you call a dozen?" Frenchy asked, his black brows tufted in a puzzled scowl.

"Twelve head."

"Twelve head," Frenchy nodded. "At ten dollars a head."

They were hunkered down on their boot heels in front of the barn. Frenchy smoothed out the bare ground with the palm of his hand, then took the willow stick he'd been whittling on and carefully began marking down figures, lips working silently.

"You said," Frenchy voiced his thoughts aloud, "a dozen. Mebbe fifteen head. Sacre mahogany bull frogs! Make up de mine! She mak' dé big difference, twelve or fifteen head." Frenchy chuckled good-naturedly, his dark eyes squinted.

"Call it fifteen head," Jake grinned. "There's three big geldings too clumsy for saddle horses. Those three head you'll break out for work horses to hitch up in harness. You ever break a bronc to haul a wagon, Frenchy?"

"You betcha my life, boss!" Frenchy bragged. "Fifteen head. Ten bucks a head. It's hard to mak' de numbers come out right. Better we settle for seventy-five bucks a month, boss."

"It's a deal," Jake said. "Later on when we see how you make out, you'll get more money. It all depends on a lot of things." Jake let it ride like that.

Frenchy nodded wisely, satisfied in his mind he had made a good bargain. And perhaps Frenchy had out-foxed Jake at that, figuring it would take June, July and August to get the job done, which would add up to $225, while fifteen head at $10 a head would add up to only $150.

After supper I was in the office with Jake and Charlie McClennan, the bookkeeper.

"Find out what Frenchy's name is, Mac." Jake said. "Put him on the books as bronc rider, salary $75 a month. I don't think he'll last more than a couple of weeks handling those green broncs. I hired him just for the hell of it."

THAT was the way Jake had it figured out and he picked me to help Frenchy halter break the string of green broncs that were kept on pasture in the lower field along with twenty-five or thirty old stove-up cow horses and buggy teams that for sentimental reasons my father flatly refused to have destroyed. They grazed in grass hock high, were hog fat, and tame and docile examples for the two-and three-year-old broncs.

The following morning after a daylight breakfast Jake, Frenchy and me wrangled the lower pasture and drove all the horses up to the corrals on the benchland overlooking the ranch. There were two corrals large enough to hold around four hundred horses or cattle. A pole gate from one of the corrals opened into a smaller corral used for riding out broncs, just large enough for a pitching horse to make a couple of buck-jumps. There were half a dozen heavy duty halters, with a thirty-foot length of inch-thick soft rope tied to each halter shank, hung on the corral gate.

When the horses were inside one of the large corrals, we cut out four head of the broncs, together with a dozen head of gentle horses, and drove the rest back into the lower pasture.

Back at the corrals Frenchy and me went in afoot with our ketch ropes. Frenchy built a small loop and dropped it over the first bronc's head, jerking up the slack before it had a chance to slide down on the neck, and tightening the loop right behind the ears. I dropped my rope to help Frenchy and with both of us holding on, the rearing horse dragged us around until his wind was partly choked off. Then Frenchy picked up my rope and snared both front feet, rearing back on the rope, and when the bronc made the next lunge he somersaulted and fell flat on his side. I quickly straddled his neck, pulling his head back in my lap. Frenchy, moving without a single lost motion, grabbed a halter and buckled it on, freeing his ketch rope and tossing it to one side.

Meanwhile I grabbed the rope looped to his forelegs and reared back on it while Frenchy made a couple of dally winds around a log of the corral, leaving about ten feet of slack. He called to me to slack my ketch rope to allow the horse to get up on its legs. For a while the bronc fought the rope, lunging and throwing himself a time or two until he found out the hard way that he was tied up for keeps. Me'n Frenchy hunkered down a safe distance away and built ourselves a Bull Durham smoke and watched until the bronc settled down. Then we tackled the second bronc, then another and another. The sun was noon high by the time we had our four broncs tied up to the corral, a safe distance apart.

Both me'n Frenchy were sweaty, dust covered and winded and a little skinned up when we ate noon dinner after we stabled our horses. But in less than an hour we were back to finish our job of halter-breaking. At first the bronc was snubbed up close and tight, its haltered head close to the rider's lap to prevent him from pawing horse and rider with his forefeet. There was always the danger of a rider getting a leg broken or a hoof planted in his guts, or a skull cracked, or his horse being crippled.

This way he would lead them around and around the large corral, slacking the rope a little each go-round, and

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when they settled down we opened the gate and led them down the hill to the water trough, then tied them up in separate stalls in the barn with mangers filled with hay. By then the sun would be going down behind the ragged skyline of the Little Rockies and we were finished for that day.

It took us about a week to halter-break the first four head. Not only that, but Frenchy had sacked each bronc out in the small corral. One hand holding the halter rope, and an old gunnysack in the other, Frenchy would start in at the front quarters, head and neck, rubbing slowly and gently along the withers and forelegs, then gradually working along the back, ribs and belly to the flanks and rump and down the hind legs. He'd spend an hour or more with each bronc until they quit flinching and quivering, gradually having lost all fear of the sack and man.

I never once saw Frenchy lose his temper with any bronc he was handling, and I came to learn that he was absolutely fearless. It was that total lack of fear that every bronc ever handled came to slowly realize, and also that the man would never abuse the horse, making for a mutual understanding between them.

A good hand with a green colt required a world of patience and understanding of horseflesh, and by the time Frenchy had finished handling his string of broncs there wasn't a horse that he couldn't crawl under its belly. With brush and curry comb he had every horse looking slick as a seal, the mane and tail carefully trimmed with his jack-knife.

Everyday Jake Myers perched on the corral for an hour or so, watching with a critical eye. Long before Frenchy had finished a month's work Jake had given up the notion of hiring another bronc handler; he was plumb willing to let Frenchy try his hand at saddle breaking the broncs. But Jake didn't know the half of it as I did as Frenchy's helper day in and long day out. Several times Frenchy got throwed, landing on his feet with a laugh to try again. If he got bucked off again, he would call it off, thumb his nose and laugh.

At meal time, especially supper when we all ate at the long oilcloth-covered table, sitting on benches, Jake or some cowhand would get Frenchy to talking about South America. And hungry as Frenchy always was he would forget the pangs of hunger and with a fork in one hand, a knife in the other, he would make wild gestures, scowling or grinning as he pantomimed the story he was telling, imitating the lingo of the *gaucho*. Most of his stories were lengthy and by the time he finished, the grub on his plate had grown cold. But it made no never minds to Frenchy as he wolfed cold vittles and drank cold coffee long after every other man had finished eating.

Another peculiar habit of Frenchy's—if there was a large bowl filled with a vegetable he was fond of he would pile his plate and make a meal of that one vegetable. He was particularly fond of mashed turnips, rutabagas, and summer squash, eating enough at one sitting to serve half a dozen hungry men. There would be platters of steak and roast beef, pan-fried or mashed potatoes, bowls of brown hash or mulligan stew, and Frenchy would ignore them to gorge himself with some favorite vegetable, leaving only enough room for a large segment of pie.

After supper Frenchy would bring an old guitar from the bunkhouse. The guitar belonged to Fred Roberts who tended bar in Landusky during the summer season between roundups. Frenchy had a sort of fractured singing voice. When his shrill tenor would reach a high pitch it would suddenly break apart in the middle of a word and abruptly drop to a deep baritone without interrupting the verse of the song.

"You orter enter a hawg calling contest, Frenchy," Rawhide Dan remarked.

"Warble that *gaucho* love song, Frenchy," a cowpuncher cut in before Frenchy had time to resent the remark. "It's shore a sad ballad." And Frenchy obliged, with tears flowing from his eyes.

The impromptu guitar playing and Frenchy's singing was a nightly affair during the summer months under the star-filled Montana sky. With the Little Rockies and Coburn Buttes outlined behind the Circle C ranch with the faint perfume of wild roses drifting up from the banks of Beaver Creek, somewhere on a distant hill a prairie wolf would howl at the moon and hounds would bay their answer.

WE wrangled the lower pasture and picked up the fifteen head of halter-broken, sacked-out broncs, leaving the gentle old pensioned-off horses to graze. There was no average in chousing those old cow ponies unnecessarily. When the fifteen broncs were in the big corral that opened into the small breaking corral Frenchy picked the first four head of broncs he was going to ride out of the twelve saddle broncs. He was saving the three head to break to harness for the last to wind up his job.

That Frenchy had a way with a green bronc was again proven when he eased his saddle on the first bronc that had a hump in his back, reaching under the horse's belly for the cinch, sliding the latigo strap in the cinch ring and slowly tightening the cinch. There was a hackamore on the bronc's head and a double-braided horsehair rope for reins.

Frenchy dropped the reins across the horn and cantle of the saddle and turned the bronc loose in the small corral. Then standing in the center of the corral he slapped the gunnysack in his hand across the horse's rump. The bronc came alive and crow hopped stiff-legged with lowered head around the corral as Frenchy kept snapping the sack with a popping sound, the stirrups flopping with every jump.

"Bock, you son-of-a-guns!" Frenchy kept calling out until the bronc gave it up as a bad job and stopped trotting around. Frenchy squatted down and reached for the makin's. Sweating it out in the small corral was easy on both bronc and rider. In about half an hour Frenchy walked slowly to where the bronc stood and began rubbing his head and neck, talking in a low crooning voice. He then took the reins in his hand to slowly pull the horse's head towards him and then eased into the saddle. When his boot was in the right stirrup Frenchy set himself in the saddle gigging the horse with the flat side of his large spur rowels instead of actually spurring him, thus gently untracking the horse as he plow-reined him around in a walk for a short time, then tickling him with the spur rowels into a slow trot for half an hour. Frenchy plow-reined the horse to travel in the opposite direction, then back and forth across the corral until he decided it was enough for the first day.

"Tell them other broncs," Frenchy said as he unsaddled and removed the hackamore, "how easy it was. Dat is how dis Frenchy gets de job done."

That first bronc had never pitched a jump, and Frenchy used the same easy going, good-natured patience in handling the other three. Jake rode up a time or two to sit his horse outside the corral to see how Frenchy was making out. Frenchy would roll a cigarette, drawing the head of a kitchen match across his thigh. Using both hands to cup the match flame as he inhaled tobacco smoke deep into his lungs, he'd ask, "What you theenk now, Yake?"

"A cinch bet, Frenchy," Jake would say with a grin, and as Jake rode away without a backward glance Frenchy would thumb his nose at the retreating back, chuckling to himself.

Then Frenchy started riding the broncs outside the corral. In addition to the rope reins he had another twelve-foot halter rope tucked into the belt of his bat-winged steerhide chaps. In case his bronc stampeded or bucked hard enough for the rider to be in danger of getting bucked off, the hazer (me) had to grab the halter rope and take dally wraps around the saddle horn, snubbing the bronc's head close, thus giving the rider a chance to get back on balance and in control.

But none of the four broncs caused Frenchy any trouble as he gigged each one in a trot, then a slow lope across the bench-land and rolling prairie for about an hour. Back at the corral Frenchy would unsaddle and tackle the next one.

During the following days instead of plow-reining the broncs Frenchy taught them to neck rein and soon had them bridle wise and hackamore broke. I rode with him into a herd of grazing cattle a mile or two from the home ranch, and working together we'd take our time cutting out a steer. It took time and patience to school the green bronc to where he'd follow the steer.

One thing worth mentioning is that while we rode along together Frenchy would get to telling some story and drop his reins across the saddle cantle, gesturing with both hands and the horse jogging along at a trot paying no attention whatever to Frenchy's waving arms. He had every bronc he rode slicker broke. Inside the corral he would pull on an oiled yellow saddle slicker that gave

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Truly Western

Joe Grandee's Latest

How is everything going? Joe and I have been planning to visit down there for the past two years but never seem to find any extra time (if there is such an animal!).

Thought you would be interested to know that after Joe had been elected the first Official Artist of Texas (Artist Laureate) by a special bill passed by the Texas Legislature and the Governor, he was approached by Robert Yeates, executive vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce of Arlington, Texas, with the idea of doing a painting for presentation to President Nixon on behalf of the State of Texas and the City of Arlington.

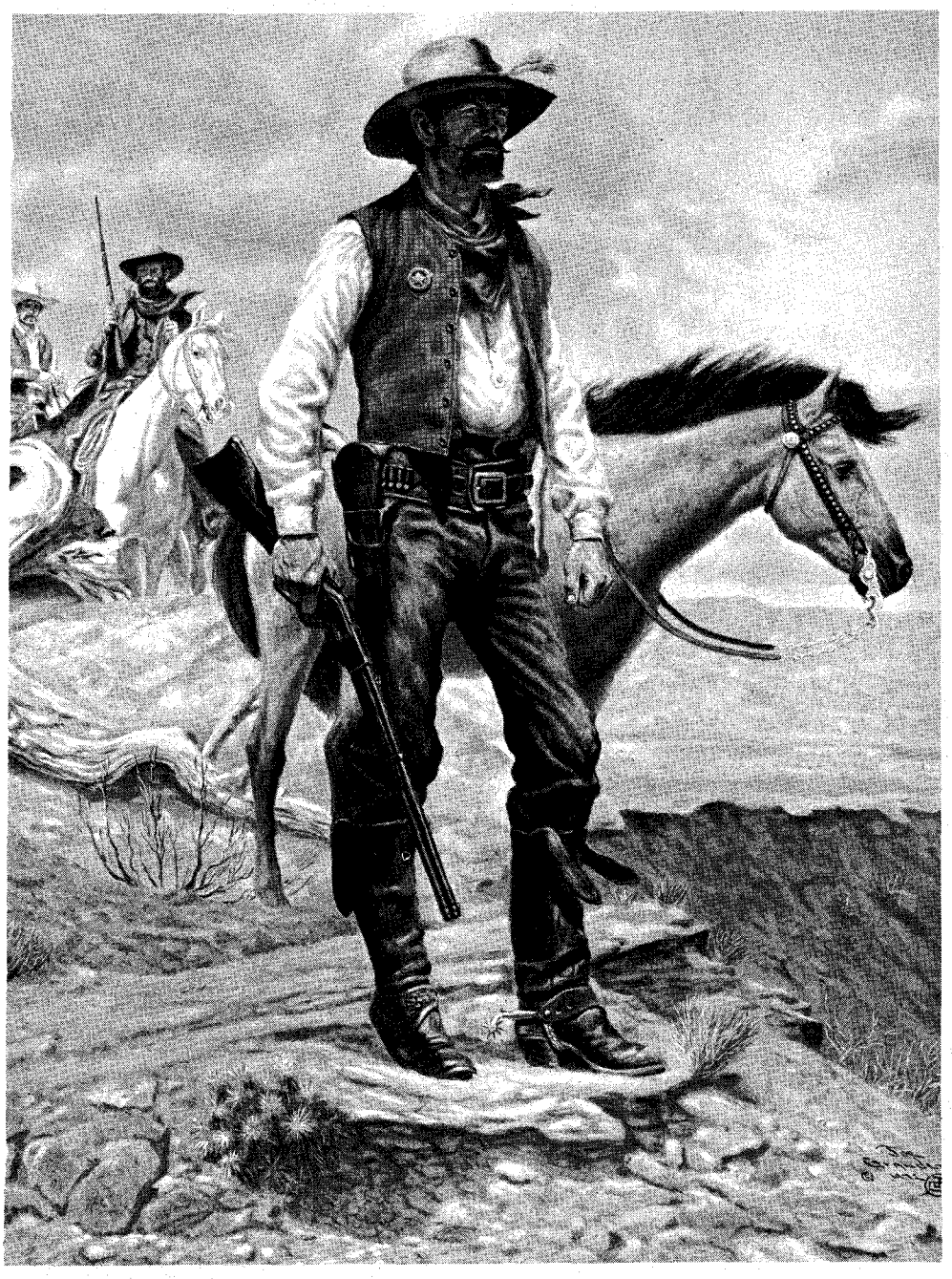
Joe had not yet decided on the subject matter of the painting when he was contacted by a representative of the Texas Rangers and asked to do a painting of a Texas Ranger to be used as a model for a medallion commemorating their 150th anniversary. We all decided this would be the ideal subject for our Presidential painting.

What could symbolize the image of Texas better than a strong, self-reliant, individualistic, proud Texas Ranger! The resulting painting, 30 x 40 inches in size, depicts Lee H. McNelly standing on a ledge overlooking the Rio Grande.

Joe wanted to capture his flint eyes, boring into the distant haze, perhaps even the reflection of the foreknowledge of his impending death from a chronic, incurable disease. This could not prevent McNeely from achieving, in his remaining short years, almost unbelievable deeds that would award him undying fame in the annals of Texas history.

The President agreed to officially accept the painting, "Captain 'Lee' H. McNelly-Texas Ranger", valued at $20,000. A print of the painting is enclosed.—Murlene Grandee, Joe Grandee Gallery and Museum of the Old West, 1419 E. Abram, Arlington, Texas 76010

Captain "Lee" H. McNelly—Texas Ranger.



The Lone Wolf

First, I wish to thank you for printing my letter in the February 1972 issue of TRUE WEST, with reference to the picture of The Lone Wolf. The results have been overwhelming and most inspiring. Your readers are the most wonderful people that God has put on earth.

I wouldn't part with these letters for anything in the world. Readers went out of their way in many different ways—I just can't begin to tell you what these people did to help a perfect stranger do something for a friend. There just aren't enough words to describe it properly.

I am an ex-nurse from World War II, and we work with the fellows at Madigan General Hospital, Tacoma, Washington 98431. I have been taking all my western magazines to them. I doubt that a lot of people know that in every military hospital there is a place called Welfare & Recreation Center. These people are dedicated to making life pleasant for the wounded and sick. They get tickets for fairs, shows, tours, fishing and hunting trips and they make it possible for boys to call home long distance.

A card to the Loneliest Boy in the hospital or to the Chaplain of any faith at the service hospital will reach a sad and lonely man.

My town is just nine miles from Madigan General Hospital but over 200 people went there twice at my club's request and we put on a show and smorgasbord. The people brought homemade

(Continued on page 72)

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CRAZY SNAKE THE LAST REBEL

By E. H. BREWINGTON
Photos Courtesy Author

A TALL handsome Indian paced the floor of a darkened cabin, deep in the mountain fastness of the Creek Indian Nation. Although the small log structure was filled with the acrid smoke of burning powder, Crazy Snake, the Indian, paid heed neither to the smoke nor the whine of an occasional bullet that had found a chink in the cabin walls. Walking from one end of the room to the other, hands clasped behind his back, Crazy Snake was a picture of despondency and desperation.

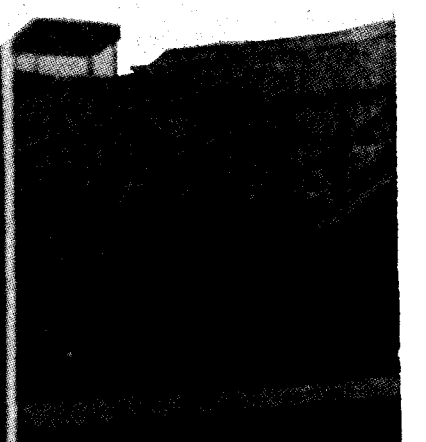
Four other men were in the cabin, two full-blood Creek Indians and two Negroes. One of the Indians, quite deformed, was seated on the floor, peering into the starlit darkness through a crack in the logs. It was he that the white men called Charlie Coker, but who was known to his Indian friends as Coka Chupko. Coker's head and shoulders were those of a giant, while his legs were exceedingly short. Those who knew him best stated that he was absolutely without fear, and that was the appearance he gave that cold winter night, as squatting on the floor he calmly levered cartridges into his rifle and fired shot after shot into the surrounding gloom.

On the opposite side of the room one of the Negroes placidly fired into the grey-black underbrush. He fired slowly and carefully, apparently without passion or anger. From the emotion shown on his face, he might have been firing at the head of a turtle in the nearby Canadian River. His target on that night, however, was of a much higher order than the turtle. Although none of those within the cabin knew exactly who the attackers were, from the protection afforded by the screening darkness the enemy continued raking the cabin with gunfire. Those inside the building soon realized that their cabin-fortress would soon become untenable, and that they must attempt to make their escape.

The fourth man, an ancient Negro, cowered in a corner, moaning softly. Although he was unhurt, he was so paralyzed with fear that he was unable to even stand.

A tight grin temporarily broke the solemnity of the dwarf's face, as he heard a scream of terror from the dark-

The young Indian could not visualize a world of only 160 acres; such a domain was fitting for an earthworm, not a man!



At left, Chitto Harjo, or Crazy Snake, a full-blood Creek Indian who led the uprising in 1908.

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ened stand of timber. This was not the first time that Coker had heard the cry of a mortally wounded man. A score of years before, in the Creek civil war, Coker had been credited with the killing of thirty-two of the enemy.

Suddenly Crazy Snake slumped to the floor, clutching his leg just above the knee. A bullet had found a niche in the logs and had found its target. Trying to staunch the flow of blood, Crazy Snake spoke bitterly, half to himself, "We are going to have to get out of here, somehow, before they kill us all. And I don't know why."

Coker did not bother to answer as he continued firing into the blackness. Soon another of Coker's bullets created havoc in the timber. The man who was felled by Coker must have been one of the leaders, for soon rifle fire became sporadic, and shortly ceased altogether.

The beleaguered men in the cabin suspected a trick, but when more than two hours had passed without sound or movement, Coker asked, "Do you think we can get out of here, Chitto?"

"Let's try it," replied Crazy Snake, who was known as Chitto Harjo to the Indians. "If you will give me a little help with this leg, I think I can walk."

Carefully opening the back door to the cabin, Coker peered intently into the darkness. Seeing no sign of the enemy, he boldly flung open the door and, clutching his rifle, made a dash toward the nearest cover, a large red-oak some thirty yards away. There he paused and again stared into the darkness. After several minutes, during which he saw no sign of life, Coker made a dash back to the cabin.

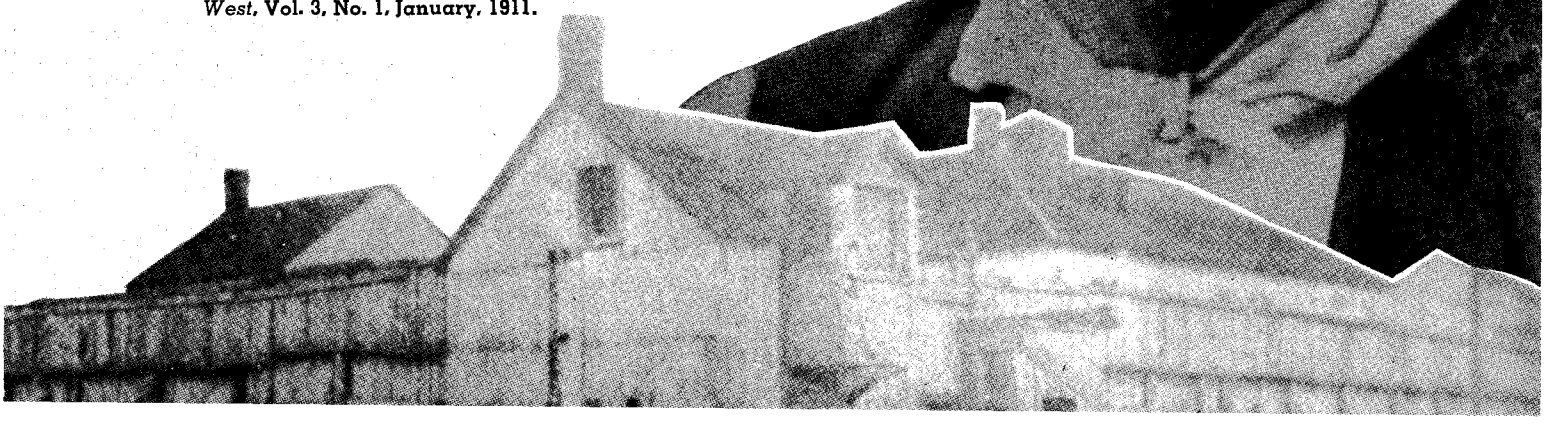
The old Negro who had been cowering in the corner stood in the center of the room wringing his hands. Paying him no attention, Coker signaled the other Negro for help. Between the two, they supported Chitto as far as the cabin door.

Peering once more into the darkness for several minutes, finally satisfied that their enemy had withdrawn, Coker quietly said, "Let's go."

The three men, with five good legs,

SNAKE

At right, Chitto(e) Harjo(e). Born around 1846 in Indian Territory, he was the leader of the so-called Crazy Snake Rebellion (also known as the Smoked Meat Rebellion). He died in 1909 and was buried near present-day Smithville, Oklahoma.



Below, the old Federal jail at Muskogee. Built in 1893, it was torn down in September 1905. During the first Crazy Snake uprising some 56 Snake rebels were imprisoned here. Five men were hanged on the old gallows that can be seen in back of the main building (far left). Photo is from *The Wide West*, Vol. 3, No. 1, January, 1911.

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made a cumbersome spurt toward the protective red-oak. There were no rifle shots as they made their try for freedom. The old Negro, left standing in the middle of the cabin, suddenly realized that he was being abandoned. His fear of being left alone was stronger than his fear of an enemy bullet, so he sprinted after the others. Neither voice nor gun was raised to stop the fugitives' flight into the enveloping gloom.

COKER'S GOAL was a well-hidden cave about one-half mile up the side of a mountain overlooking the cabin. At one time he had considered trying to reach the house of one of Chitto's wives, but abandoned the idea. Nokeche lived too far away, and the enemy was probably watching Margey's house.

Between Chitto's wound and Coker's caution, it took the group more than two hours to reach the security of the cave. Once they were safely inside, Coker attended his friend's wound as well as he could. Without light or medicine it was a very crude job. Coker could feel the ball imbedded deep inside the leg, but there was little that could be done. Fear of detection made a fire an impossibility, so the men huddled together in the dampness and cold to await the coming of daylight.

For many years Coker had been a follower, as well as a friend, of Crazy Snake. Tonight Coker knew that, tempo-

Above left, Roy Hoffman, Spanish-American War veteran, was in command of the National Guard troops sent to the Creek Nation, near Henryetta, to quell the Crazy Snake Rebellion. Above right, Chitto Harjo as an older man, from an undated Oklahoma newspaper. Below, Guardsmen fording the North Canadian in the vicinity of Checotah, Oklahoma in 1908.

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rarily at least, their roles must be reversed. Coker must be the leader, and Crazy Snake the follower.

Although the Creeks had many medicine men, they had only a few medicine women, but those few were highly respected for their skill. One who lived only a few miles away was considered an expert in removing bullets. Coker had seen her practice her art of healing, and he had every confidence in her. He hoped to either entice the medicine woman to come to the cave, or as a last resort he would take his patient to her. In the skilled hands of this Indian a hollow reed was usually pushed carefully into a wound along the path made by a bullet. Her ear was held close to the outer end of the reed so she could hear the sound when the reed touched the bullet. Once the reed was placed directly over the ball, the woman sucked on the reed until the ball was removed from the wound. Such was Coker's thought as he shivered there in the darkness.

As things turned out, however, Crazy Snake never reached the woman doctor but this was through no fault of Charlie Coker, the tried and true friend of Chitto Harjo.

A false dawn was breaking when the fugitives saw flames rising from the log cabin in the valley below them. The attackers had returned and fired the cabin. As the day wore on, a score of searchers were observed scouring the area for Crazy Snake and any of his friends. This was not the first time that the "outlaw's" blood had stained the

One of Chitto Harjo's Negro followers.

Below, National Guardsmen in camp at Hickory Ground.

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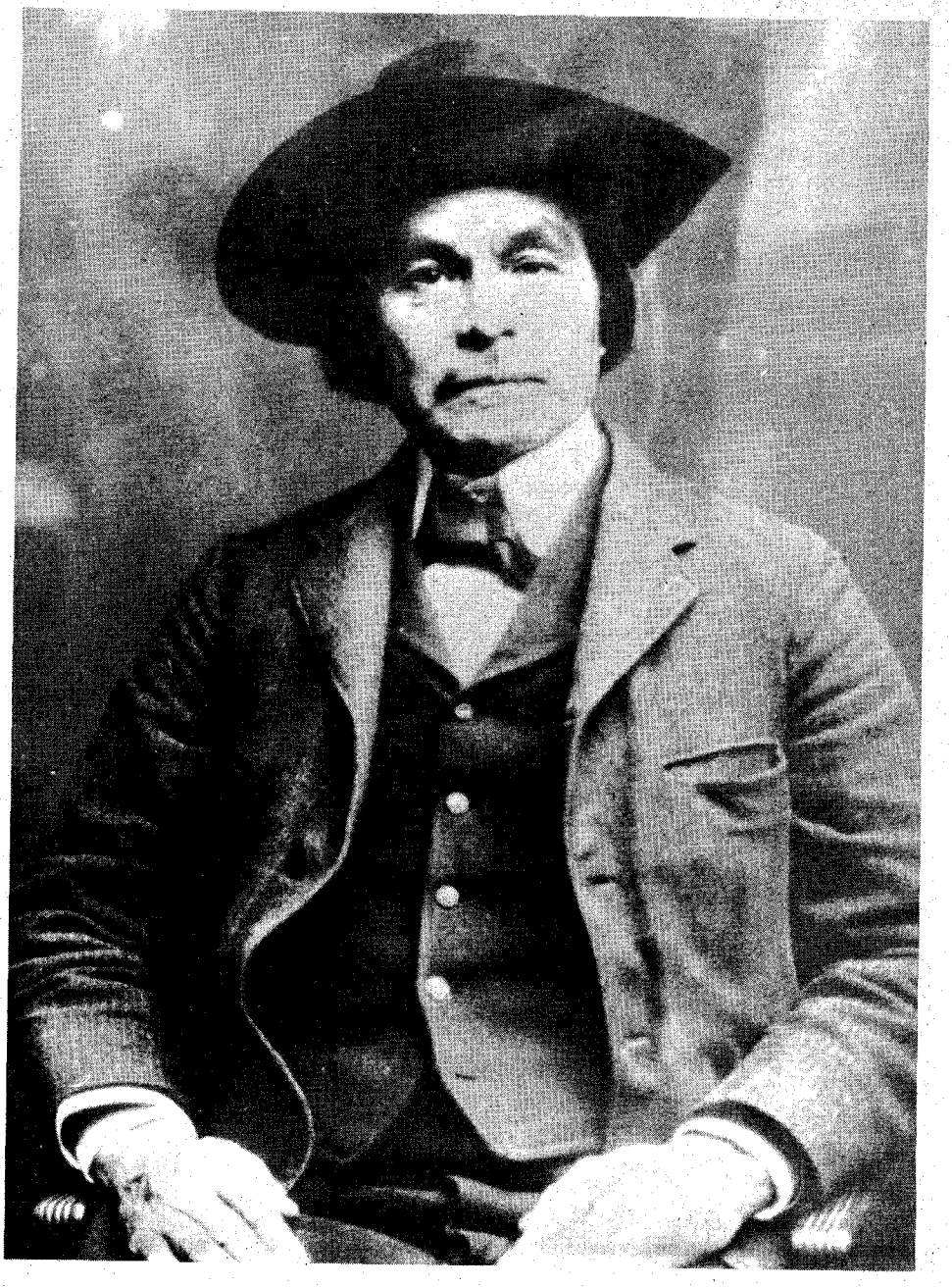
grass along his trail. He had led a tumultous life, as had many more on their journey from childhood to maturity in the Creek Nation.

Born in 1847, in what is now McIntosh County, Oklahoma, Crazy Snake had spent his entire lifetime in the area. His youth seems to have been that of the average full-blood of the time—hunting, fishing, farming some in a haphazard manner; attending "busks" (the Green Corn Festival), stomp-dances, and church. Chitto's English name was Wilson Jones, but he gained fame, or at least notoriety, under the name of Crazy Snake.

In the Creek language the word for "crazy" is "haco-hake" and for "snake" it is "cato," which has been corrupted into the word "harjo" meaning intrepidness or rashness. "Catto" and "chitto" are easily interchangeable, hence the name "Crazy Snake."

Chitto was a follower of Isparecher in the Creek war of 1882, a tribal disturbance arising from Isparecher's belief that he had been "counted out" in a general election for the office of Principal Chief of the Creek Nation. This rebellion was quelled by the National Guard and the Lighthorsemen under the leadership of General Pleasant Porter.

As the thongs of civilization drew tighter around the full-bloods, they naturally gravitated toward a leader whom they felt they could trust, and one who would help them to stay the onrushing tide of white men and the white man's brand of civilization. Chitto was an eloquent orator, and a man of many resources. Although he was not formally educated he had a quick grasp of the



At right, Chitto(e) Harjo(e), alias Crazy Snake. Below, in 1901, prior to the so-called Crazy Snake Rebellion, about 87 Indians were arrested at Muskogee, I.T. during an uprising. This early disorder was controlled partly by a troop of U.S. cavalry from Fort Reno. Photo shows a few of the arrested Indians.

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facts in any situation, and he wielded a tremendous influence over the generally uneducated Indians who gathered at his little log cabin to hear his words of wisdom. Composed mostly of full-bloods, the group was appalled at the sudden and sweeping changes being brought to their customs and to their country. They were seeking some method of bringing back the "good old days" when wild game was found in every hill and dale, the streams were filled with fish, and there was "general peace and contentment throughout the country."

FROM THIS GROUP of malcontents developed a loose organization whose purpose was to prohibit Congress from enforcing the rules that had been laid down for the solution of the "Indian Problem." In furtherance of these goals, four men were elected to go to Washington: Chitto Harjo, Lahtah Micco, Hotulke Fixico, and Hotuka Yahola. Chitto was the spokesman for the group, and they were accompanied by Sandy Johnson, who lived near Tulsa and acted for them in the capacity of interpreter.

It seems that these Indians fell into the hands of an unscrupulous attorney at law in Washington, who instructed them to return home, gather their people together into a government, proceed with their old customs and laws, and ignore the new order of affairs. Chitto quickly became the leader of this group of full-bloods, whe regarded him as a titular successor to Ho-o-peth-le Yahola, a Civil War chief in the Indian Territory who had led many of the Creek Indians into the Union Army with him. Yahola was not especially loyal to the Union, being a large slave holder, but he was very bitter toward the States of Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee for having forced the Creeks to the west of the Mississippi River.

The United States Indian Service, law enforcement officers and many white citizens regarded Chitto Harjo as a lawbreaker, inasmuch as he and his followers were opposing the plans of the Congress to abolish the tribal government of all of the Five Civilized tribes, including the Creek, and to eventually form a state from the Indian Territories. In 1894 Congress created a commission, commonly known as the Dawes Commission, for the furthering of these plans. All land was surveyed, and members of the tribes were enrolled in preparation for the forthcoming allotments.

Guardsmen at a farmhouse southeast of Henryetta, while in pursuit of Chitto Harjo.

Chitto and his followers bitterly opposed this plan, and did all within their power to circumvent it. The Snake Band of the Creeks fought in the courts, and fought in the fields. Chitto's followers destroyed the corner markers of the land survey in an attempt to obstruct the work of the commission. The Snakes called the allotments "E-kun wath-ka." Many of Chitto's men refused to be enrolled or to choose an allotment.

The law was very specific on this matter, however. "If, for any reason, an allotment should not be selected or a homestead designated by, or on behalf of any member, or freedman, it shall be the duty of said commission to make said selection and designation." This was the course followed by the commission in chosing the allotment for Chitto. His allotment was chosen in Section 16, about one mile east of present-day Pierce, Oklahoma. It consisted of 160 acres.

The exact number of followers in Chitto's group was variously estimated at from 500 to 1,000. Whatever their true number they exerted a tremendous influence. The group held a quasi-official election, wherein Chitto was elected Principal Chief. Of course this title was not recognized by the established ruling body of the Creek Nation.

Chitto's group chose other officers, also, and a group of Lighthorsemen were outfitted. These "lawmen," being heavily armed, intimidated many parties located in isolated places.

Chitto's sympathizers became such a thorn in the flesh that the Federal government finally deemed it expedient to enforce the existing laws, for the moral effect if for no other reason. At the request of the Secretary of the Interior and the Attorney General, one troop of U. S. Cavalry from Fort Reno was sent to the Creek Nation to assist local authorities in restoring order.

In 1901 warrants for the arrest of various Creeks, including Chitto Harjo alias Crazy Snake, were issued by civil authorities. A United States marshal, with the help of the military as well as local officers, went to the scene of the disturbance. There a number of Indians were arrested without serious incident. Grant Johnson, a Negro deputy U. S. marshal, arrested Chitto, along with twenty of his followers.

(Continued on page 48)

Crazy Snake's gravehouse was built in the yard of a Daniel Bobb, reportedly a friend of his. The man standing is not identified, but may be Daniel Bobb himself.

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BEFORE his death in 1918, John Miller White was destined by his genius, his restlessness, and his tireless energy, to help change the skylines of Kansas City; Seattle and Bremerton in Washington; Astoria in Oregon; and San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, Fresno and Mare Island in California.

It is not easy to go back before 1900 and trace the activities of any individual in detail. When this can be done, it is even harder to answer the often-asked question, "What were the people of the West really like in the turbulent late eighties and nineties and early nineteen hundreds?" I have chosen John Miller White, born in 1863 in Mercer County, Pennsylvania, as a characteristic example of the men who ventured West after the Oregon Trail migration and the California gold rush, and before the world was turned topsy-turvy by our involvement in the First World War.

The construction story begins in Kansas. This was not the Kansas of gunfighters, brave sheriffs, crime and violence that has been so often told, quoted, retold and misquoted, although the time lag between those days and the rough and tumble free-for-all business days was not great. The initiative, quick thinking and dramatic determination of early day businessmen, in fact, compared favorably with their predecessors in suspense, excitement and action.

John White was a young dandy in his middle twenties, with high hat and snug-fitting breeches for Sunday, when he and one of his brothers, both of whom had learned the brick-laying trade, marched together against a Kansas clay bank and organized a brickyard. Both of these young men were tall, erect, determined, ambitious and proud. Either of them was capable of causing a pretty girl to sigh softly, but the Whites were strictly business.

Their neat appearance when in town, their confident, almost defiant, pride in the quality of brick their yard could turn out, brought them immediate notice and success. Yet one of the unbelievably abrupt local slumps of the late eighties brought them near to failure just as rapidly. Piles of brick in the little Kansas yard rose high, and brick buildings were not rising in neighboring towns fast enough to lower those piles. Elmer White said to his brother John, "We've got to close the place down. We can't keep working our heads off just to make piles of brick. In time the grass will cover them."

John was the more restrained and thoughtful of the two brothers. "Besides," John replied, "I like to eat, and I am the best damn bricklayer in the whole country. You keep turning out brick—I'm going in to Kansas City!"

"What're you going to do there?" Elmer wanted to know.

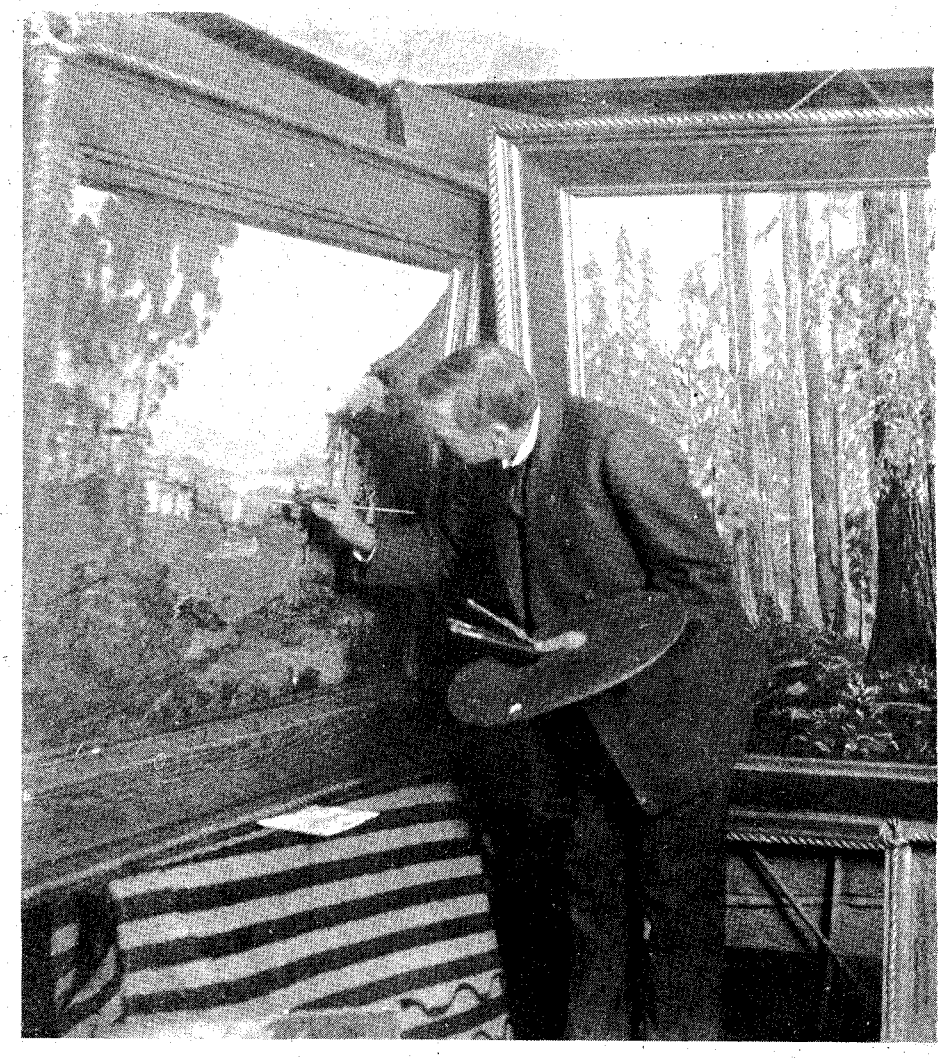
"Find more space to pile brick higher," John laughed, and he crossed that same day into the big city on the Missouri side of the big river. This young man, only a few years out of his teens, possessed an uncanny ability to synchronize his long arms and six-foot frame into a rhythmic motion of slinging mortar, and arranging a finished wall of brick that was properly level horizontally and vertically square.

Things had happened in Kansas City of considerable import to bricklayers. The Midland Hotel, destined to become the city's finest, had just opened its doors in a blaze of splendor on September 6, 1888, but on the previous February

He had the body of a toiler but the eyes of a dreamer—this bricklayer who would change Western skylines . . .

29, while it was under construction, a regrettable accident had occurred. Two huge floor trusses gave way. Debris crashed through the skylights of the open court where some sixty men were employed. One was killed, several injured. An inquest blamed defective brick

Below, John White, the artist, shown here at work in his studio. A few of his mar



THE DOUBLE LIFE OF

THE DOUBLE LIFE OF

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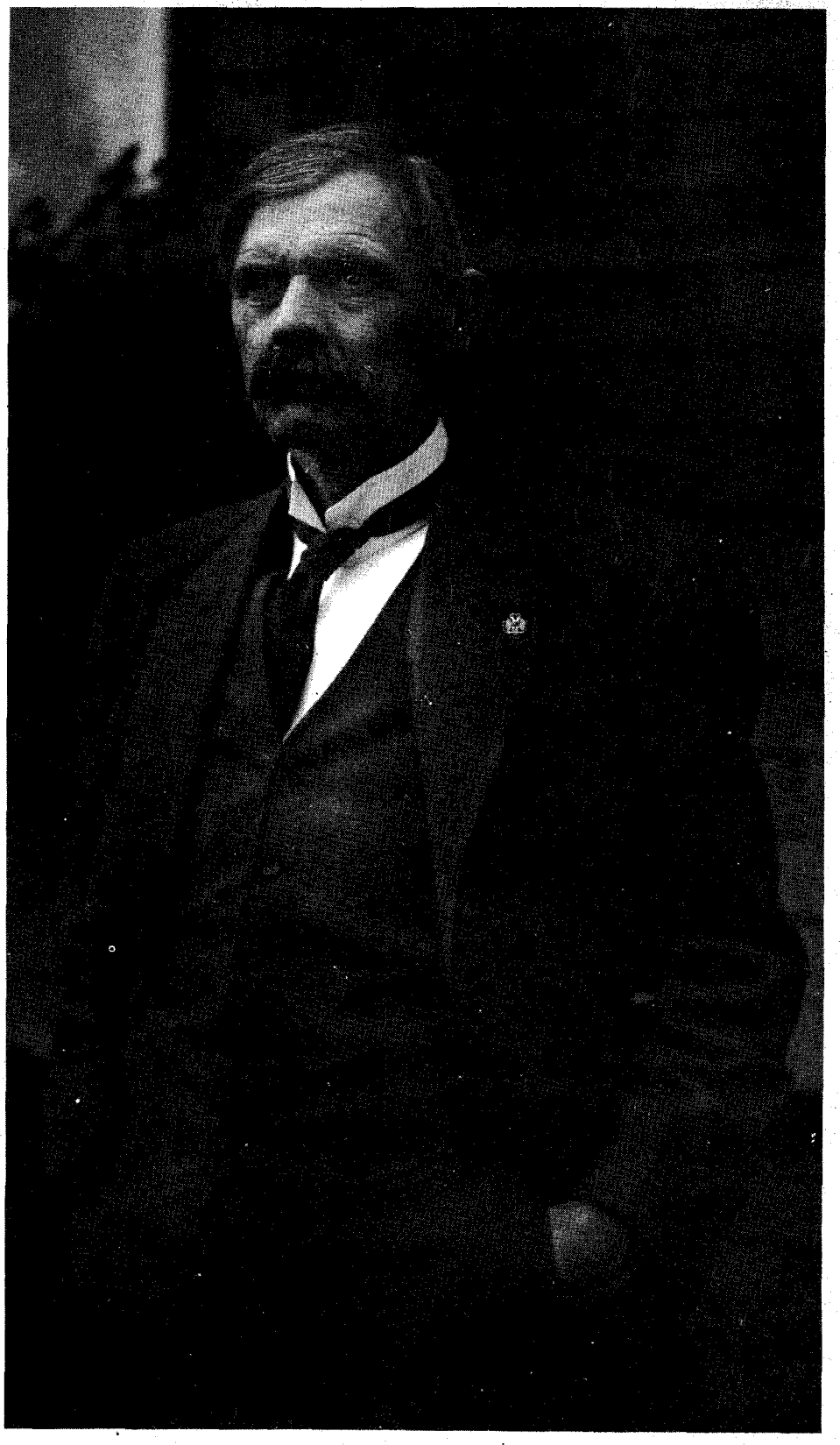
At right, John Miller White, the contractor.

work in the supporting piers under the trusses. This made contractors wary of little known workers, especially young bricklayers.

I have made every effort to ascertain just what jobs White later worked on, but the brick part of a large building was generally sub-contracted and is not easily traceable in present-day city and county records. It is known that a building near the old Elk's Club at Seventh and Grand reared its silhouette into the Kansas City sky with the help of the work done on it by the White boys.

John returned to his brother, Elmer, with a signed contract which provided that they would furnish the brick and



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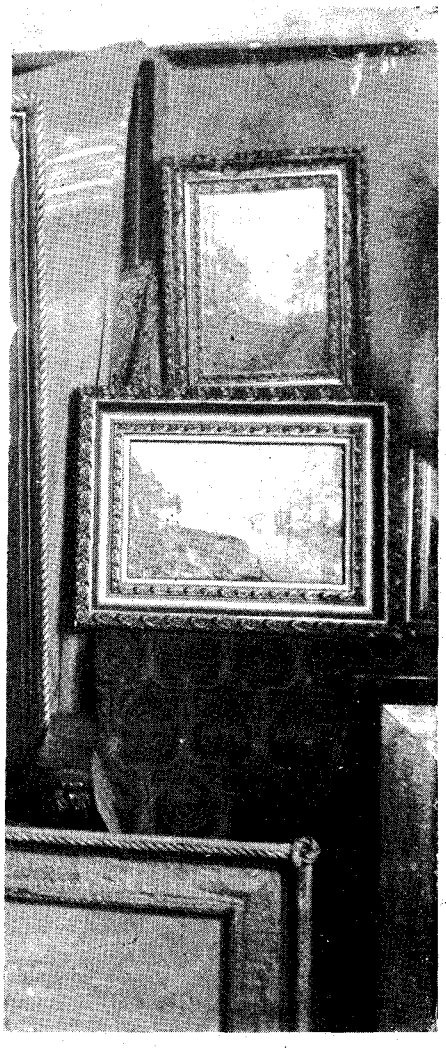

"EASY" WHITE

"EASY" WHITE

By
VICTOR H.
WHITE

Photos
Courtesy
Author

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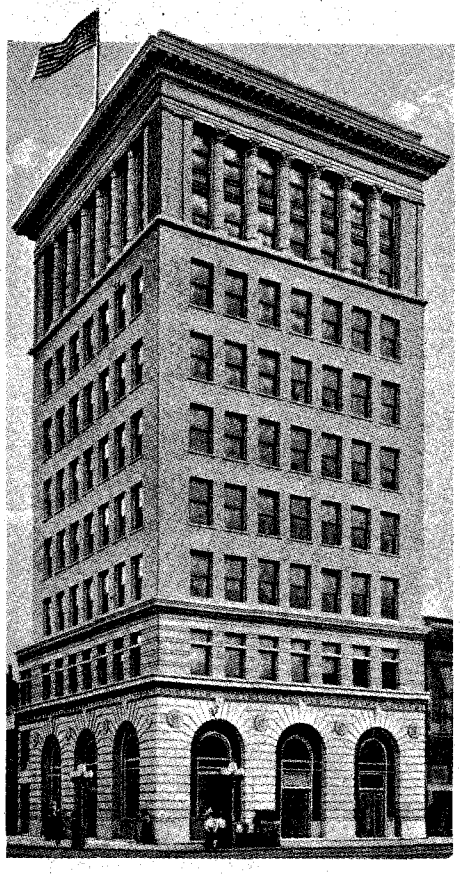

One of the buildings John White worked on was the First National Bank in San Jose, California. The building is in the same location, though there have been recent changes in its exterior.

also lay them in the construction of a skyscraper, which would stand majestically and proud a full seventy years. It was likely one of those torn down only recently to make room for a new freeway.

Shortly, the "itchy feet" genes in their make-up caused the boys to give up the brick yard. John started west alone in search of adventure. He went to Dodge City and found the town stirred up over a recent robbery in which a white man had been killed by a half-breed Indian, the latter having already acquired a somewhat doubtful reputation as "The Barefoot Bandit." His name was due largely to the fact that his burglary efforts had been barely successful in keeping up with his yearning for whiskey; he had no money for shoes. The sheriff was organizing a posse to go after this fellow when White stepped from the train.

White was patriotic to an extent that today would be hard to understand. Along with his patriotism went total physical fearlessness, and an intense feeling of responsibility in regard to his duty in civil affairs. He immediately volunteered in the sheriff's office to serve as a posseman.

The sheriff had never seen or heard of White. "Where you from?" he asked. "Where's your home?"

"In Pennsylvania," John said. "But I've been living here in Kansas."

"Sorry," the sheriff advised. "I'm afraid I can't use you. The law says I can swear in only residents of my own county."

White considered this briefly. "Any reason I can't ride along on my own?"

"It's a free country."

While the sheriff was getting his posse together, White did three things. He went to the livery stable and rented a horse. Riding the horse to the hotel, he arranged for a lunch to be packed in a paper sack, then he rode back to the railroad station where he had checked his bags, and obtained a folding easel and a tin box of paint tubes, which he secured to the horse. He was ready to jog along behind the posse which was just riding out of town.

After a time the posse stopped. John let his mount drift up within hearing distance. They had been riding several hours and were now almost overlooking a rather steep ravine in which they seemed to have an idea the Barefoot Bandit was somewhere holed up. The posse divided, one half going off to the south. The other half climbed upward into rocky and tree-studded terrain.

White stayed with the latter group until the men drew up just below a jutting, rock-crested ridge. The sheriff climbed higher alone and called back to the others that they were to tether the horses and keep out of sight. He indicated they should climb up behind and alongside him, near a spot where he could command a view of the ravine and give whatever instructions were needed. It was evident the sheriff expected White to obey similar orders and keep hidden. He made it plain that he assumed no responsibility for White's safety inasmuch as White was unarmed and had not been asked to come along.

White respected this decision. He untied the canvas package from behind his saddle, succeeded in making room in it for his paper lunch bag, and ground-staked the horse. Then he climbed almost to the top of the ridge where he was some twenty feet to the left of the lawmen and where an enormous rock loomed above the crest. He took a position at the base of this rock and set up his easel. He arranged a canvas, got out a palette and palette knife, and began to smear paint from various tubes.

Shortly, the landscape revealed the rather unbelievable sight of four armed lawmen, intently alert, their leader prone on his belly, occasionally raising himself high enough to glance into the gully. A determined young artist was sitting on a small rock painting a picture of them. The artist was well protected from whatever might break out in the canyon back of him by the large rock between himself and the edge. This course of action continued for two or three hours, the prone half of the posse waiting on their bellies with ready rifles, in the hope that the men, who had circled in the other direction, would be fortunate enough to flush the Barefoot Bandit along the gully below them. It worked.

A rifle sounded from the gully. The sheriff raised himself to look. He immediately motioned his men close up beside him as he fired his own rifle over

In 1912, John White went to Seattle to paint a portrait of his son. Note the book in the boy's hands. On the pages is written "John Miller White, His son, 1-3-12."

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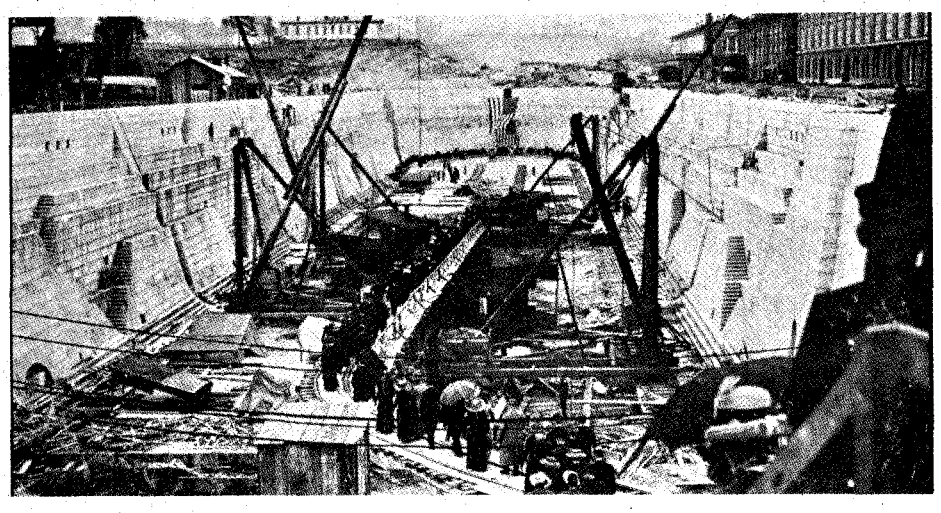


One of White's construction jobs was the completion of a government dry dock at Bremerton, Washington. It was the largest owned by the government at the time (1909). Its over-all length was 863 feet; its cost, approximately $2,300,000. Below, another view of the dry dock after its completion.

the top and downward. A further rifle crack was followed by the whistle of a bullet only a few feet over White's head, but without the slightest danger to him because of the large rock.

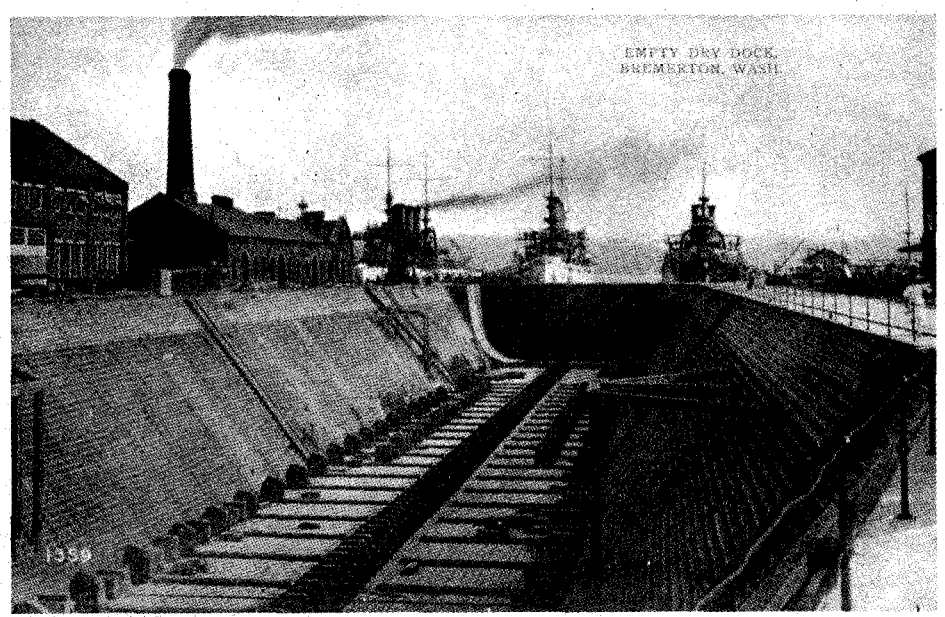
The first rifle crack had acted exactly like a signal to White. He immediately closed his tin of paints, folded the easel, wrapped everything back in the canvas bag and replaced it on the horse, which was well protected from the fusillade by its position below the ridge.

By this time the bandit had been spotted darting from tree to tree along a wooded space in the gully. The men, who had closed in on him from below, were keeping up an intermittent fire, while those above were constantly alert to pump lead at any movement which they could make sure was not caused by their own companions. This continued for a considerable time, and quite a few bullets from the bandit's returned fire came whistling ominously but harmlessly over the big rock, all without creating the slightest attention or concern on White's part.

He had packed up his things because he knew that as soon as the shooting either found its mark or the bandit got clear, it would be time to move and he would be ready. Meantime, it seemed like an excellent time for lunch. And eat was what White proceeded to do. Unable to participate in the battle, this tall, dark-eyed youth enjoyed the hotel-prepared lunch as nonchalantly as Admiral Dewey's men, a few years later, were to retire temporarily from the battle of Manila Bay to eat breakfast.

Shortly, the outlaw yelled out that a rifle bullet had broken a bone in his upper leg. He threw out his rifle and stumbled from behind a tree with his hands up. The posse took him into custody, and White again fell in behind and followed them back to Dodge City.

The facts of this event were told me by a man named Crawford whom I had looked up in Seattle about 1956. Crawford was a cousin of John White, a genuine gentleman, of unimpeachable reputation and integrity, who was then in his eighties. He had spent a good deal of time with White in their youth and he recounted another personal experience which took place in Astoria, Oregon.



CRAWFORD told me: "I was in Astoria in 1893 and had taken a contract to build a small brick mercantile building. I wrote to the bricklayers union in Portland and told them I would need a bricklayer for a few weeks' work. There was no available man in Astoria. They replied by stating they would send a man down at regular union wages but, because the work was out of town, it would be necessary for me to pay the transportation costs both ways and also his hotel bill and meals in Astoria.

"I couldn't possibly do this, because the extra expense as things were then (the country was in a serious panic) would amount to more than the margin I had figured for profit. I happened to know that John White had just finished work on one of Salt Lake's largest new buildings and I also knew that he had always steadfastly refused to join any union because he was capable of laying three thousand bricks a day, as bricks were then being laid. He was proud of his skill. He would straighten his broad shoulders, look a questioner straight in the eye and ask, 'Why should I lay brick for union wages when I can lay twice as many and lay them twice as well as the average union bricklayer?' I had known several jobs on which John had received much higher than union wages, and quite often he would lay brick almost from sunrise until dark at a fixed price per thousand.

"He was enormously proud of this. He would often stand back and admire a day's brick work in the same fashion, and from several angles, just as he would appraise one of the oil paintings he had begun to turn out and distribute to friends and relatives all across the country. There was hardly a member of the White family, or a close friend anywhere who did not have one of the paintings hung somewhere in the house. White believed that no union had any right to interfere with his taking a contract to lay so many brick for so much money in so much time. This made him a brick contractor, especially when he was willing to invest his own money in the brick and mortar and take payment upon completion. Most unions recognized this and gave him no trouble.

"I sent a telegram to John, asking if he would consider coming to Astoria for my small job and probably pick up considerable more work in Portland, Seattle or the small towns in between.

"John wired back just three words which I still remember. 'Taking train tonight.' I had reached him at a time when his feet were itching after his hands had finished stacking something permanent against the Salt Lake City skyline.

"He arrived in Astoria and, because he was an excellent carpenter as well as a bricklayer, went to work constructing framework and scaffolding for me. Meanwhile, two men from the bricklayers union in Portland arrived on the

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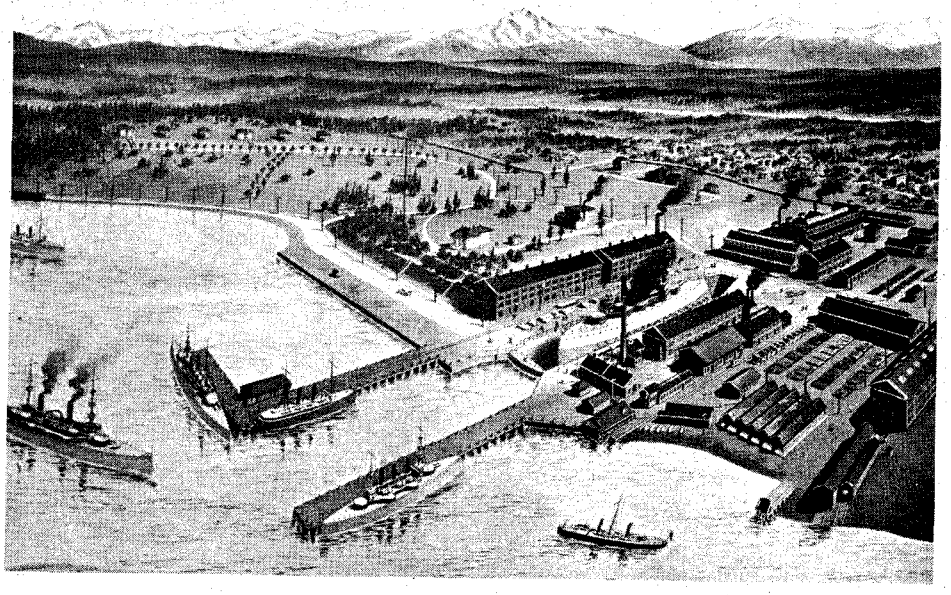


An early artist's rendition of the Puget Sound Naval Station, with its immense dry dock facilities.

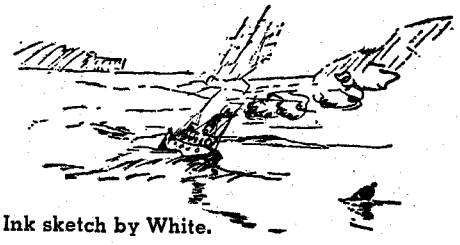
scene and began walking back and forth. I tried to have a talk with them, explaining that I had arranged an independent contract with White and that no day work would be done. They advised that they knew this to be a subterfuge and assured me that no non-union man was going to lay brick on that building and they would see to it. The fact that the expense of sending two pickets to Astoria, and supporting them while there, was more costly to the union than anything to be gained, had no effect on them.

"John kept busy building scaffolding. He did not so much as glance at the men. When I told him what they had said, he made no comment. Brick and quick lime were delivered to the street in front of the building site, while the two delegates from Portland marched sullenly and looked on. John built the proper box in which his mortar was to be mixed. Mortar, in those days, was prepared on the job.

"The morning he was to start laying brick, I saw John carefully place a small bucket containing quick lime handy to his work. Nearby, he placed a five-pound lard can of water. He never looked toward the two pickets, who were nervously watching him. They knew as well as he did, that if a man were to pour that water into the lime and then throw the mixture, anyone struck might get burns as serious as anything anyone was ever likely to receive this side of hell.

"I did not like the looks of things. After all, it was my job and I didn't want anyone killed on it, or because of it. I walked down the street to a corner hardware merchant, with whom I had done considerable business, and I said, 'George, have you got a revolver?'

"This merchant, who was one of my best friends, was sitting at his roll-



Ink sketch by White.

topped desk. He looked at me a minute and said as he pulled open a top right-hand drawer, 'No, I don't have a gun and I wouldn't lend it to you if I did.' There was a ready-looking .45 in plain sight in that drawer with a full box of shells beside it. I picked up the gun and the shells and put both in my pocket. 'Sorry you don't have one,' I said. 'Just thought I might need it.'

"I returned to the street and started to walk back to where I had left John starting to mix mortar with a common garden hoe, which was the way he did it. Suddenly I stopped in my tracks and stood staring at one of the most unbelievable pieces of comic opera I have ever seen. Those two Portland delegates were coming toward me as fast as they could run. John came behind them, swinging a four-foot length of two-by-four around his head in a wide circle. He was shouting, 'I'm going to kill you both! I don't know which one I'll kill first, but I'm going to kill you both!'

"As the panic-stricken pickets ran past and on down the street, John pulled up beside me, grinning like a schoolboy who had just flushed a rabbit out of ferns. He explained that he quietly sawed off the four-foot length of two-by-four, measuring and squaring it carefully, while the men had come up to warn him not to try to lay any brick. He had paid no attention to them, but had carefully and methodically taken a jack-knife from his pocket and carved a neat handle on the end of the two-by-four, sighting along it carefully and gripping and regripping the handle to impress them with how expert he was at this sort of thing. Then, leaping up like a jack-in-the-box, facing them for the first time, he had started whirling the two-by-four round his head at the same time that he announced he was going to kill them both. 'Too bad they can run faster than I can,' he grinned.

"I asked, 'Why did you have the lard can of water and the bucket of lime?'

"'That was just to sort of soften 'em up. A bricklayer needs drinking water, doesn't he? And the lime was in case I figured the mortar mix was a little lean.'

"I returned the gun and shells to my friend. As I pulled open the desk drawer where he still sat, I remarked, 'Too bad you didn't have a gun; thought I might have needed one.' These words were sort of a replay.

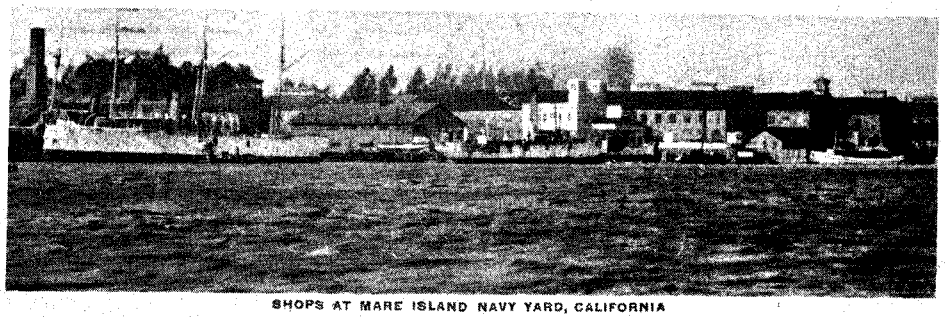
"What he did and said that day in Astoria was totally typical of John White's character. It was his idea of a practical joke, the kind he was always using with deadly seriousness, but which it would be hard to make anyone believe afterward had any serious intention."

JOHN WHITE then returned to Allegheny, Pennsylvania, which was still a suburb not yet annexed to Pittsburgh. He began contracting the constuction of dwelling houses, but never gave up his interest in art. Choosing the great English landscape painter, Joseph Mallord William Turner, as his ideal, he entered an art school in Allegheny where he met a talented young woman, a kindred soul painting in oil on canvas and also on china. They were married in 1897.

After another year of contracting, White's feet again became itchy as a result of news that gold had been discovered in Alaska. With little money he started west with his bride. The Garden of the Gods near Colorado Springs, the belated honeymoon-like expenses of numerous scenic attractions, together with deluxe train accommodations, depleted the young couple's resources and they landed

(Continued on page 54)

Mare Island Navy Yard before the San Francisco earthquake. After the devastating quake, J. M. White Co., Inc. got the contract for brick construction in its rebuilding.



SHOPS AT MARE ISLAND NAVY YARD, CALIFORNIA

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 4)

grove, Stone, Fielder, Cannoy, Prickett, Bunner, Stevens, Springer, Garretson, Hiobe, Rite, Thorpe, Morse, Coffin, Wheeler, Fields, and Enloe. Would also like to hear from anyone who is a member of the Magna Charta Dames, and Americans of Royal Descent.—Violet June Harris, Route 1, Box 161, Yale, Oklahoma 74085

Preble

I have two photos, four by six inches, found in an old frame. One is S. W. Preble, January 3, 1896, seventy years old, a gentleman. The other is L. A. Preble, March 1896, a lady. The age of the man is given, you notice, but way back then even, the lady concealed her age. If someone from this family wants these I will gladly send them on.—Reverend Marian Machesney, 627 West Bennett Street, Compton, California 90220

Pryor-Latham

I am interested in locating someone who may know Ples P. Pryor, my great-grandfather. His first wife was Mollie Stewart. They were both born in Tennessee and believed to be of Cherokee descent. Their children were: Robert Ridley, married Millie Ann Varnell (my grandparents); Jim; Luther; Jess; Margaret, married Jack Watters; Sis, married Brown; and Mattie, married to John Benjamin Varnell.

Ples and his second wife Delia, had children, Sadie and Logie (Logan). Ples died in 1917 or 1918 and I believe he is buried in Godley, Texas. He had one brother, Logan. Anyone knowing of Ples P. Pryor or Logan Pryor, Mollie Stewart Pryor, or Delia Pryor, please write. Am also looking for another member of the family, Aron, or Aaron, sometimes called Arne Latham. He was a captain in the Texas Rangers.—Mrs. Peggy Fica, 611 N. 6th, Marlow, Oklahoma 73055

Shively

I would like to hear from anyone with information about my grandfather, Charles O. Shively, who was born in Indiana about 1885 or 1886. In 1922 he married my grandmother, Hester Mabel Lee of Ottawa, Kansas, in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Then on September 12, 1923 my father, John R. Shively, was born in Ottawa, Kansas. That same year my grandfather went away and was never heard of again. Charles was a mason contractor and was supposed to have had some brothers living in Bartlesville, Oklahoma.—Michael Shively, Box 294 A, Route 3, Jackson, New Jersey 08527

Glover

I would like to contact the descendants of Thomas Glover, born 1805 in Georgia and his wife, Mary, born 1810 in Georgia. Their children were: Louis T., born 1834; Nancy E., born 1838; Edny, born 1844; Alexander, born 1846; Thomas, born 1848; and Butha, born 18—? All the children were born in Alabama. Alexan-

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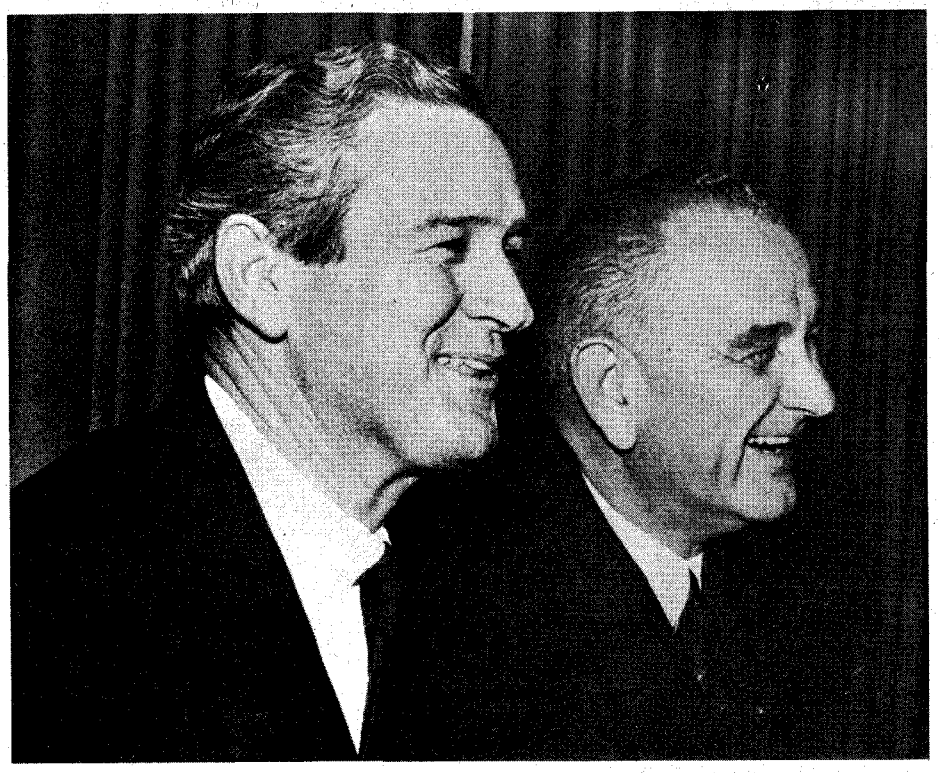

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"I HAVE ALMOST BECOME DESPERATE OVER THE IDEA OF DYING A POOR MAN"

Most cowmen faced that dread every day of their lives...

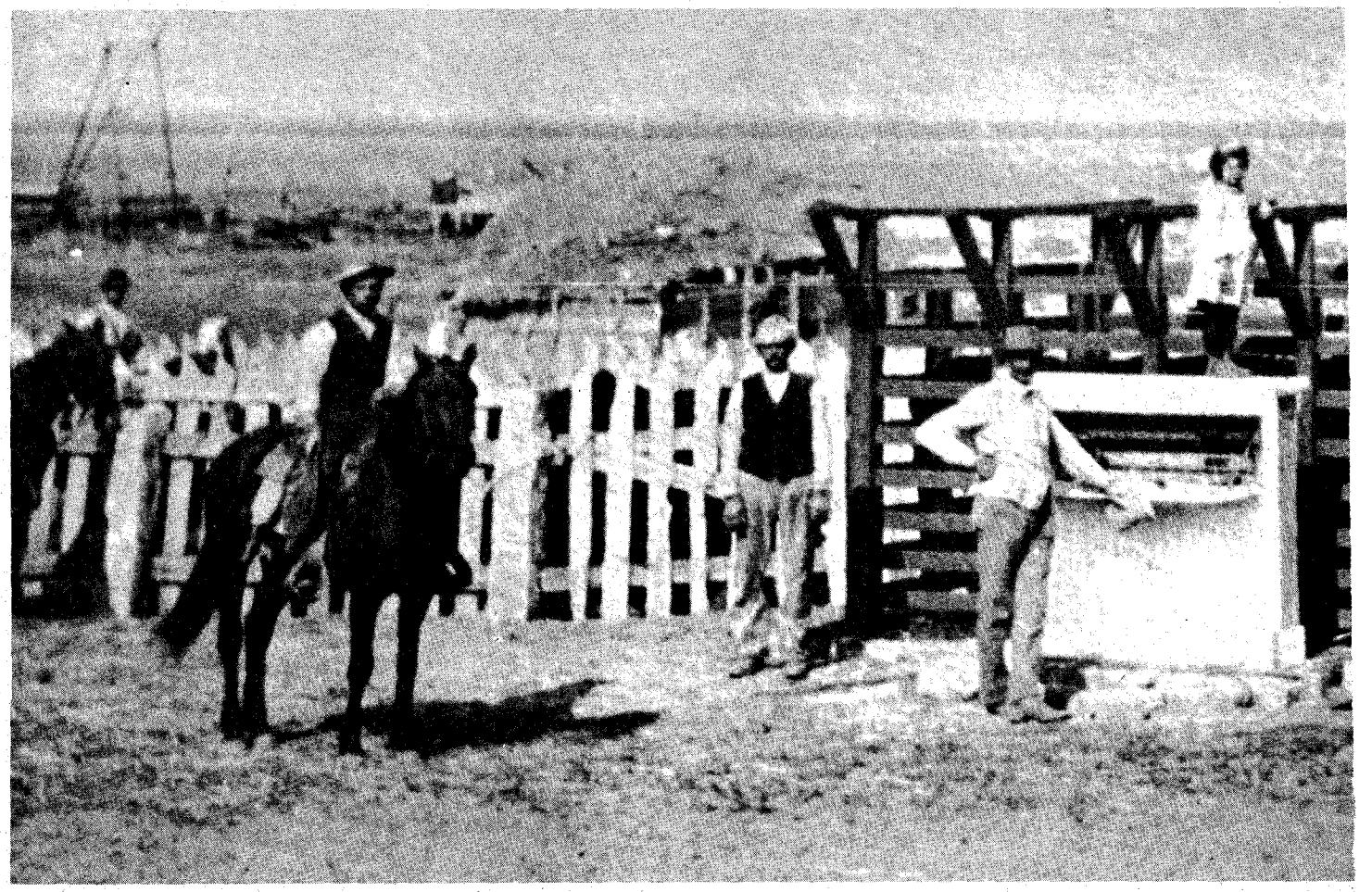
By WILLIAM URBAN
Photos Courtesy Author

ONE cannot understand the old-time Westerner without understanding his fear of poverty. To the outsider this fear is hard to comprehend because the Westerner often appeared so poverty-stricken even in prosperity.

Yet the land was rich, and it was the contrast of poverty and wealth and the hope of passing from one to the other that provided much of the drama of Western history.

The story of the cowman is that of the pursuit of wealth. A few cowboys may have followed the herds for romance and

Ranching scene in Russell County.



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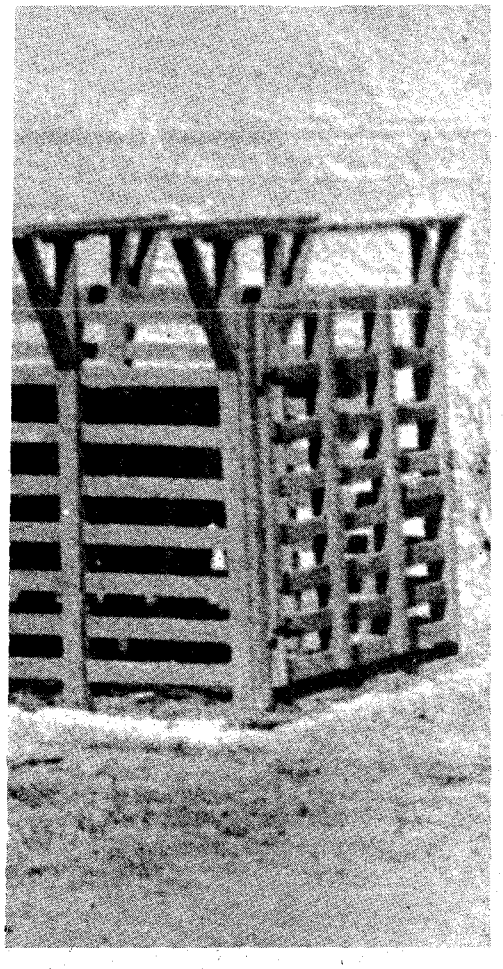
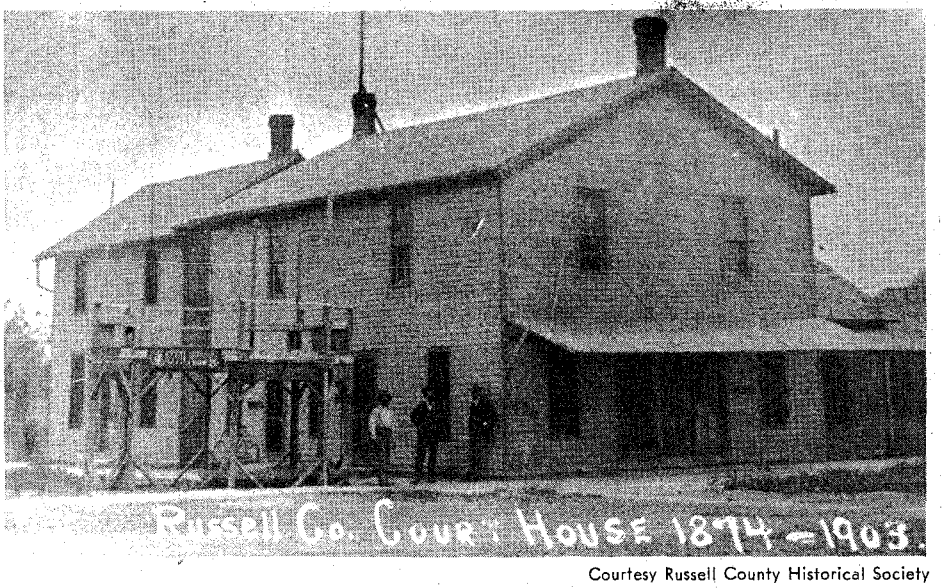
travel, but few cowmen did. Perhaps that was what separated the men from the boys, their attitude toward cattle. Cattle were money on the hoof. That, at least, was the attitude of James Calvin Juvenal, one of the early Texas drovers.

He was known as "J. C." or "Cul" (he later changed Calvin to Culbertson). Born near Danville, Illinois in 1837, he made his first long trip at the age of twelve when his father and a pack of relatives moved to Williamson County, Texas. J. C. grew up fast on that trip; he was expected to perform a man's duties. All the men of his family were already skilled farmers and drovers. For a generation at least they had been teamsters, and had probably herded cattle in Ohio before coming to Illinois in 1827. Almost certainly they drove cattle from Texas to Illinois in the 1850s. Relatives who had remained behind fattened cattle on their farms before selling them in nearby Chicago.

J. C. married Martha Allen and had begun a family before the Civil War broke out. His brother Ben joined the 7th Texas Cavalry and gained valuable experience for the years he would spend in New Mexico, Arizona and Indian Territory. Brothers William and Josiah enlisted, but never served. Josiah eventually fought in the Union Army in an Illinois regiment with several relatives. It appears that J. C. went north at that time and farmed near Williamsport, Indiana, not too far from Danville, Illinois.

Courtesy Russell County Historical Society





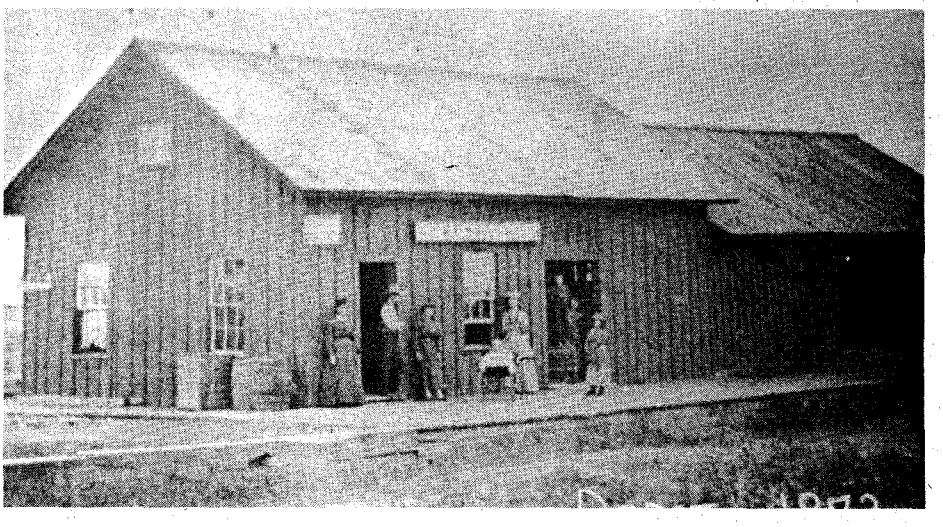
Courtesy Russell County Historical Society

Above, the Russell County courthouse where J. C. Juvenal spent many a day fighting for his rights. Below, daughter Pearl, and wife Jennie Juvenal.

Courtesy Ada Juvenal, McCracken, Kansas

Below, railroad depot in Russell, 1873.

Courtesy Russell County Historical Society



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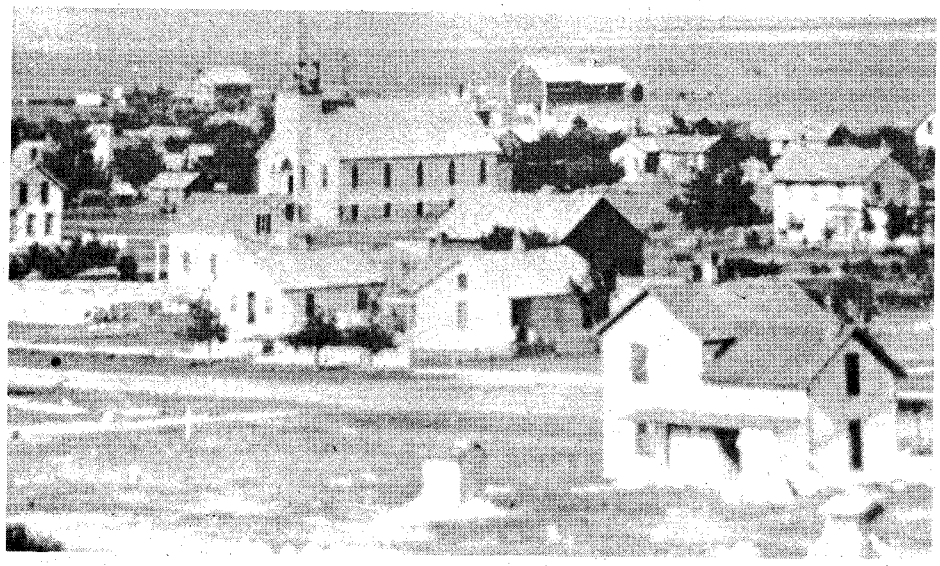
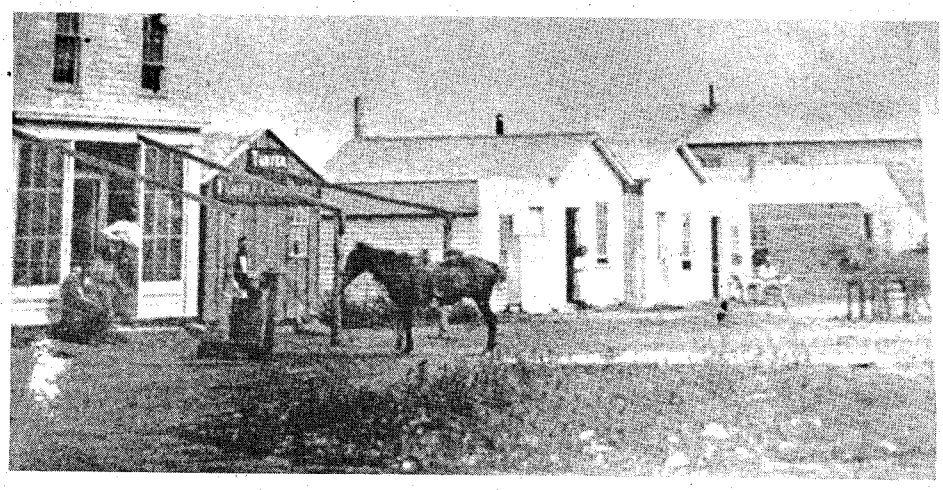
The Juvenals had a big edge on most drovers when the war ended. They knew the routes, they knew the markets, and they were not obliged to sell immediately but could hold their cattle for the best prices. J. C. took a bunch of Indiana boys (whom the Texans called "short horns") in 1865 or '66, and gathered cattle from the Juvenal ranches around Hutto, Texas. He took these through Indian Territory into Missouri, and probably on to Illinois and Indiana. He may have been among those herders who brought Texas fever to Missouri and thereby occasioned such anger that further droving was forbidden there.



Photos Courtesy Russell County Historical Society

Above, Russell, Kansas in the 1880s. Below, a portion of the west side of Main Street in Russell, 1873.



Below, another view of Russell, Kansas.

When that route was closed, J. C. took his herd to Baxter Springs, Kansas. By that time the boom was on. Not every cattleman knew what he was doing, but they were all determined to get rich—quick. Hundreds of thousands of longhorns were on their way north. J. C. helped his fellow man as best he could, and wrote back to those following:

When I left your County little did I expect to be at this point with my cattle; but circumstances alter the cases. The route which is specified by the Live Stock Co. of Kansas leaves this road at Red River, and some droves have gone that way; but not hearing anything definite from the Co. I learned from reliable sources that they are making their way back to the old route at Fort Gibson. The upper route not having any military protection, is said to be dangerous, and unless it is garrisoned all the way through it will not be safe to drive cattle on that route this year. The Indians are reported to be on the point of starvation, and will stampede cattle at night in order to secure to themselves a portion of the herd before morning . . . . The only market for their stock is Backster Springs, Kansas, unless there can be a route opened from Fort Gibson to the 6th principal meridian as designated by the circular from Kansas L. S. Co., thence north to some point on the Pacific R. R. This, I fear, will not be a success this year. I shall make Backster Springs a point myself, and as there are but few cattle in advance of me I think I will have but little trouble in finding sale for my stock; though a few hundred head will glut that market. I fear there are many like myself who have listened too much to the flattering reports of Kansas sharpers, whose soul and principle is constructed of greenbacks, and are prompted by no other motives.

ABILENE was J. C.'s primary outlet from 1867 to 1871, when he began following a more westerly route to Wichita and Ellsworth. But he did not return directly to Texas after each drive. He went to Indiana, presumably taking some cattle with him for corn feeding. A cow costing five dollars in Texas would fetch ten or fifteen in Wichita, but after being fattened it would bring thirty. J. C. was not after the quick small buck. He was a smart rancher. Seeing that he could drive more cattle from Texas than he could pasture in Indiana, he decided to acquire good grassland in Kansas where he could fatten the remainder of the herd.

In the spring of 1870 I came to Russell Co.; stopped during the summer on Wolf Creek with a herd of Texas cattle, at which place I sold enough to pay first cost on my entire herd, and had 204 cows left. The same year I purchased seven grade bulls, at a cost of $350. Cows at that time were worth $10 per head.

In 1872 he took more cattle to the Sa-

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line River country north of Russell, and he did the same in '73. That was the advice given by Joseph McCoy, spokesman for the stockmen at that time:

If the driving of cattle from Texas to Kansas must needs continue in the future, the drovers would act wisely to possess themselves of choice stock ranch locations, and hold their stock, if need be, over winter till it was fat, instead of putting it upon the market whilst unfit by reason of its poverty.

J. C. knew his cattle. In 1874 he brought up another herd, but had to sell part of it promptly. He approached a neighbor named Connell. "I told him I would not take less than $12 per head on time." He was offered $10 a head cash, less 12 per cent per annum, and he took it. But after a special trip to Leavenworth to cash the check, he still had to collect the 12 per cent. Two more talks with Connell produced no money. He, like everyone else, was short of cash. Then came a crisis: "I went out to the yards to help Connell pen some cattle he intended to ship and did ship and discovered in the lot 2 of my beeves. I knew them by their having my brand on them. Mr. Connell admitted them to be mine & he asked me if he should turn them out or might he ship them through. He told me he would rather ship them through as it would make a full carload. I told Connell he could ship them through and pay me the average price the steers brought."

But Connell did not pay, and J. C. went to the law. He told the judge: "I drove the steers and cow from Texas. One of the steers two years ago last spring, the cow and one steer in the spring of '73. My road brand last year was figure 6 or figure 4. . . . It is the general custom to brand cattle before driving. I did so these years referred to. I put my brand on either side on the trips." And since he had sold no cattle that year, they had to be his. "Also I know the cattle by their flesh marks as well as brands."

J. C. won his case, and it was not to be his last. He was careful with his money, and kept close track of his cows.

J. C. was not a lone operator. His brothers Benjamin and Josiah moved to Russell County, as did two cousins from Danville, Illinois. His son-in-law and a hand who married a cousin, all worked with him. William herded cattle in 1869 and '70, but after that it was Ben's job to bring the herds from Texas to Kansas. J. C. supervised the Kansas operation in Ben's absence, and then went to Indiana for the winter. In the spring Ben went to Texas, and J. C. came back to Russell to ship the fat steers from the drive of the previous year.

The Russell *Record* faithfully noted their travels and often reported, "The Juvenal Bros. shipped three carloads of the best beeves ever sent from this town. Ben knows how to fatten them."

What was Ben's secret? Well, in 1876 a letter from "Juneberry" from the Pie Melon Ranch appeared in the *Record*.

Do you know anyone who wants to speculate in pie melons? Does the *Record* family want any pie melons? What are pie melons good for? Can they be converted into anything but pies, even at a loss? The object to be accomplished is to get rid of a thousand pie melons, loss or gain . . . . In the name of Moses tell us what we shall do with a pie melon crop, for we feel we are victims . . . . We would consider it a privilege to supply every man, woman, and child in Russell with pie melons, for the next six months in any quantity desired. Anybody who wants pie melons to feed their pigs can have them for the hauling—I don't know but we would be willing to do the hauling also, if it would expedite the delivery . . . . When we first commenced feeding them to the cattle, they evidently relished them and wondered what was the matter that they were being so liberally supplied with melons. Now, however, they evidently would like a change; a load of pie melons every day for six weeks is too much. Whenever they snuff pie melons coming, there is a regular stampede. If you should see a drove of bovines come tearing wildly into Russell anytime in the next six months, led by a bull with a ring in his nose, you may know there is a load of pie melons behind, somewhere. If only we had a river to dam—pie melons are good for a damn.

J. C. was not satisfied with fattening Texas steers. He had a good Durham bull and he produced fine mixed stock that brought premium prices in Kansas City.

THE cattle business was in trouble, however. J. C., like all others, was in debt and prices were low. While trying to keep up his pride, he tried to cut expenses. He couldn't. Finally his wife left him. It was hard enough for her to have her husband absent so much, without having to do without the little luxuries that made life on the Plains bearable. She refused to come back to Kansas with him, and after a year he filed for divorce. In August of 1878 he wrote to her: "You are bound to know I would not see you or any of my children suffer if I had a dollar. The pressure of times has caused me the trouble. I have seen it coming but could not get my family to realize it—nor live within the limits of our means. Extravagance seem[ed] to be a growing evil which I could not control or check. And the great crash was staring me in the face. Nearly all the most substantial men in my knowing is braking up—and rather than give up all and become poor I thought I would tear loose, divide up, and begin new . . . . I have almost become desperate over the idea of dying a poor man, have been economizing, or trying to for the past year, but under the old rule find it impossible. My calculations were so baffled when I went home in July I lost all hope. $1000 there would have saved me, but all was lost. I don't deny being in debt. I have always concealed it all I could, hoping to come out all right. If I can get my creditors to hold off one year I am sure I can save our home place there or think so and that will give me time to set-off all the

(Continued on page 58)

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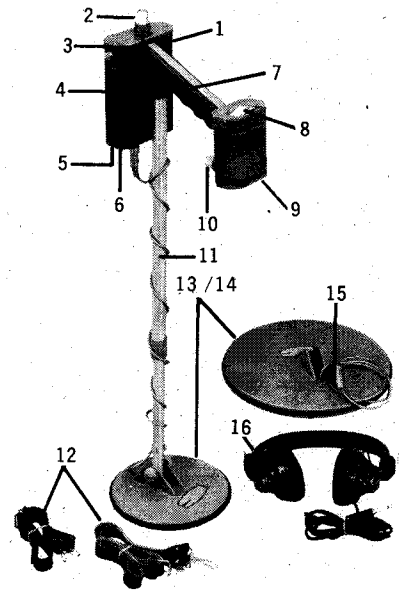

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A Family Letter Regarding

This reminiscence was written originally for grandchildren whose forebears have become, and will remain, an enduring part of Western folklore . . .

By LEVA L. THOMAS

Photos Courtesy Author

To My Grandchildren

YOU have asked me to write a letter telling you things I did, and places I lived as a child. I have done this and I will now write a letter telling of my Grandmother Sarah Younger's family. She married Jeptha Duncan of Tennessee. Her parents were Harry W. and Beersheba Younger. Beersheba was the daughter of Richard Marshall Fristoe, one of the first three judges appointed in Jackson County, Missouri. Her mother was Mary (Polly) L. Sullivan. Harry W. Younger's father was Charley Younger and his mother was Sarah S. Purcell.

I was born in Hope, Idaho and my grandparents lived in Arkansas near a little town called Thompson. There was just a store in which the post office and other offices needed for a little town were located. A few houses, and of course, many farm houses around, was all there was there. This will be of the first time I can remember seeing my grandparents, uncles and aunts.

At left, Cole Younger with his great-nieces Leva Hull (Thomas) on left, and Maud Hull (Carter), right. Taken at St. Paul, Minnesota in 1902.

This town was named after the postmaster who was the husband of a girlfriend of my mother. Oh yes, he was also station master as well as postmaster.

Grandma and Grandpa lived way up in the mountain, as they would say, in a log cabin. We would always be met at the train by Cordelia Thompson and she would take us to their home and we would wait for Uncle Charley Duncan to come for us in a big lumber wagon. We would sit on the floor of the wagon, Mama on the seat with Uncle Charley. (Maud, my older sister and I; Edna was not born then. She is thirteen years younger than me.)

After leaving Thompson we would have to ford across the wide river, and that was rather scary, as the water came up pretty high on the horses. It was a long trip up that rough trail but so beautiful, and the wonderful smell of apples and other things mixed together, pig smell also, at times. Maud and I had very large rag dolls, they looked like real babies. Mama had these on her lap when we drove up to Grandma's and Grandma saw us coming and she thought Mama had twin babies on her lap. They had a lot of fun over that.

They had no outhouses, we just went back of the barn and squatted. Mama thought that was really awful, but that was the way the people there lived then. We just loved it though. So different from anything we had experienced before. This took place in 1898. Well, back to the beginning of the trip to Grandma and Grandpa's.

THE first time I remember seeing Uncle Jim and Cole Younger, Mama wanted to go to the prison and visit Uncle Cole and Jim on the way back to her folks so she could tell them exactly how the boys were.

The first I remember of the visit to them was going up to this very large building. It looked so big, as coming from a very small town on the side of a mountain, as Hope, Idaho was, and being such a young child, it was something to

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remember. We went into this large building, then we were taken into a very beautiful waiting room.

After a short time two men were brought into the room and it was Uncle Cole and Jim. Of course, Mama and her uncles did some crying. Then we all sat down, Maud on Uncle Jim's lap and me on Uncle Cole's. Uncle Cole's tears would drop down on my face.

It was early in the morning when we got there. Uncle Jim left us once and came back with a large box of candy for us. We kept that box for many years.

Finally the guard came and said it was time for lunch, and they left us. It was a very sad farewell, I remember. They talked about the family; the boys were so happy to hear about everyone.

The warden came for us, and invited us to eat lunch with him and his family, but first he took us on a tour of the prison. I was not very old but it has stayed in my memory as though it was yesterday.

First we went to the very large dining room, where the prisoners were eating. They were not allowed to look up from their plates, and that worried me because Uncle Cole did not look at us. I never saw Uncle Jim there, and that worried me, and I could not imagine why he was not allowed to eat with the others.

I had this to think of at different times during these many years, but about three years ago I had a letter from a lady in California, older than I am, whose Mother was Uncle Jim's sweetheart before the boys got into trouble. They were engaged to be married.

She married and had this little girl, but she still worked for twenty-five years until she finally got the boys paroled, and visited the prison about every year. Anyway, this lady was given my address and she wrote me, and we have had so many wonderful exchanges of information. I told of wondering why Uncle Jim was not in the dining room and she said he was allowed to eat in his cell as he had been shot through the mouth and it was hard for him to masticate his food, so they served him in his cell.

[Back to the prison visit] we then went through the very large kitchen. I can just see it yet. Then to the beautiful dining room where the warden's wife met us and we sat down to such a beautiful table. I can just see the lace tablecloth. She put a very large book on my chair to bring me up higher to the table. I can't remember what I ate, but do remember how sad my mother was when we left.

W. A. Zink Collection
Cole Younger

We then took the train to Arkansas. We rode on a pass as Papa had always worked for the railroad. The car we rode in was a tourist car. In one end they had a big cook stove, where the passengers could cook their meals or make coffee. That was the only train I ever rode on that had this in the car. That was the last time I saw Uncle Jim.

We went to Grandma's after this, of which I have told you. They, of course, were so happy to have news firsthand from the boys.

I NEVER remember of hearing anything about the uncles after that until 1902. We had just moved to St. Paul, Minnesota. We had lived in North Dakota, Montana, and a couple of northern states between 1898 and 1902, Papa being transferred. We moved into a flat, as they called them, in St. Paul. It was an apartment building. Six families, two stories, three porches, two families to a porch.

The next morning after we moved in, Mama heard some neighbors in the back yard talking about Jim Younger killing himself. Mama went out and introduced herself, and told them she was Jim's niece. They were friends of Uncle Jim and Cole. Mama and Papa, of course, went right over to the prison and made arrangements for Papa to take Jim's remains back to Lee's Summit, Missouri. My sister and I never went with Mama and Papa when they were making the arrangements.

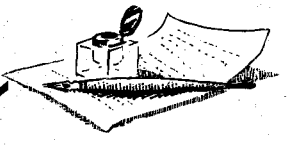
While Papa was gone with the body Uncle Cole came to live with us until he was pardoned. We were so happy to have him, and it was so much fun. He was hungry for love and to give love. He loved to kiss us and make over us, and Maud and I often talked about it. He was always the perfect gentleman, and we did love him so much. He would tell us of all the things they were accused of that they were not within hundreds of miles of where they took place. He told of his and Belle Starr's names being linked together, and that he had only met the girl twice in his life.

He also said they had never robbed a bank, but were accused of so many they could not go home, and were out of money so planned the robbery they were caught in. He said all the boys went out and got drunk but him, and that was why things went the way they did. They were caught because Bob had been shot and he and Jim would not leave him, but the others got away, and they never did tell who the others were. The family has known, though.

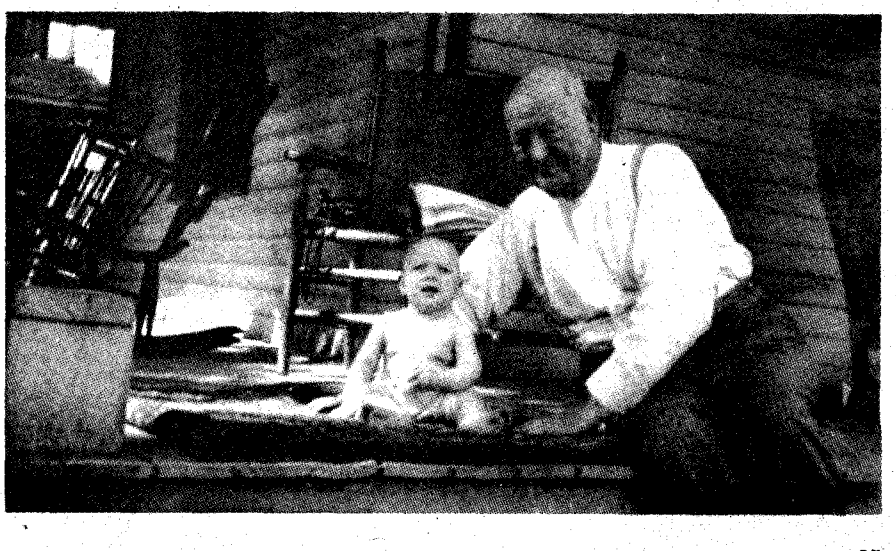
Another story always told about the boys was that they robbed the rich and

(Continued on page 56)

the Youngers



Below, Cole Younger and a nephew.
W. A. Zink Collection



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MILT HINKLE

A great old cowboy has finished his circle

By HOMER C. WALTON
Photos Courtesy Author

MILT HINKLE who passed away quietly (with his boots off) at the Kissimmee, Florida hospital on February 29, 1972 at the age of 90 years, was one of the last living links with the history of the Old West.

As Milt had written many stories of his adventures for *True West* and *Frontier Times*, and as he was a good friend of mine for many years, I decided it was fitting for me to write a review of his life for Western Publications.

Milt was born Milton David Hinkle near Bovina, Texas on the old XIT Ranch on October 15, 1881. His father, George Hinkle, was a cowboy, scout, soldier, bartender, railroad worker, hide and bone buyer, blacksmith and teamster before becoming sheriff of Ford County, Kansas in which Dodge City is located. He was elected to that office in November 1879, beating Bat Masterson. George Hinkle got 404 votes and Masterson 268. He took office on January 12, 1880 and served two terms from 1880 to 1884.

The job as sheriff did not pay much and in August 1881 he got a ninety-day leave of absence to go to Texas to get a contract to build a cross-fence for the XIT Ranch. George Hinkle moved some jobless railroad workers to Texas to work on the 200 miles of cross-fence dividing the ranch into pastures. He made more on the fence job in ninety days than he would have got in two years as sheriff. That is the reason Milt was born in Texas rather than in Kansas.

Milt was a mixture of German, Irish, French and Cherokee Indian. He won his first bronc-riding contest in 1896 at the age of fifteen, in Silver City, New Mexico. He said he assisted in driving the last herd over the old Chisholm Trail. After that he probably rode more

Below, Milt and author's son, Willard, in 1964. At right, Milt Hinkle at 86 years.

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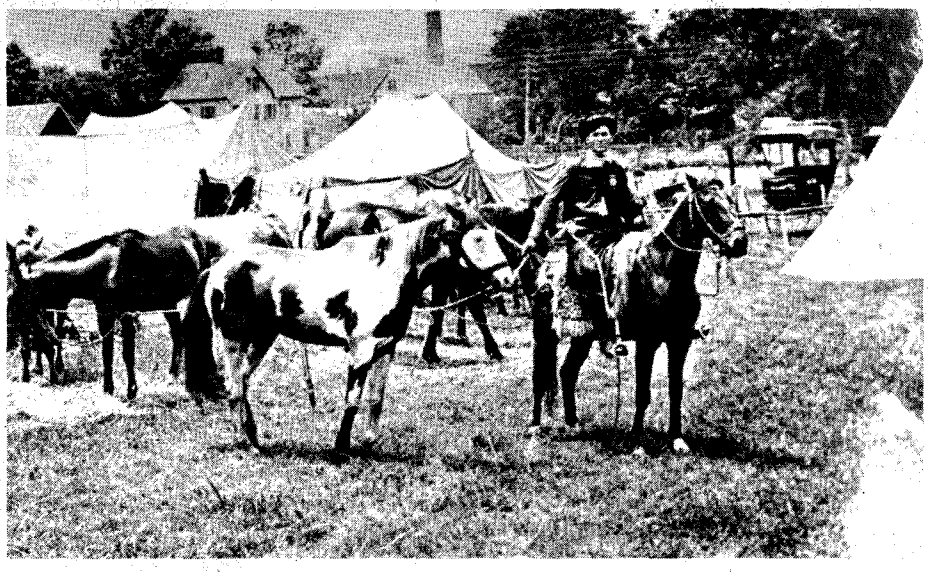
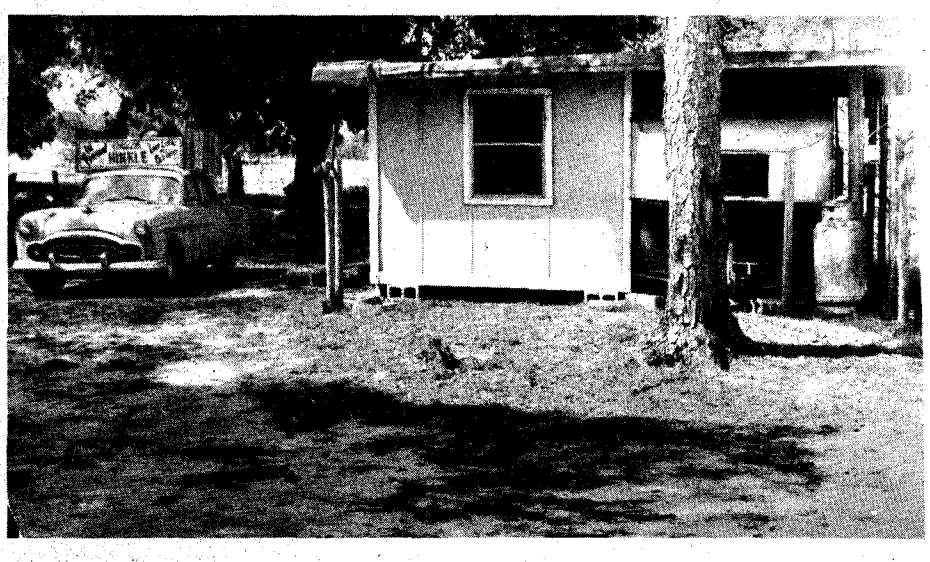
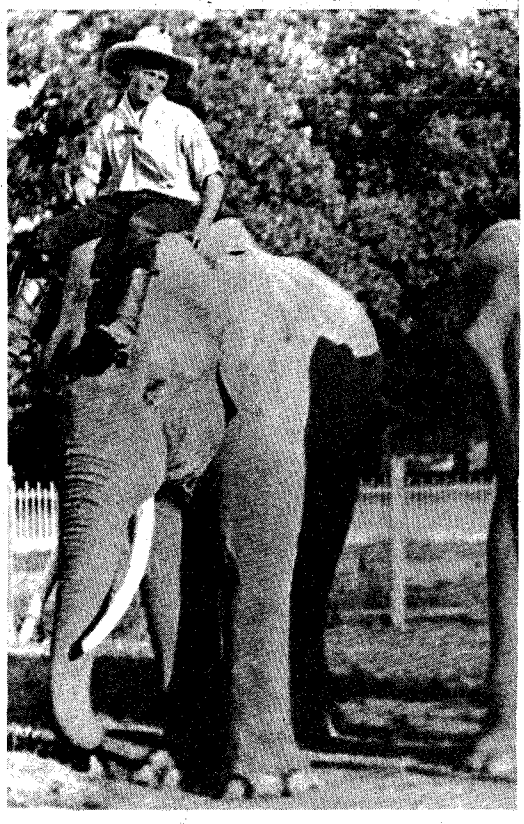


Above, Milt appeared as the "South American Kid" with the Tompkins Wild West Show in 1914. Milt is leading "Wild Spot," the horse that the show offered $50 to anyone who could mount and stay on for one minute. Milt rode the horse each day. Below, Milt is shown surrounded by some of the performers in the Wild West portion of the Sells-Floto Circus of 1927. Milt managed the Wild West show.

Below, Milt's home in his later years. His old car, decked out with signs and speakers on top, was an effective publicity attraction. The small building attached to the trailer was built by Milt himself.





Young Milt Hinkle on top of "Old Ned," taken when he was with the M. L. Clark Wagon Show, about 1912.

bucking broncos than any other man. He broke horses for the United States Government during the Spanish-American War and again during World War I. Between those wars he traveled with most of the wild west shows, both large and small.

He toured the United States, Europe, and South America with the IOI Ranch Show, and toured the United States and Europe with Buffalo Bill and his show. Milt was proud to say he appeared in a command performance before the King and Queen of England. He was also with the Kit Carson Buffalo Ranch Wild West Show and Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show, as well as Colonel Charles Tompkin's Wild West Show. He was stranded in Australia with Fred Atkin's Wild West Show when it went broke down there. Milt and Buffalo Vernon had to work their way back to America on a freighter by shoveling coal into the boilers on the thirty-three day voyage to San Francisco.

Milt Hinkle was twice champion bulldogger or steer wrestler and was the first white cowboy to perform that feat. The first cowboy to do it was a Negro, Bill Pickett, "The Dusky Demon." Milt explained that originally bulldogging was done by the man holding the steer down with his teeth, holding onto the steer's nose, like a bulldog.

MILT not only bulldogged from horses but from autos and motorcycles and was severely injured when he bulldogged a steer from a low flying airplane in 1931, when he was nearly fifty years old. He jumped from the plane when it

(Continued on page 67)

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Wild Old Days!

THE CHURCH THAT DIED

By Annie Talabere

MEN live and die and are no more, but seldom does this happen to a church. The Aurora Colony Church died when its founder did.

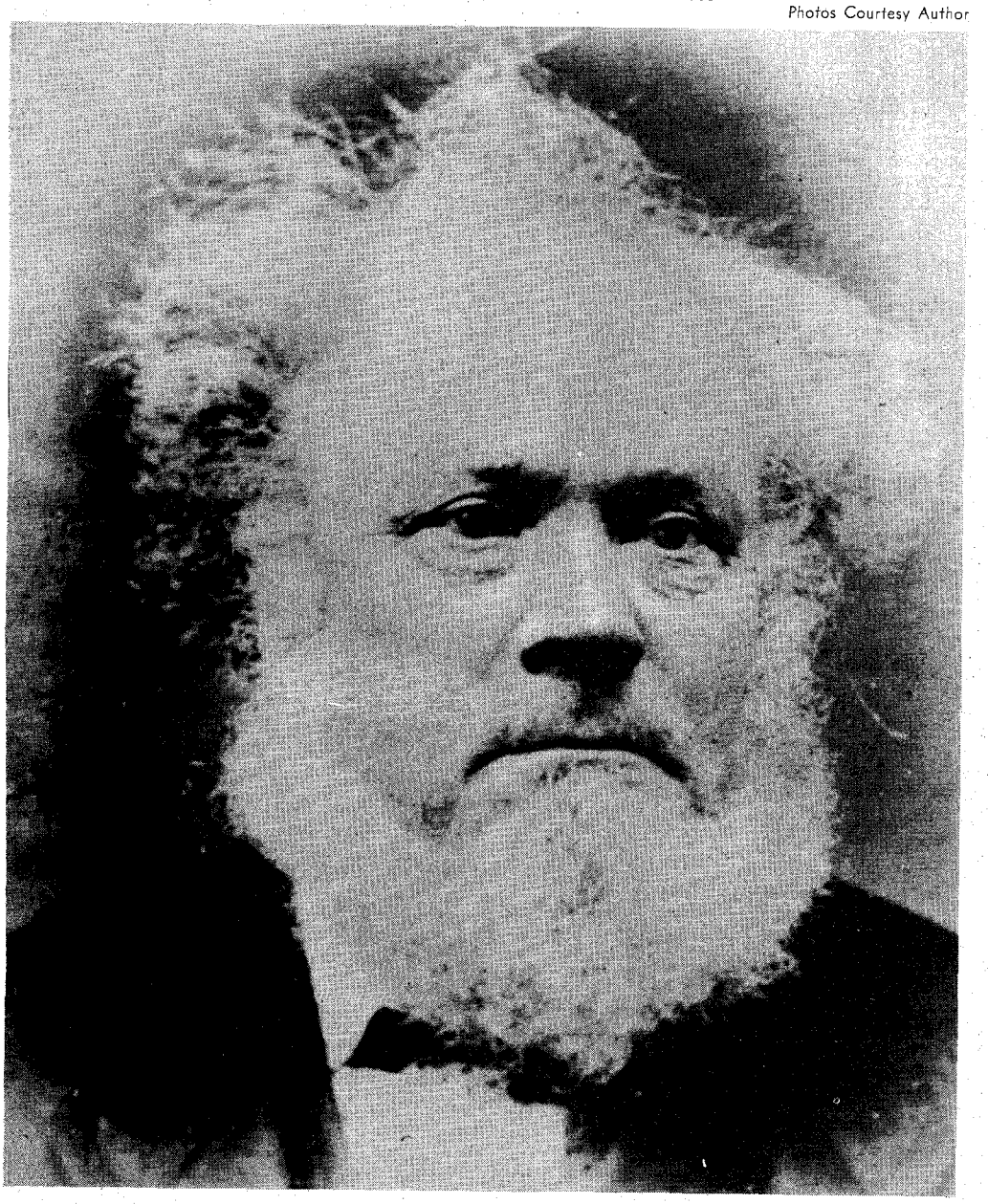
In 1855 a strange giant of a man with a magnetic, persuasive personality led the first of his commune or colony of German immigrants from Bethel, Missouri to the area now known as Aurora in Oregon. Guided by the teachings of Karl Marx, William Keil drew his followers with the promise: "Every man and woman must be a brother or sister to every other man or woman in our family under the fatherhood of God. From every man according to his capacity, to every man according to his needs."

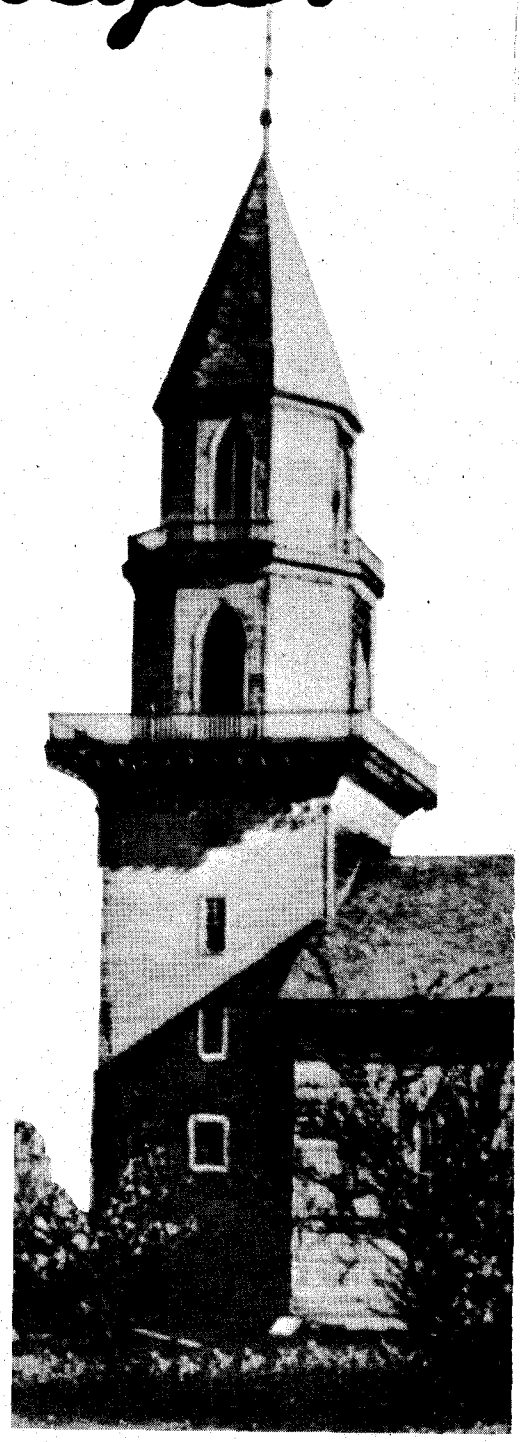
Keil, because of his slight knowledge of medicine and a natural talent for healing, became known as Dr. William Keil. His loyal followers gave him their complete trust and loving confidence. By the end of 1867 the Aurora Colony numbered 600 persons and, with funds supplied by all, Keil had acquired 18,000 acres of some of the richest farm land in Marion and Clackamas Counties.

The frugal, hard working colonists, uniting their talents and efforts, cut their timber, converted it into lumber, built and furnished their own homes, and planted gardens and orchards on land assigned to them by Dr. Keil. Their way of life was unbelievably simple and happy—spiced with good food and lilting music. All this developed under the constant supervision of their dominant leader. Dr. Keil was preacher, judge, and jury, and in his care rested the community funds. But this man was also kind, solicitous of the welfare and education of his people, deeply religious, and fearless.

Dr. William Keil, born 1812—died 1877.

Photos Courtesy Author





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A church was begun in 1864 on a hill near Dr. Keil's home. The colonists, always following his orders, planned an imposing structure, one that could accommodate from 350 to 400 persons, worthy to be the center of their joy and devotion.

All materials for the building itself and its fixtures were produced in their own mills and shops. A striking feature was the steeple that rose 114 feet into the air and was circled by two balconies from which the Aurora Band, famous by then, wafted across the countryside their German semi-classical music.

The steeple contained a belfry in which hung three bell chimes cast in 1844 by the Buckeye Bell Foundry of Cincinnati, Ohio. Two of these prized bells are now in the Ox Barn Museum awaiting a hoped-for reunion with the third bell, after which a tower will be built to house these musical treasures.

The interior of the church glistened white. Through the center stood pillars of turned woodwork weighing tons, and not far from the elegant white pulpit, a gallery was built to seat a forty-piece orchestra.

In addition to an entrance doorway, each side contained four tall, plain glass windows, the panes so cut and joined as to seem almost like stained glass. The top of each window arched in a graceful half circle. The upper section of one of these windows can be seen in Aurora's Ox Barn Museum.

The men entered the church by the doorway on one side and the women by the doorway on the other side. Inside, they sat apart on the long, hard, but meticulously constructed benches stretching across the room.

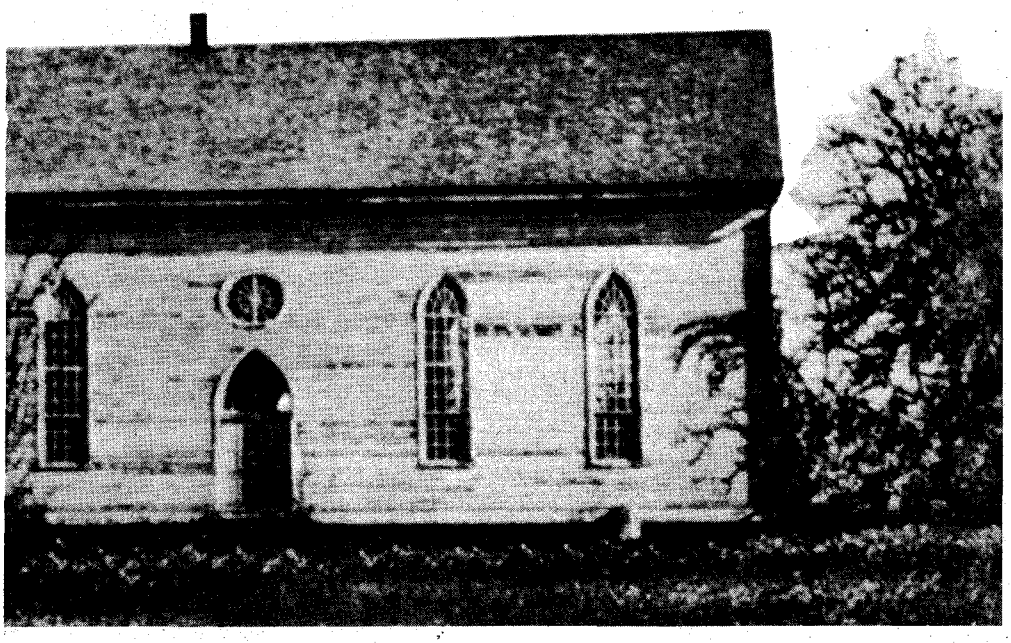
All the religious services, revival meetings, weddings, and funerals were held here, as well as Christmas and Easter time festivities. Dr. Keil, in his commanding voice and forceful manner, preached all the sermons of his nondenominational religion. No one was required to be present but the services were always well attended.

In later years, when he felt his hold on his people slipping because of prosperity and the influence of "outsiders," he often ordered his young people to refrain from marriage. His commands were usually obeyed, causing lovers to sadly relinquish their dreams.

Suddenly, in 1877, Dr. Keil died. His stunned flock, accustomed to thirty years of his unquestioned control, became inactive for a while. Then, when no strong leader came forward, they decided to disband the colony and divide the financial and land holdings which had always been registered in Dr. Keil's name.

Immediately after Dr. Keil's death, the beautiful church was closed and its doors locked. It was never again used for religious or any other service. The colony member who received the building as her share when division was finally accomplished, sold the charming old edifice for $200 and it was demolished in 1911-12. But the era and the church had been dead since 1877.

Below, the Aurora Colony Church. Built in 1864, and demolished in 1911.



LA LLORONA

By Elsa and Omar Barker

WHILE ghost towns are plentiful throughout the West, authentic ghosts are fairly scarce. One of the most enduring is *La Llorona*, the Weeping Woman, who does her haunting chiefly in the older communities of Spanish-Americans in New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona, Texas, and California.

Ramoncita's excuse for tardiness at the Las Vegas Junior High School one morning was that she had been chased by *La Llorona* late the night before. "I—I don't know who she is, but she screams at us and chases us when we've been bad!" The pretty little seventh-grader's black eyes were wide with excitement. "I was so scared I couldn't go to sleep till Mama came home about two o'clock. I asked Mama why *La Llorona* didn't chase her, too, for being out so late. She slapped me and said she only chases kids. She always wears a long white dress. I saw her once before, and Connie saw her once!"

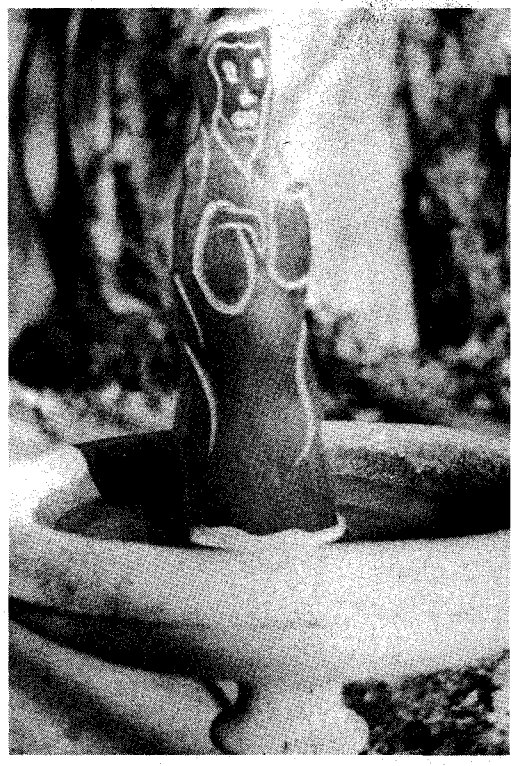


Photo Courtesy Author

La Llorona in wood, carved by Leon Sharp, Corpus Christi, Texas.

Several hands went up around the classroom. "I saw her once down by the Gallinas River," Arturo volunteered. "She always stays by the Gallinas."

"She wasn't by the Gallinas last night, Mrs. Barker," Ramoncita declared flatly. "She was over by the Pecos Arroyo. I guess she's a—a ghost, but I think she really does carry kids away sometimes!"

All the Spanish-American youngsters in the class had heard about this most unusual lady-ghost; several claimed either to have seen or heard her.

"My grandma says she only haunts places where there's water," volunteered Erslinda, "and sometimes she wears a black dress."

"White!" retorted Ramoncita. "I *saw* her!"

"Mrs. Barker," offered studious little Chela, "my Aunt Josefa says the reason *La Llorona* tries to carry off children is because she lost her own. I guess it's what you call a—a legend."

"She's a witch," asserted Virginia. "She changes people into frogs. Sometimes she's a frog herself. That's why she's always around water."

One way or another none of the kids was very far off. Living among the good native hill folks where *brujas* (witches), *brujos* (warlocks), and *brujeria* (witchcraft) are still believed in by at least a few, of course we had heard of *La Llorona;* but we had never

(Continued on page 62)

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WHEN the Montana gold rush started in 1862 and '63, "Point of Rocks" was the name of the promontory that puts a bend into the Beaverhead River about eleven miles southwest of the present town of Twin Bridges. Point of Rocks it was to the pioneers, their children and their grandchildren. It was a long-time landmark. In recent years the name has been changed to "Beaverhead Rock," and a roadside plaque has been erected designating the promontory by that name.

Those defending the change claim that Sacajawea, the young Indian woman who led the Lewis and Clark Expedition on its westward trek in 1805, said that her people called the ancient landmark "the beaver" because of its resemblance to that furry animal, and that Captain Lewis drew a map marking it such.

But old-timers of both the Ruby and Beaverhead Valleys (it can be seen from both for many miles) are skeptical. Their attitude is understandable, as the promontory bears less resemblance to a beaver than a buffalo does to a sagebrush, while seventeen miles farther south on the east bank of the same river is a rock even the unimaginative have to admit looks like a huge beaver. It is near this that the Lewis and Clark memorial is placed.

During the early gold rush days slow moving freight wagons hauling in supplies from Utah, and fast going stages carrying passengers, mail and gold, soon turned the old Indian trail that hugged close the Point of Rocks, into a well traveled, deep rutted road. The "Point" provided an excellent place for robbers, usually called road agents, to hide while waiting for the stage carrying a treasure chest of dust and nuggets. It is said that many a holdup was staged there; and many people who could remember the old days believed that stolen gold was hidden there by robbers who were afraid to take it with them at the time and were prevented from coming back for it by such men as X. Beidler, Neil Howie and other vigilantes. If any such gold cache has ever been found, the finder has kept the secret well.

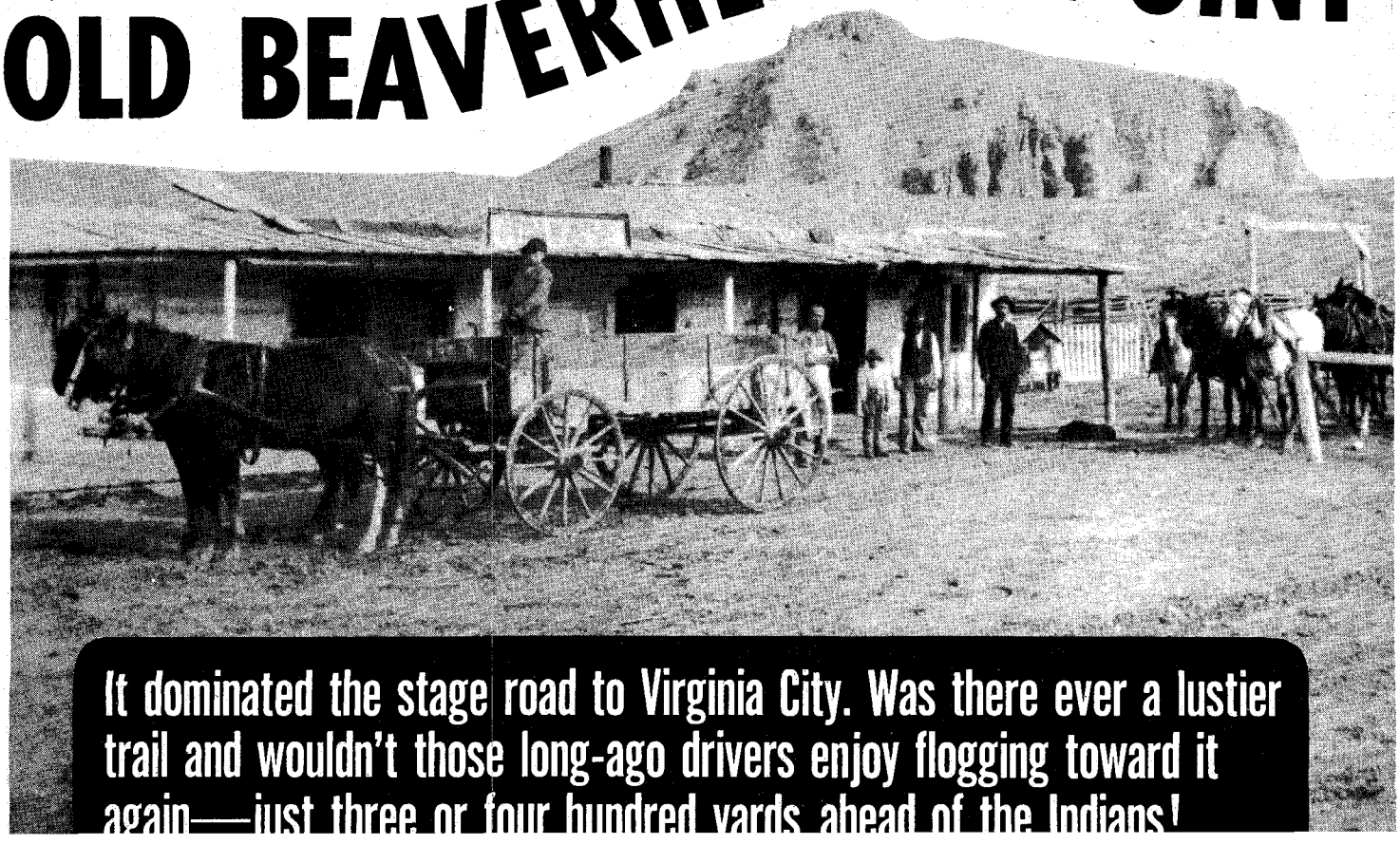
It was in the early 1860s that Mr. Gutchough built the Point of Rocks Stage Station. It consisted of a long low building that housed the hotel, a bar, and a post office. There were two stables of twenty-horse capacity each for the stage stock, and other necessary outbuildings. All buildings were made of logs, even the window casings. No sawmill existed in the area, so lumber had to be freighted a long distance and was expensive. There was a well in the hotel kitchen and one in each of the stables. Good water had been reached at from twelve to fourteen feet.

Stage service was excellent. The drivers of the six-horse Concord coaches prided themselves on always being on time and nothing short of being held up kept them from bringing in their dashing outfits with a flourish. Horses on the gallop and wheels singing right on the dot. Watches could be set correctly by the arrival of the stage.

Charlie Hayes was caretaker of the stock for many years. No shabby looking teams for him. He curried and brushed the horses till their hides glistened. He mended the harness neatly, scrubbed it with soap, and oiled it to keep it from cracking. Then he worked just as faithfully in his attempt to outshine Charlie Charlton as the biggest liar in the country. Folks said it was a toss-up between them. The lies, told with perfectly straight faces and an air of innocence did little harm. They were too outrageous to be believed except by the very greenest of greenhorns.

Another long-time employe of the station was Carl Swanstrum. His brother, who lived in New York City, once came to visit him. When he got off the stage, he noted the sign on the crude log building: POINT OF ROCKS HOTEL. He stared at it dumbfounded for a moment, then gasped, "Hodel! Vat dey say in New York ven dey see dat?"

OLD BEAVERHEAD'S POINT



It dominated the stage road to Virginia City. Was there ever a lustier trail and wouldn't those long-ago drivers enjoy flogging toward it again—just three or four hundred yards ahead of the Indians!

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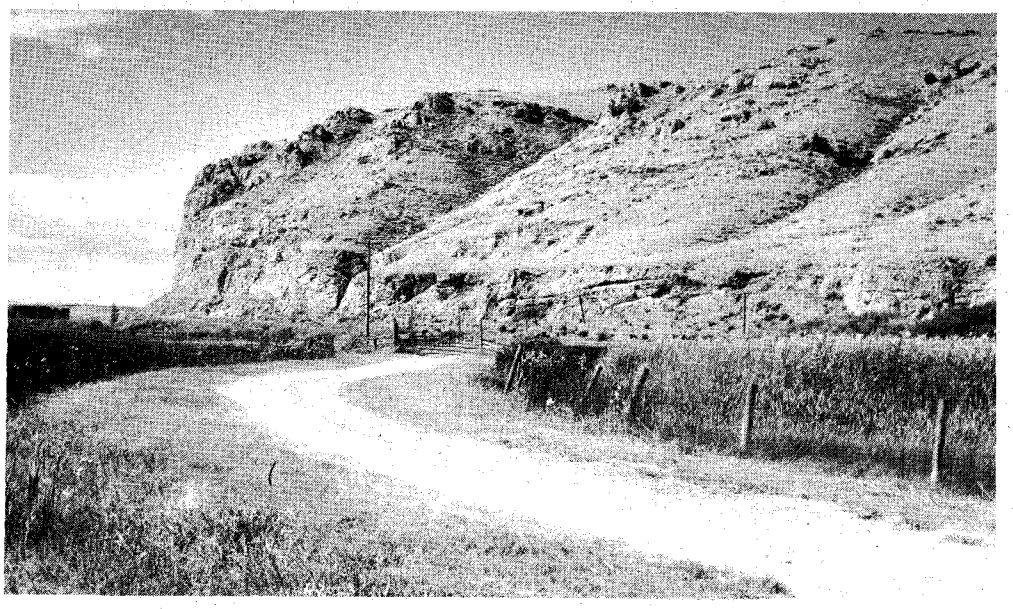


Above, left, a recent shot of Point of Rocks taken from the north side, approximately 11 miles southwest of Twin Bridges, Montana. At right, August Mailey (the small boy third from left in front of the old Point of Rocks Hotel on opposite page) remembers the large painting on the barroom wall at the station.

OF ROCKS

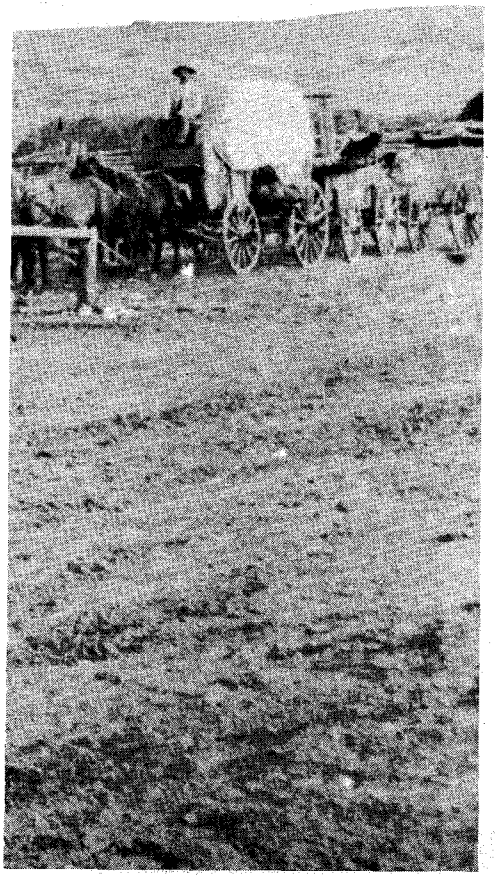
By GRACE ROFFEY PRATT

Photos Courtesy Author

THE Washington Nyharts and Jacob Linders were the first two families to homestead near the Point of Rocks. At that time some early Indian picture writing and the inscription, **Meriwether Lewis 1805,** was plainly visible on one face of the promontory. Some years later when work was being done on an irrigation canal, that part of the rock was blasted away.

Jacob Linder and Mrs. Nyhart were brother and sister. The two families had come from the East in the same wagon-train of 154 wagons, most of them ox-drawn. They left their homes on April 20, 1864. At Powder River the train was attacked by Indians and ten of the emigrants were killed. All others made it into Virginia City on September 15. They had made very good time. Shortly after their arrival, Mary Nyhart gave birth to a third son, Albert, who is said to have been the first white child born in Alder Gulch.

At left, the Point of Rocks Hotel & Stage Station, established in the 1860s. Folks out front are identified as (left to right): John Mailey; Ching Lee; August Mailey; John Mailey, Sr.; Ben Pigeon; Ed Mailey;—Barnett. Photo taken in 1895.



Below, the Point of Rocks bridge, in use for many years before the telephone pole was added. It was near this spot that the Nyhart family hid in the willows during an Indian scare.

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During their short stay in Virginia City the Nyharts had one unforgettable experience. One morning, just at daylight, they glanced out the window and saw two men dangling from the limb of a nearby tree. Washington hurried uptown to inquire what he should do. His question was answered by a curt, "Go home and keep your mouth shut." He did just that.

At Point of Rocks, Washington built a one-room log house. The floors were of large hewn logs, the roof of smaller ones fitted as close together as possible and covered with a foot of dirt and sod firmly packed down. It was in this house that eight more Nyhart children were born. One of them, Mary Delila, became the mother of Herbert Stewart, who is the oldest living descendant of the Washington Nyharts.

Close by the Nyhart ranch were the age-old camping grounds of the Shoshoni Indians when they came on their annual fishing and hunting trip. Deer, antelope, rabbits, ducks and prairie chickens could be found almost any time of the day, and the Beaverhead teemed with whitefish, grayling and trout. The Shoshoni were peaceable and friendly. However, there were times when rumors of hostile Indians drifted into the pioneer community, causing much apprehension among the scattered settlers. This was especially true during the Nez Perce troubles in the summer of 1878.

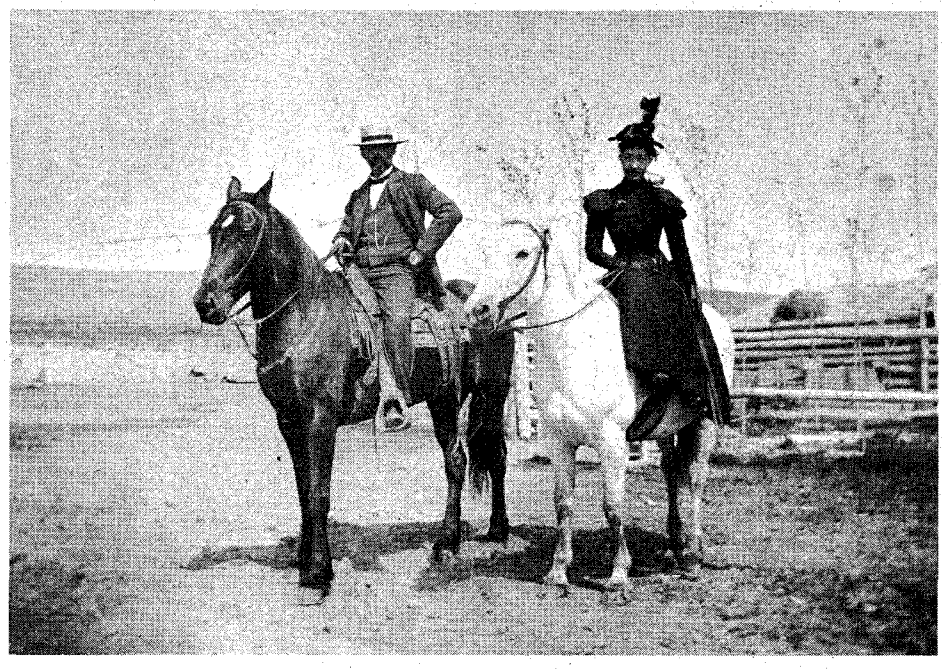
In June of that year, wildly exaggerated accounts of Nez Perce depredations had circulated, and several young men from the Point of Rocks area had gone to join the Federal troops as civilian volunteers to fight in what they believed to be defense of their homes. One of them, Sam Patrick, had his horse shot from under him at the Battle of the Big Hole. The chilling news of that battle, in which both sides suffered heavy losses, and the Horse Prairie Raid which followed was relayed to all settlements along the path the Indians were expected to take. It was carried with all the speed that a horse could run.

Hastily the settlers prepared for the savage attack they thought inevitable. Men stayed close to home and did not venture outside the house without a gun. Women quickly learned to handle the rifle that, in most households, hung on a pair of antlers above the door. A harnessed team was kept in the stable, ready to take off for Salisbury at a moment's notice. Salisbury was a small settlement two miles south of Twin Bridges on the road to Alder Gulch. There, a large two-story hotel and stage station had been turned into a fort. It was stocked with provisions, arms and ammunition, and provided shelter for women and their numerous offspring. People felt reasonably safe at Salisbury.

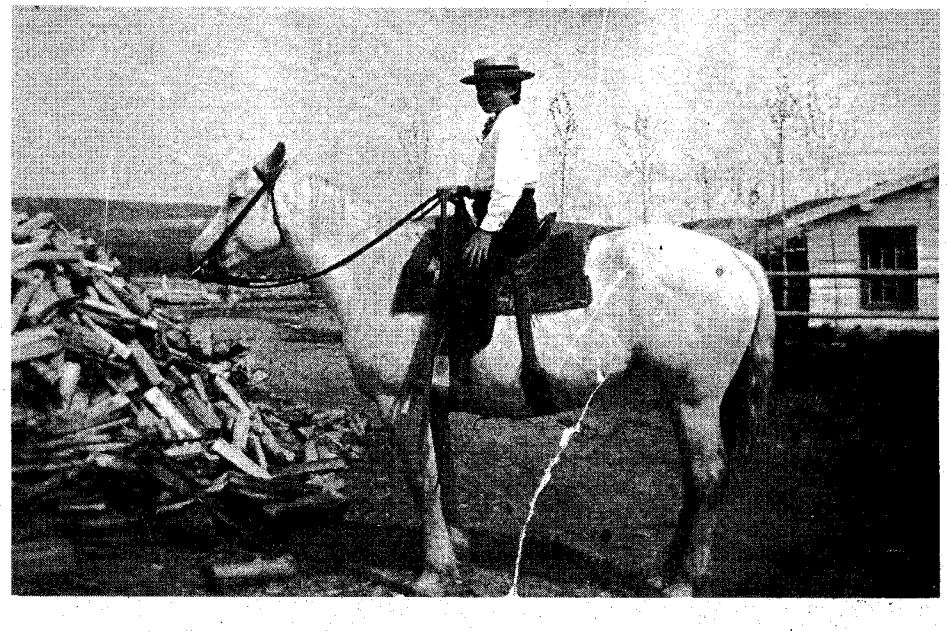
A STORY is told of the Galahan family who had a number of children, including an infant named Amos. One day all ordinary sounds were stilled by the swift pounding of oncoming hoofs and the sudden appearance of the horseman who barely slackened pace as he yelled, "Indians are coming!" and raced on to warn others.

Visions of painted warriors with scalping knives lent speed to Mr. Galahan as he hitched the team to the wagon—and speeded Mrs. Galahan as she boosted the frightened children over the sides of the wagon box and climbed in herself. There were no wasted movements as Galahan swung up onto the high seat and, with reins in one hand, a willow whip in the other, hollered "git-up" to the horses and brought the willow down on their rumps. They had to outrun the Indians.

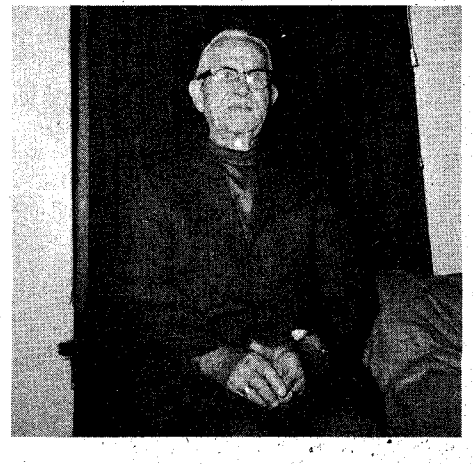
When the family arrived at the little fort and began unloading the children, they discovered that Amos had been left behind. A few hours later the little fellow was restored to his mother, hungry



Above, William and Mary Delila (Nyhart) Stewart. Mary was born in the first ranch house at Point of Rocks. Below, Herbert Stewart, grandson of Washington Nyhart, shown at age 11, as he headed for the mail at Blaine Post Office. Herb was born and reared at Point of Rocks.



Below, Herb Stewart looks mighty fit these days!



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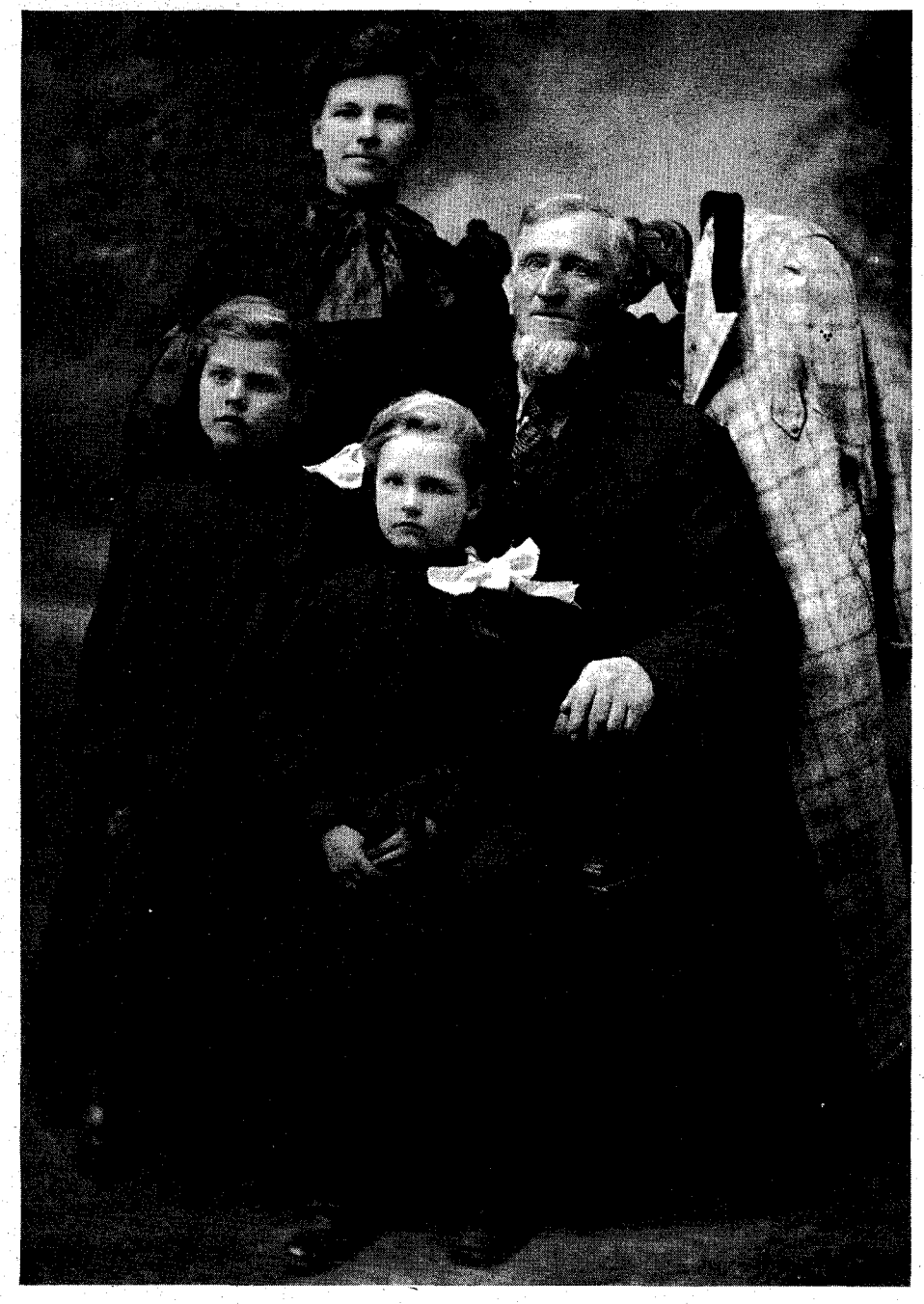

Washington Nyhart, shown with his second wife and her children. Taken in the early 1900s.

and unhappy but unharmed. No Indians had been near.

During the several Indian alarms, the Nyharts were never quite worried enough to make the race to Salisbury but still were too uneasy to spend the nights at home. At such times they loaded the children into the wagon and drove down to the river to take shelter in the thick willows that grew along the banks. Mr. Nyhart stood guard half of the night and the hired man the other half. On one occasion the team they drove happened to be a span of big mules. It was the hired man's watch; all members of the family were sound asleep. Everything was quiet. Perhaps the watchman dozed. Suddenly the silence was shattered by the most unholy noise. The terrified hired man let out a screech, "Indians, Indians are coming!" thereby revealing the hiding place of the family he was to guard. But it didn't matter. There were no Indians. A big mule had brayed.

The Nez Perce on their tragic march did not come near the Point of Rocks, nor is there any record of Indian trouble in that vicinity. But the friendly Shoshoni continued to come to their old camping grounds long after the free land was all gone. Herbert Stewart remembers them well. "One time," he said, "when I was little—three or four, maybe—I was sitting on the floor playing. The room got darker all of a sudden. I looked up and there were Indians with their faces flattened against the small windows shutting out the light. I was scared but Mother was perfectly calm. She went and opened the door and talked to them just like she would to anybody and pretty soon they went away." They were just curious to see what was inside of a white woman's lodge.

When he was somewhat older Herbert's Grandfather Nyhart took him to the wickiup of an Indian woman to have a pair of buckskin gloves made. The woman measured Herb's hands with a piece of string. When the gloves were finished the man of the wickiup brought the gloves to Mr. Nyhart and collected his pay. "Those gloves were a perfect fit," said Herbert. "I was very proud of them and they lasted a long time."

Washington Nyhart raised draft-type horses, for which there was a good market in Butte, then a booming mining town with cobblestone streets. This type of paving was hard on horses' hoofs and legs, so that dray animals had to be replaced often.

Each year Mr. Nyhart broke from twenty to thirty of his young horses to harness and with the help of one man drove them into Butte where they were put in the Farmer's Corral. There the horse buyers came to look over the animals and make their selection. A good horse brought from $30 to $50. When Nyhart decided to quit raising horses as a business he drove 300 head into Butte, mostly mares and colts, and sold them straight through for $20 per head.

While several of the Nyhart children were small, their father built a big new house and barn across the road from the old. Constructed solidly of logs and later covered with lumber, they stand today in excellent condition. During the building stage, Mary Delila was given the task of looking after her baby brother Ernest. She took him over to watch the work going on at the new house. A somewhat older brother had picked up a chisel and hammer and was having fun pounding the chisel into blocks of wood. Somehow the baby's hand lay on top a block of wood, with one tiny finger underneath the chisel as the hammer came down. The finger was amputated.

There was no doctor for many miles but someone knew what to do and did it, for Ernest grew to manhood with only one finger missing.

OTHERS to locate early near the Point of Rocks were John and Rosa Mailey. All of their children were born there and only a few years ago John Jr. was killed in an auto accident about 200 yards from his birthplace. Another son, August, said this of his father, "He was the most unlikely man I ever knew to make his home in a wild unsettled country. Born in England, he was a wheelwright and cabinet maker. He knew nothing of ranching or stock raising. He never even carried a gun. Yet we never left home during the Indian scares. Dad didn't seem to be afraid."

The Maileys raised a big truck garden and John hauled in the produce to Butte, more than a hundred-mile trip over a rocky road, and also to Dillon which took one long day. He also made sauerkraut for sale. For processing the kraut he secured empty forty-gallon

(Continued on page 68)

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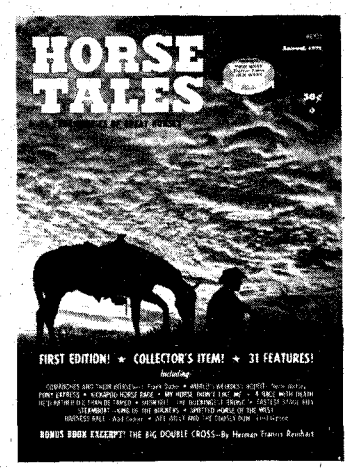

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The Gold That Floated

(Continued from page 13)

"I would like to find where there is tufa or pumice stones. Would you happen to know of any—say somewhere across the Conejos toward the mountains?"

At Epifanio's bewildered expression he chuckled. "No, I am not *muy loco*. The stuff could turn out to be valuable." Even if Epifanio was a trusted friend, Payson did not want his secret to become public property. His friends might talk unwisely. Not only the Mexicans of the several Conejos villages, but outsiders would come looking for the same trace he hoped to find.

Offhand Epifanio did not know, but some of the herders and those who went into the mountains surely would. Before inquiries were made Payson described what pumice looked like and that the tufa (tuff) he wanted to find was a porous gray stone. Both might be found in any volcanic area.

The first herder questioned nodded his head in some excitement. The tufa when uncovered could be sawed, cut and shaped into many forms, then it hardened and was useful, *si?* There was, he said, such a bed about twenty-five miles north and east of Conejos Peak and the river that flowed south before curving east where the village stood.

Because of aroused curiosity Epifanio managed enough enthusiasm to go along with Payson to find it. The herder was hired for a dollar a day to lead them to the tufa bed. Guiding them into some craggy foothills, on the second day he proudly pointed out a wedge-shaped accumulation breaking through gravel and vegetation. The outer edges of this gray, very porous tufa had weathered hard. Once inside the deposit it was easily cut into any shape. Payson spent two days digging and testing the extent of what proved to be only a small deposit.

Where was there some more? The herder had no idea, admitting it with a shoulder shrug. At that Epifanio, having lost his interest, went back to Conejos with the herder.

ALL DURING the month of September Payson searched through the hills into the mountains, above and below the known tufa bed. What he wanted to find was a spot that had been worked in olden times.

October came in crisp with chilly nights. Autumn would soon give way to winter. It was then that he began tracing out washes that would run water during the spring run-off from the mountains. One night in late November he awoke to the soft fall of snowflakes. It was time to get out. Since it was then closer to Alamosa than the Mexican *placitas*, he headed north.

During the morning the snowfall increased, so Payson swung directly east for the old trail which the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad paralleled on the route into New Mexico. While doing so he went into a wash, following along it perhaps as far as a mile from the trail. Suddenly his gaze fell on a broken piece of tufa. It had been cut into an elongated block, with the center hollowed out. The mold part he found was about two inches deep, four wide, and three long.

This fragment was what he had been looking for—a mold into which molten metal had been poured to cast an ingot. Excitedly he examined the half block carefully. Embedded in the porous sides were three small pieces of gold. The tufa had dried out after being soaked with water some time in the past. Now it was light enough to float again. Having come down this wash meant a lead to wherever gold had been cast into ingots from a mine.

Climbing the bank Payson studied the storm enveloping the western sky. It looked like a laster, but on the chance it might lift with a new day, he camped there overnight.

On awakening he was badly disappointed. More than a foot of snow covered the ground over the route he must travel to Alamosa and it was still coming down. Loath to do so, Payson set out through it to town, arriving almost frozen.

An assayer who examined the pieces of yellow metal reported the mineral content in gold, silver and copper approximately in the same percentages the Irishman had found. Payson was elated.

The crude smelting methods of the Spaniards failed to remove other metals. Some of their ingots ran as little as ten per cent gold and few more than sixty. In this case Payson reasoned that a mine worked so long ago might develop into a very valuable proposition by using modern methods.

That winter he tested the piece of tufa in a water-filled tub. In an hour's time it had sunk even with the surface but floated somewhat longer. Even in this saturated condition it could have gone a long distance downstream from where it had dislodged into the water.

Payson, after impatiently waiting out the winter, returned south while patches of dirty snow still marked the ground. The wash where the broken mold had been found ran with water that increased in depth as melting snow poured into it from the high mountains. For days Payson sat beside the wash watching for the possibility of floating tufa. None came down, but he did find the pile from which Pat had picked out his gold.

Disappointed that no more showed up, Payson plodded up the wash searching. Not until he was inside the foothills did he kick up a single piece—and it contained no fragments of gold. Then he came onto a hole, and through the shallow water saw five fragments. One almost complete mold was retrieved from the sandy bottom. From the large pores in the form he pried out several small nuggets, and a sliver nearly two inches long.

With restored confidence Payson continued his search, sometimes shoveling out gravel and sand bars where more could have sunk to the bottom, waterlogged. In two instances tufa was found imprisoned in beds of boulders. From them he recovered a dozen pieces of broken molds. Several produced ten

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ounces of the very light yellow metal.

One day he reached a junction where a high-walled side wash came in from the south. A hundred feet farther, a second joined from the north. The main wash narrowed beyond this point. Its conglomerate crumbling walls offered considerable promise, so he continued along the dry main watercourse to the base of the mountain.

No favorable condition existed where a cave-in could have spilled out the tufa molds, so Payson backtracked and tried the north fork. Four small side washes emptying into it were carefully inspected but none of them revealed the presence of gray tufa. Indeed, so far in his hunting Payson had not discovered a natural deposit in situ.

BY THE MIDDLE of summer he had been through all the upper washes. Dropping south to the break-away point he took the last source with not much hope of developing anything. Yet a mile upstream he recovered an almost perfect mold. In the coarse pores clung several large beads of gold almost brown-orange in color. It raised Payson's hopes for an even richer mine than he had counted on.

The crumbly walls of this wash fell away until spring freshets simply ran over graveled and gray dirt flats between rising hills. Where the dry watercourse made a bend, that particular hill benched low against the bed. Some time before, perhaps two to four years, a corner of it had spilled outward, cut away from the base by swift running water. In the remaining talus of debris Payson found half a dozen molds in very nearly perfect condition. In each of them reposed large fragments of dark yellow gold.

Camping on the bench he went to work with pick and shovel. More molds were uncovered, many of them never used. Finally he dug into a heap of tufa fragments where the carving had been done. A stock of unused gray tufa was there; the light material had been brought from somewhere else.

Extending his excavating around the shoulder of the hill, he dug into a mass of crushed quartz which had been covered a century or more by a slide off the hillside. He then began searching for the arrastre in which the ore had been crushed.

His trenching went deeper under the spill, ending against a mass of broken hard rock. This was it and he soon uncovered the loose material. Sure enough he found the arrastre, the stone walls tumbled over into it.

A month was spent cleaning it out. Payson recovered considerable gold in the seams between stones in the rounded wall and in the bottom. But this still wasn't the end of his search. Where had the ore originated? By this time he existed on beans alone. No coffee, flour or jerky was left. Breaking camp he dropped down to Epifanio's place at Conejos. In the village he recuperated from a long period of hard work, and replaced his ragged clothing and worn-out shoes with new.

Epifanio was most curious as to what he had been doing. Finally Payson told him of finding the molds and the arrastre, and showed him the gold. On examining the materials Epifanio exclaimed, "*Si, si, Amigo!* There is in the vicinity somewhere a mine of the old ones. There is such a story that I could have told you. It has been handed down in the old families from the beginning. But, alas. None knows where it once was."

The story as related was of the legend type: Spaniards from Santa Fe brought a hundred or more Indian slaves north. They mined for a number of years in the mountains above the Conejos River, between that stream and the headwaters of Alamosa Creek. Supposedly the mine was not far from Conejos Peak. Many pack trains of gold ingots came down the trail en route to Santa Fe. At some unknown date the Utes forced them out. Many of the slave miners had been killed and half of the Spaniards with them. No one ever returned to reopen the aban-

Dry washes like this one can fill with raging floodwaters in just a matter of minutes.

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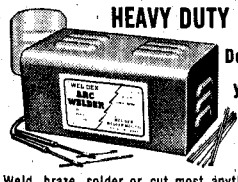

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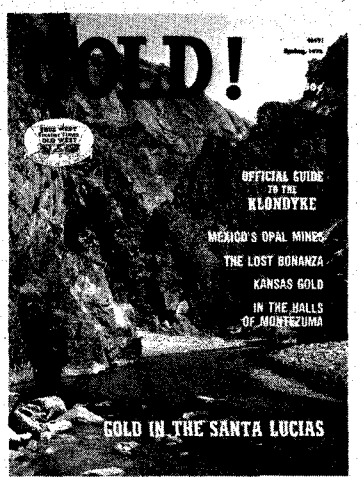

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doned mine. Three wood packers and herders claimed that they had seen the shaft into the mine. It followed a slant to where the vein plumed out on a level. Morever, they claimed ability to go directly to the site.

Although knowing old-time Mexicans in their dotage were wont to brag about and claim knowledge of much they only had heard of, Payson felt compelled to make the search. And, his secret being out, he considered it wise to make the attempt without delay. The spreading story would bring in outsiders.

Of the score claiming they wanted to go on the expedition, only two of the old men and four others actually started off with Payson and Epifanio. After four days' travel the party recrossed the river east of Conejos Peak and reached the eastern slopes of the mountain.

The old Mexican reconnoitered frequently, finally agreeing that a certain timbered slope was where the old mine was located. Ten days of fruitless searching followed. According to them they once found it because the covering material of logs had rotted and spilled the overlying rocks and dirt into the shaft. No yawning hole, however, could be found.

The Mexicans, including Epifanio, were ready to return home. Disgusted, Payson elected to remain behind, for considerable good weather remained. Alone he began a different system of hunting. The place in the mountains to which he had been hopefully led did not meet the conditions as he reconstructed them. The slope was much too far from the arrastre. The mineral vein couldn't be far from it, for no other evidence of old trails radiated from the circular wall of stones.

MOVING CAMP across the river again, Payson began roving the lesser slopes and foothills. One day he came onto some slick rocks that had long ago been cut with cross-wise bars for a trail foothold. While tracing it out he found an arrow and a turtle carved in the face of a large rock by which the trail undoubtedly once passed.

Still seeking old paths, he emerged onto a bench where a mass of stones had tumbled into a heap after the mud mortar had washed out. More were visible beyond. These stone piles surely were once living quarters of the Spaniards or their slaves.

His eyes roving afar, Payson walked over a fairly smooth place covered with grass. His pulse tingled with the excitement of discovery; somewhere near could be the old mine shaft of a tunnel into the mountains. A thick carpet of grass studded with browse filled the flat spaces.

Suddenly the ground beneath Payson's feet gave way. He plunged into darkness. Bouncing off one side and then the other, he landed below so hard that his senses were addled. As he slowly grew aware of immediate surroundings he found himself in a vertical stone shaft approximately six feet in diameter. The broken place overhead permitted a little sunlight to enter. It was about forty feet above his head.

The shaft had been concealed by heavy logs covered with dirt. In the following years grass and bushes had grown over them. The logs became so rotten that they no longer could support the weight of a man or large animal. Payson had fallen into a trap. He could see no way to climb that forty feet to escape slow starvation and death. He had no water or food with him; nor did he have a shovel or pick.

THE AFTERNOON waned and night drew down. Most of the dark hours were spent in apprehensive sleeplessness. It was on the second day that he thought of a possible tunnel. One might lead out somewhere on the slope. Payson began digging as deep on one side as possible. The narrowness of the shaft precluded reaching any great depth because there was no place to pile the debris.

He shifted to the other side. About five feet below, he found a break in the stone face. For a few moments hope leaped high that it would be a tunnel. Instead of an escape route, however, a shelf existed in the wall. Enough light remained to reveal eight ingots six inches long. Gold that would do him no good if he died in the shaft! Waterless and foodless, he was in bad straits.

That night something fell into the opening above, landing on him with a plopping sound. It slithered off but set up a buzzing that chilled his blood. A rattlesnake had come down to keep him company.

Moving his left hand carefully Payson picked up one of the ingots and threw hard at the buzzing noise. He missed, but so did the snake. Lancing at him in a strike, it landed against his right foot and he promptly clamped down with his shoe. He used his pocket knife to cut the snake's head off.

Time became something that Payson no longer tried to measure. His mouth and throat swelled almost shut. He could breathe only by lying quietly in a semi-stupor. His intervals of unconsciousness grew longer, until he was more dead than alive. How long he was out Payson could never estimate later, but when he opened his eyes he saw bright sunlight overhead. The entire shaft covering had been cleared away.

A voice spoke to him gently and he discovered that one man was holding him up while another tied a rope around his shoulders under the arms. From above a familiar voice kept calling encouragingly to him. Soon he was hauled up to the surface.

Payson was carried over to a shade tree, where fiery whiskey was poured into his raw throat. Against that he struggled and fumed, but slowly some strength returned. Epifanio's soothing Spanish finally drew him back to reality. He was not dreaming. He had been saved!

Payson heard how his fortunate rescue came about. Since he had been gone much longer than his grub supply should last, Epifanio began to fear that he must be starving or else an accident had happened to him. Worried, Epifanio

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and four friends set forth seeking him.

Payson's sign was found where he shifted his searching to the south. He was then tracked to where he fell into the shaft. At the sight of the opening, the party halted, fearing what they would see below. They looked over the rim and, seeing his body, were sure of his death. Epifanio, however, insisted on sending a man below on saddle ropes tied together. When he discovered Payson to be still breathing a second man slid down to help.

"*Amigo,* you have the close shave!" Epifanio assured him, almost weeping over his friend's narrow escape. "One more day, perhaps only a few hours—and pouf!" His fingers snapped dramatically in the air.

When Payson remembered the ingots and spoke of them, Epifanio chuckled. "We bring them out also. While you sleep we cleaned out the bottom of the shaft. That thing is only a prospect hole. It is not the mine from which the gold came."

TAKEN directly to Epifanio's home, Payson spent all winter into spring recovering from his harrowing ordeal. The ingots and pieces of gold were expressed out on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, refined and sold. The $6,000 they brought was split evenly with the men who rescued him.

On Payson's return to the mountainside between twenty and thirty Mexicans accompanied him. This many men were able to comb the entire area thoroughly, but they failed to find the real mine from which the Spaniards obtained gold.

Local interest in Payson's discovery lasted about ten years. Thereafter, it was referred to by the villagers as *La Mina Perdida*—the lost mine. There are probably a score in the Southwest known by that simple name in the sagas recounted by Spanish-speaking people.

Though Payson never again hunted for the lost mine that nearly cost him his life, he did discover a silver lode in the Rocky Mountains west of Denver. Selling it for a large sum of money he went to Oklahoma and bought a farm. He lived near Stillwater in Payne County until his death in 1921.

The area of Payson's find is in Conejos County, south of what is now La Jara Reservoir and east of Conejos Peak.

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The small valleys, where sheep and goats once grazed in flocks up into the foothills, are now largely devoted to agriculture. But the Spanish-Americans in the several adobe villages, especially Magote, still practice old-time handcraft—largely wood carving and the weaving of woollen blankets and clothing.

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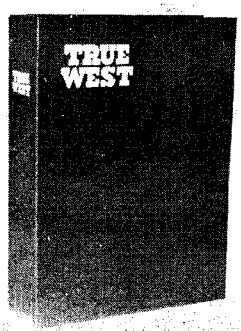

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Crazy Snake, The Last Rebel

(Continued from page 23)

All of the Indians arrested were taken to Muskogee where they were placed in the federal jail and stockade. After the accused were arraigned before a federal court, those who pleaded guilty to conspiracy and who would take an oath promising to obey the laws of the United States and keep the peace, were paroled by the presiding judge, John R. Thomas. Eighty-seven Indians were tried and convicted at this time. It is said that Chitto and Coker served jail sentences of three months, but available records do not seem to bear this out.

After this group-arrest and trial, relative peace and quiet seemed to return to the area. The force of U. S. troops, however, was held in the area for some time. The presence of these troops undoubtedly contributed greatly to the prevention of bloodshed.

THE allotting of the Creek tribal domain tended to discourage most of the members of the Snake Band, but Chitto continued his agitation among those who would listen. Even after the opening of Oklahoma as a state, he continued his appeal for retrogression. Although many of his followers remained loyal to the cause, it was not until 1908 that the Snakes became strong enough to establish a headquarters at the old Hickory Ground, a stomp-dance site a few miles southeast of Henryetta.

At this place they carried on what amounted to almost a continuous meeting. They always had plenty of food, and this soon attracted a large number of mixed-bloods, renegade whites, and Negroes who established semi-permanent homes around the Hickory Ground and became troublemakers to the entire area. There were many petty thieves in the group, and their depredations annoyed the citizens for miles around. There was a story at the time, never fully verified, that the incident which finally set off the whole tragic chain of circumstances was when one of these renegades stole a large quantity of smoked meat from a sheriff's deputy named Morey. Whether this story was true or not, the events which followed were often known as "The Smoked Meat Rebellion." Although Crazy Snake, as he was now better known, was blamed for this plundering, there had been little he could do to prevent it. In actuality, probably very little of the lawlessness was committed by the full-bloods.

Guilty or not, warrants were issued for the arrest of those suspected of lawbreaking, and when officers reached the Hickory Ground to serve their warrants, a fight ensued in which several persons were killed. The posse set fire to the buildings and arbors which had been erected at the campground, and charged Crazy Snake with inciting a revolt.

It was only natural to suspect Crazy Snake of complicity in the fight, and a force of McIntosh County deputy sheriffs from Checotah was dispatched to arrest Crazy Snake at his home near Pierce. The deputies arrived just at dusk and, emerging from the timber, saw a number of men in the yard near Crazy Snake's house. These men in the yard were highly alarmed, as the deputies had fired several shots, previous to their arrival at the house, when they had come upon a suspect in the timber.

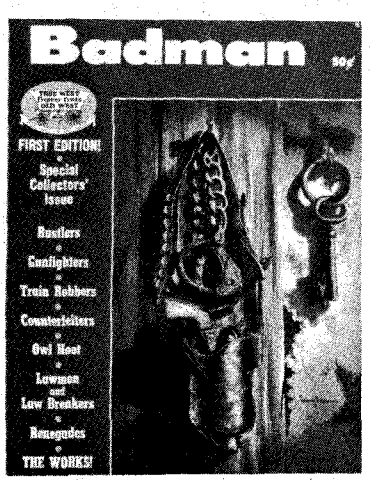
At sight of the approaching deputies there was a general exodus toward the encircling woods. Ignoring the shouted commands from the deputies, the fleeing men refused to stop, and upon reaching cover returned the deputies' fire. The battle continued into the night. Edward Baum and Herman Odom, son of the county sheriff, were killed. Years later, it was written by U. S. Marshal W. F. Jones, a member of the posse, that an old freedman, Sampson Brown, had killed the two young deputies.

The pitched battle raged for several hours before the lawmen temporarily withdrew. It was at this time that Crazy Snake, Coker, and the two Negroes made their escape. Later in the night the deputies returned and, finding the house abandoned, fired the house. The posseman who actually set the torch to the house was possibly Sam Baker.

When the bodies of the slain deputies were returned to Checotah, terror reigned. It was plain to all of the citizens that the Snakes were on the warpath, and that neither life nor property would be safe until they were killed or captured. Dozens of men who were "highly respected in their communities" claimed to be eye-witnesses to the scalping of defenseless settlers, the pillaging of the country, and the commission of various other atrocities, including rape. The yellow journals of the day, many of which were much more dedicated to printing news that would shock, rather than to factual reporting, played up the "uprising" to the hilt. These stories gained wide credence, and soon other newspapers across the country were giving coverage to the "Indian War." At one time there were more than one hundred correspondents in the area, solely for the purpose of reporting any developments.

The governor of the state was flooded with appeals from frightened citizens to provide protection. Those living in the vicinity of the Hickory Ground, Henryetta, and Checotah were paralyzed with fear. Dozens of men moved their wives and children to places of safety, one of which was the store at Pierce. Finally, after consultation with local authorities, the Governor ordered out five companies of the National Guard.

A BASE CAMP for the military was established at the Hickory Ground, and the hills soon rang with the notes of bugles and the rattle of arms. The movements of these troops made prime fodder for the reports sent in by the newspaper correspondents. When news was scarce, some of the correspondents manufactured their own. One reporter sent a straight news report to his paper in the East that the Guard had a miraculous telegraph system (which they did). The reporter got rather carried away when



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he reported that this telegraphy system was so powerful that he had seen it continue to operate when as much as eight feet of the wire connecting the instruments was missing.

It soon became apparent to Colonel Roy Hoffman, who was in command of the National Guard, that the greatest service which he could render would be to quiet the fears of the populace and to restore peace to the affected communities. To begin with, the capture of Crazy Snake would disorganize his followers. The timid Snake Indians, as well as many of the other Creeks, had deserted their homes and gone into hiding in the surrounding hills, living in terror that they would encounter the heavily armed posses who were searching the hills.

Although there were many capable officers searching for Crazy Snake, there were also many who were as disreputable and unreliable as could be imagined. The latter were ready to shoot on sight, and took every opportunity to abuse and harass the fugitives. Eventually Hoffman was forced to issue orders that no person should bear arms without his written permission. He also issued passes guaranteeing protection to citizens, both Indians and white, who wished to return to their homes. As soon as Indians learned that the troops represented safety rather than danger, scores of them returned to their homes. Others, who were found scouting in the hills, were arrested and brought to camp at the Hickory Ground. If suspect, they were placed in jail. Among those arrested in this manner was Legus Jones, son of Crazy Snake.

Hoffman, patrolling along the swollen North Canadian River with Deputy U.S. Marshal W. F. Jones, had a narrow escape when he tried to swim his horse across the flooding river. Hoffman's horse became bogged in quicksand, and when Hoffman leaped off to try to hold the horse's nose above water, he too became entangled in the watery sand. It required the joint effort of Jones and another trooper to extricate the colonel and his horse. Many of the guardsmen had similar narrow escapes as they patrolled and searched the area, but their biggest fear was that they would be ambushed by a trigger-happy deputy.

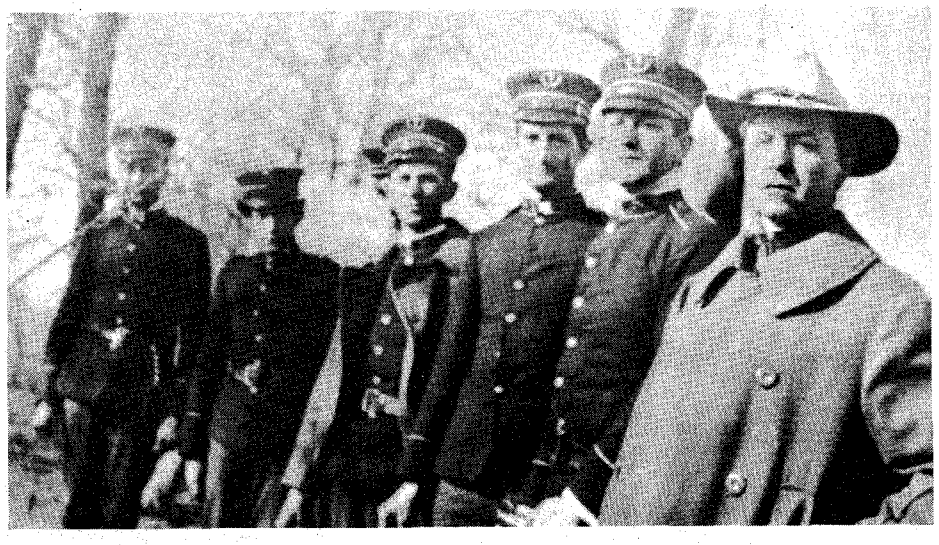
It was felt that only the capture of Crazy Snake would bring the whole trouble to a decisive finish. Hoffman sent a message by Crazy Snake's friends and kinsmen telling the Indian that if he would surrender, Hoffman would personally guarantee him protection and a fair trial. Crazy Snake and Coker feared, however, that once they were lodged in jail, the angry settlers would lynch them to avenge the death of the two deputy sheriffs; it seemed necessary to avoid arrest at any cost.

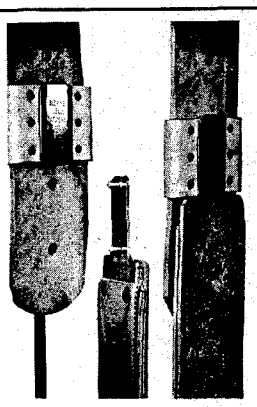
The guardsmen continued their search, using whatever help was available. One of their guides was Sam Cook, one of the noted outlaw brothers of the Indian Territory days. Cook had seen his share of the raw side of life and he gave freely of his advice to the young guardsmen. "You don't want to get hit with one of them small lead bullets," Sam cautioned. "They make a small hole going in as well as coming out, and they cause you to bleed inside, and that's what kills a man. If you gotta get hit, get hit by a big bullet every time, then just lean against a fence like this, and bleed a lot, and nine times out of ten you won't die."

DANA H. KELSEY, United States Indian Agent, and J. George Wright, United States Indian Inspector for the Indian Territory, went to the scene of the alleged uprising and after a thorough investigation, reached the conclusion that Crazy Snake and his followers were not responsible for the situation. The McIntosh County grand jury which was in session at the time took a different view of the matter. Its members indicted both Crazy Snake and Charles Coker for murder. Before warrants could be served, and on the advice of friends, Crazy Snake and Coker left the country, with the understanding that they would return when the facts became known and their safety was assured.

The two made their way toward the southeast, through the mountain fast-

A few of the Guardsmen posed for a photo while encamped at Hickory Ground.





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ness, avoiding the main trails. Progress was necessarily slow, as Crazy Snake was still carrying a bullet in his leg. Somehow the cripple and the dwarf finally reached the Choctaw Nation where they stayed with a longtime friend, Daniel Bobb. They hid out here for more than a year—until the death of Crazy Snake. Crazy Snake was buried in the yard of Bobb, who lived a few miles east of present Smithville.

After an unsuccessful search of several weeks, the guardsmen were recalled and quiet again reigned in the area. Within a few months the charges against both refugees was *nol-prossed* for lack of evidence. Charlie Coker returned to the vicinity of Checotah, and was not disturbed. He lived in the area until his death in 1925.

Crazy Snake was considered both an outlaw and a martyr, depending on who was doing the judging. Whatever else he was, he was a smart, intelligent Indian who, like many of his forebears, could not reconcile himself to relinquishing the rights and privileges which he claimed were guaranteed his people by former treaties entered into in good faith by the United States government.

Most, if not all, of the acts of outlawry which led to the trouble with the McIntosh County sheriff's forces were committed by renegades who were avoiding the law in the wild area surrounding Crazy Snake's Hickory Ground camp.

The feeling of the full-blood, as well as many of the whites and mixed bloods, are perhaps best exemplified by the words written by the renowned Creek poet, Alexander Posey:

Condemn him and his kind to shame!
[But] I bow to him, exalt his name!

Frenchy, The Bronc Rider

(Continued from page 16)

off a dry rattling sound before he mounted. At first the rattling sound would spook the bronc and Frenchy would chuckle and laugh until the bronc no longer spooked.

Still mounted, Frenchy would shed the slicker, roll it up and tie it on behind the high cantle. Then sitting sideways in the saddle he would untie the saddle strings and put the slicker on.

NEXT came the roping. We filled a canvas sack with sand and Frenchy would ride around the corral swinging a loop in his ketch rope at nothing, then coiling it up until the bronc got used to it. Then he'd rope the sand-filled gunnysack and taking his dally wraps around the saddle horn he'd drag the sack around for a while. Then he rigged a wide length of whang leather strap to the knotted end of the rawhide noseband of the hackamore, long enough to use as a tie down to drag the sack. Dismounting with the reins across his saddle horn he'd go down the taut rope to sit straddle of the heavy sack. Then he'd wave his hat to spook the bronc who would back up, dragging the sack and Frenchy.

"Mak' believe," Frenchy would call out to the horse, "dis ees de calf, not Frenchy." And that procedure went on until the bronc had learned his first lesson in calf roping.

It took about two weeks before Frenchy made up his mind that he was finished breaking the first four broncs and was ready to start on the second four. It was cow country custom for a bronc stomper to have the privilege of naming the broncs he rode. Frenchy wanted to name the broncs in his rough string after various and sundry girls he had loved and left behind: Marie and Suzette, Conchita and Ramona, Blondie, Little Casino, Chicken, Goldie, Sadie, Tootsie, Cricket, and Primrose, all dance hall girls. I had a time talking Frenchy out of the idea, explaining at length that the broncs were all geldings, and that female names were suitable only for the mare bunch, that the outfit wouldn't stand hitched for geldings named after females.

It was the third week in August by the time Frenchy finished breaking out the last four broncs. In spite of his easy way of handling the horses Frenchy got bucked off a few times but the game little rider got right back in the saddle.

When he rode outside the corral with me hazing for him he would always get on some long windy, dropping the knotted bridle reins and waving his hands. There were times when the bronc started pitching before Frenchy could pull him up and I had to ride close to grab the halter rope just in time.

I came to realize the fact that Frenchy was the sorry bronc rider Jake had predicted. Instead of keeping a screwed-down seat in the saddle with both knees gripped tight, Frenchy would loosen up when he got going on one of his yarns. He'd drop his reins to roll a smoke and when a startled jackrabbit jumped out to spook the bronc, or a flock of sagehens would take flight with a loud flapping of wings, the startled bronc would whirl and start pitching or stampede, and I had my hands full for a time.

Somehow Frenchy would never learn. "Sacre mahogany bull frogs!" Frenchy would holler. "Peek him op, Keed!" And when I had the bronc snubbed close to my belly Frenchy would chuckle or bust out laughing. "We almos got hin a wreck dat tam!" He passed it off as a joke.

The fall roundup started the first week in September so we never got to break out the three big broncs to harness. Jake sold them to Frank Whitmore, the jerkline freighter.

By the time the beef roundup was over in October Frenchy had his rough string gentle-broke for cutting horses, rope horses, circle horses, and all that makes for an all around cowhorse.

Come November it was time for the cowpunchers to go into remote line camps. There was snow on the ground and ice on the reservoirs and along the edges of the creekbanks and waterholes. It was time to tack the calked Never Slip shoes on our winter horses. Each line camp cowhand kept two winter horses besides the gentle work team to haul the hayracks to scatter hay for cattle that needed feeding.

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BALDY CLARK, the Circle C blacksmith, was an expert horseshoer. (The word farrier was then unknown in the cow country.) The gentle work horses and some of the older cow horses were tied by halter ropes to an iron ring fastened to the log wall of the blacksmith shop and were shod by Baldy Clark. Jake Myers appointed Frenchy as Baldy's helper since he had handled the twelve broncs that were being kept for winter horses and none had ever been shod before.

Frenchy knew how to trim a hoof, level the hoof with a horse rasp, and tack on shoes. Jake assigned me to hold the haltered broncs while being shod by Frenchy because they were apt to grow restless as the shoeing took a lot of time. They were edgy and nervous at first on account of Baldy Clark making a lot of noise at the anvil. Although the Never Slip shoes could be hammered into shape without heating, Baldy believed in getting them red hot to shape them to the exact fit of the horse's hoof, and he had the old blacksmith habit of giving a few expert whacks with the hammer, then a couple of whacks on the flat part of the anvil because the ringing sound was sweet to his ears.

Holding the horses was my main chore but I also had to handle the bellows, shovel coal chunks into the bed of hot coals, and screw down the red-painted heel and toe calks into the Never Slip heavy duty horseshoes. An end wrench of the right dimensions came with every keg of shoes.

The last of Frenchy's string to be shod was a hot-blooded bay gelding named Snip, who was edgy and nervous from the noise of Baldy's hammer and the windy swish of the bellows. Frenchy shod the front feet first and straightened up to get the kinks out of his aching back.

By the time Frenchy tied up a hind leg and rasped the hoof level and tacked on the shoe he was grunting and puffing. "You de shore enough leaner, you Sneep. You got de beeg rump lack de helephant, you know dat." Frenchy whacked the horse's rump with the flat of the rasp. Snip jerked his hind leg loose and kicked back suddenly. There was enough slack in the rope to allow about a foot for the sudden kick that struck Frenchy on the shinbone.

Frenchy yelled shrilly as he fell backwards and rolled clear. "My laig she's broke! Dat damn Sneep! I keel her dead like hell if I had de gon!" Frenchy was holding his injured leg, groaning and cursing a blue streak in a mixed jargon.

I was busy calming Snip down. I jerked the slip knot of the tie rope free and led him out of the blacksmith shop before he could tromp on Frenchy. I tied him to the hitching rack outside and went back in. Baldy Clark was examining Frenchy's leg, and Frenchy was yelling like an Injun on the warpath. "My laig she's bust! I hear dat crack when de bone she bust like de dry stick!"

Baldy told me to hightail it for the bunkhouse and fetch help to carry Frenchy to his bunk. I brought back Jake Myers, Mac, the bookkeeper, and Charlie Wingfield, the substitute ranch cook for Al Taylor while Al was on a month's vacation. They carried Frenchy stretched out on a bed tarp to the bunkhouse. Jake got Doctor Clay at Malta on the telephone and he was on his way out in his new Ford. Mac and the cook undressed Frenchy and cut away his boot and Jake fed him several slugs of whiskey from a bottle he'd brought from his house.

When Doc Clay arrived, a quick examination of the injured leg revealed a fracture of the leg bone between the knee and ankle. He set the leg and put it in a plaster cast. Before Doc left he gave us a box of white pills with written instructions how to give them to Frenchy to ease the pain. Doc said there was no need to take Frenchy to the hospital at Fort Benton, that he'd feel more at home in the bunkhouse but that he'd have to have someone to take care of him. He would have to remain in his bunk for two or three weeks to give the broken bone a chance to knit. He'd send out a bed pan and urinal, and he'd be back in three weeks if no emergency arose in the meantime.

JAKE propositioned Charlie Wingfield to take care of Frenchy for $25. Charlie was a grey-haired, good-natured and easy going man, neat and clean and one hell of a good cook to boot.

Charlie Wingfield didn't know what he was getting himself in for when he accepted. All went fine and dandy for about a week. Frenchy was plumb content to catch up with his shuteye and be waited on hand and foot. Charlie had given Frenchy a cowbell to ring when he needed anything.

Mac, the bookkeeper, donated a brand new harmonica in a red imitation leather case someone had given him for Christmas. Charlie soon made it plain to Mac that if Frenchy didn't quit fouling the air with his loud off-key practicing that had the nightmare sound of fighting tomcats, he'd shove the harmonica down his damned caterwauling throat.

It got so that when Frenchy wasn't caterwauling on the harmonica he was ringing the cowbell and shouting at the top of his voice, "Sharlie, bring de dump pan queek!"

"Every five minutes that locoed breed is ringin' that cowbell," Charlie complained. "It's 'Sharlie' this and 'Sharlie' that, enough to drive a man nuts." Charlie decided to feed Frenchy a pill to put him to sleep, regardless of the written directions on the box.

During the next few weeks Frenchy became restless and moody. It was in one of his brooding spells that Frenchy wept and sobbed his tale of woe to the ranch cook. He had a dread that he was going to be crippled for life, and he told Charlie about it day after day, until it got on the cook's nerves. These complaints were followed by the remark that if he had a six-shooter he'd kill himself.

Charlie, fed up to the gills one day, left the bunkhouse and returned with his .45 and tossed the six-shooter on Frenchy's bed, then departed without saying a word. Slamming the bunkhouse

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door shut, Charlie waited outside, a lopsided grin on his face. Less than five minutes later he heard the frantic clanging of the cowbell. "Sharlie! Sharlie! Come back, Sharlie!"

Charlie waited a few minutes, then wiping the grin off his face, he opened the door and stepped inside. Frenchy was sitting up in his bunk. His face was pale under a stubble of whiskers, a look of fear glazing his eyes. Charlie's six-shooter lay untouched where he had tossed it on the bed.

"Change de mine, me," Frenchy said in a dry-throated voice and pointed at the six-shooter. "Please, Sharlie, tak dat beeg gon away. Sacre mahogany bull frogs!"

"Okay," Charlie answered sternly. "But from here on lay off ringin' that cowbell every time you feel like it. Quit that damn hollerin' for 'Sharlie' to come runnin' every time you want somebody to talk to." And Frenchy gave his solemn promise.

A week later Doc Clay showed up. He sawed the plaster cast down the middle and spread the halves apart to examine the broken bone that he said had knitted satisfactorily. He told Frenchy he was taping the cast back on for another few weeks and that in the meantime Frenchy could hobble around on the crutches he had brought out for him, that he'd be out again before too long.

A DAY or two after Frenchy had broken his leg Baldy Clark took the stage to Malta to open his own blacksmith shop. As a result I rode Snip with one hind leg unshod. Jake had sent me and Rawhide Dan to the line camp at the Gill place about twenty miles away.

Frenchy was still hobbling around on crutches ten days later when I rode back to the home ranch to see Jake about sending out a supply of grub. I was riding Snip and it was about noon on a clear sunny day when I got to the ranch. Frenchy was at the barn when I rode up.

"Long tam no see, Keed." Frenchy grinned. "How you lack de Sneep horse dat bust de leg for Frenchy?"

"Snip's as gentle as a hound pup," I told him. We were standing at the water trough where Snip was drinking, Frenchy took hold of the horsehair reins I still used with the hackamore and was talking to Snip as he rubbed behind the ears, telling it scary about his broken leg. My back was turned while I worked the hand pump. I was paying no attention to Frenchy who had laid his crutches against the trough and was now sitting my saddle astride Snip, the left leg with the plaster cast stuck out.

Before I could open my mouth Frenchy rode away, laughing and hollering for Charlie to come out of the mess tent to watch him. Then he yelled for Jake and Mac to come to the office door to see him riding Snip. He was tickled as a kid wearing his first pair of boots, chuckling and talking to the horse that seemed to be enjoying it as much as Frenchy.

When I left for the Gill place a couple of hours later I waved goodbye to Frenchy as he stood on his crutches in the bunkhouse doorway. It was Thanksgiving Day when I next returned to the home ranch to find out that Frenchy had pulled out the week before, with a fat check for his wages which included the time he was laid up. Frenchy had told Jake he was headed for his old home in the Cypress Hills across the Canadian border to see his aging parents.

The Montana cow country around the Little Rockies, as far as I know, never saw the clowning bronc rider again.

The Double Life of "Easy" White

(Continued from page 28)

in Seattle broke, Alaska still far to the north.

White worked a few weeks in Seattle, then took a job at Bremerton and stacked more brick against the sky in the first brick construction at that famous place. A son was born to the couple while White worked there, but within a few years, the itchy feet compelled John, now almost forty, toward the Golden State of California on what was to have been only a brief trip.

White laid brick in San Francisco and the mystic fantasy of the Golden Gate City took a hold on his soul. The resulting break-up of his marriage separated him from the son he never ceased to love. He established the custom of mailing a postcard or writing a letter to the boy every day and, when the great earthquake of April 18, 1906 shook him rudely out of bed, White wrote:

My Dear Boy:—

Papa was awakened this morning by the bookcase coming across the room and trying to get in bed with him. He got up and tried to put the bookcase back in the corner but it followed him to the bed again.

Papa let the bookcase have the bed. The house in which papa lives was going different directions and up and down at the same time so your papa crawled out the window onto a fence that runs along the yard. The fence was writhing like a snake but papa knew he could walk along the two-by-four that holds the pickets because he has often walked on high scaffolding five or six stories above the street. It was just getting daylight. The buildings all around were jigging and jagging and the paving of the street had waves in it as if it were water . . . but papa kept balancing himself on the fence until the fence and all the buildings were standing still again. Then papa walked back along the fence, climbed through the window again into his bedroom, and put on his pants.

Papa is sitting in the park now, writing to his little son. The earth has stopped tossing and shaking but the great city of San Francisco is burning. Tell mama not to worry about papa. He can walk faster than the fire can go without even running. He will take care of himself and always keep far enough from the big hot flames and nasty black smoke to be sure his shirt tail does not catch fire. Papa will write again when the big city gets some postage stamps he

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can buy to put on envelopes. They will send this letter free.

Papa loves you

The earthquake destroyed most of San Francisco but it made opportunity for both brick masons and painters. Immediately after the fire White set up his easel amid the rubble on Kearney Street and painted the ruin of the building on which he had been working the week before the shock and, in a wooden locker of which, his carpenter tools had been destroyed. Sixty years later, I stood on the exact spot where White had placed his easel and took a picture of the same building as it looks today. It had been one of the first steel-girded new type skyscrapers under construction at the time of the shock.

The steel frame was undamaged. Reconstruction was begun immediately and it became the first all-steel and brick building to be completed after the fire. White's totally accurate watercolor of the gutted structure can be recognized as the same building which still stands, a bit subdued but proudly, amid newer and taller towers. In his picture, White patriotically placed at the top an American flag, defiantly waving in the breeze as if neither fire nor earthquake could ever vanquish it.

Within a few months a new contracting firm named Scott and White was incorporated in the city. White was bidding for enormous new projects and getting them. By 1908 he was elected president of the Builders Exchange. One of his brothers was on the West Coast and he made William foreman on a new contract he had obtained for the brick work on the First National Bank of San Jose. William White later told me, "John said he expected to get an average of 3,000 brick a day out of the bricklayers. Of course I knew we couldn't get that, and so did John. But we did the best we could. We averaged better than 2,500 per man per day.

"We started slinging mortar in October or November, 1909 and the bank moved in in April or May, 1910. We completed the brick contract March 7. It has been the main office of First National ever since, one of the largest and finest buildings in town, right in the center of San Jose. Nothing has been built any faster or better to this very day."

MY conversation with William White took place in 1948. He was still living in Santa Cruz and he spoke of John, with eyes and voice that flashed with love and pride. He told me he thought John Barrett, a man who had laid brick on the San Jose job, was still living somewhere in the San Francisco Bay area.

I found that Barrett, who had lived at Pinole, had moved to Richmond, just north of Oakland. "Yes," he told me, "I laid brick on the First National Bank Building. I wasn't yet twenty, but I was a good bricklayer. I remember John White; of course, I didn't see him much. He was the big boss from San Francisco. His brother Bill was foreman on the job, but John always showed up Saturday mornings and personally handed us our weekly pay checks. He always wanted to be sure there were no mistakes. They were both good men and we all forgave them for working us against one another to see who could get up the most brick. It turned out to be a beautiful building and we were all mighty proud of it. In fact, I still am. There ain't nothing better down there today."

I asked, "How long have you laid brick?"

"I'm past seventy. I started at sixteen and I still lay them."

I was curious. "Was the San Jose job a union job?"

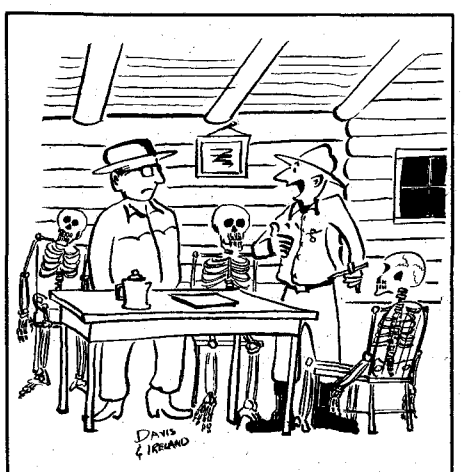
"San Jose never did get bricklayers unionized. It was never a union town. I never belonged to a union in my life."

"But everything's unionized now," I suggested. "How do you get work without belonging?"

"I don't believe bricklayers are unionized down there even now," he said. "Anyway, it doesn't bother me. I got my house paid for and have a little income so I don't need steady work. I keep my eyes open and contract small jobs independently out in the smaller towns. I just stay right there in the town till I get the job done."

White never forgot his art. He moved to Burlingame when that exclusive suburb was first developed and in 1907-08 built the first modern California bungalow to appear on lower Burlingame Avenue across from the polo field. In 1908 an exhibition polo game was played in honor of the railroad magnate, Edward Henry Harriman, and White watched the ponies from the upstairs window of his newly completed home. He lived there for several years alone, except for the occasional visits of fraternal brothers of the Masonic Lodge to which he belonged. During this time, he kept a beautiful buggy mare named Nellie, which he often drove the twenty miles between Burlingame and his office in San Francisco.

On any Saturday at one p.m., which was the end of the work week for bricklayers, Nellie was invariably waiting with White's paints meticulously stored in the buggy behind her. The brick contractor, suddenly turned artist for the weekend, would be off to the mountains or a hot springs resort to paint pictures of the California redwoods, or just the rolling hills.



"Before I sign this partnership agreement with you, could you tell me a bit more about these former partners of yours?"

On the 5th of February 1911, the San Francisco *Chronicle* devoted a full page of its Sunday supplement to the "Bricklayer-Contractor-Artist." The write-up was illustrated with views of the interior of the Burlingame house, its walls literally covered with paintings.

In January 1912, White went to Seattle because his wife agreed that their son, now twelve, was old enough to decide between them, even though the court had given her custody. Although totally without money, she refused both alimony and child support on the ground that she could take care of herself and the boy and would never accept anything that might handicap the father of their son. In this same spirit of fairness, she had told the boy that, while she loved him and was proud of him beyond anything else in life, she would not deprive him of the opportunity to talk to his father and make a free choice.

White offered the boy the glamor of San Francisco and promised to put him to work when not at school, at even that early age, as time keeper for his men. He could give him security through training as a brick mason and contractor. Also, he would make him an artist. He could start by sketching the men while he kept track of their work hours.

The boy chose the mother.

White then asked his son to pose for a portrait in oil so the father would always have the picture. The boy, young, active, and already in business for himself selling newspapers on a Seattle street corner, tried diligently to sit still long enough for his father to paint him.

When the picture was finished, White changed his mind. He gave it to the mother, saying, "It is better that the son should remember the father than that the father should remember the son. He will live for many more years to be proud of me than I shall to be proud of him. Give it to him when he is old enough."

The mother did.

At this time, White's contracting firm was erecting new construction at Mare Island Naval Shipyard on San Francisco Bay.

IN 1913 John White remarried, and set up a commercial art studio in San Francisco for the sale of his pictures. But he must have done this half-heartedly and reluctantly because, when asked previously why he did not sell his pictures, he had drawn up his broad shoulders and exclaimed defiantly, "What! And bastardize my art! Genius should never be offered for sale."

It is certain that his best paintings were never displayed, except occasionally in public museums where they were not offered for sale. Some of the best of them, partly with the understanding and cooperative effort of his second wife, eventually found their rightful place on the walls in the home of his son.

White's firm, now the J. M. White Co., ran into financial difficulties due to technicalities with the government. The

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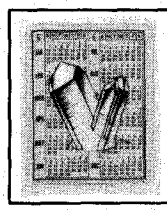

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work at Mare Island had been a subcontract. The main contracting firm went into receivership and, although White's work was finished, inspected and accepted, all payment was tied up by order of higher authority. An effort was made to have the United States Congress pass special memorandum legislation authorizing an appropriation for the particular job, and this was supported vigorously by the senior United States senator from California. Delay followed delay and final adjudication was not yet complete five years later when White died in Wilmington, Delaware, during the devastating influenza epidemic of 1918.

He had gone East seeking some position of responsibility whereby he could be useful in the First World War effort. He was then fifty-five. When told he was too old for active participation in the war, his second wife said he came home with tears in his eyes, overcome with the thought of not being able to serve his country.

He did obtain an important civilian appointment and was diligently engaged in performing the part-time services of this position when he became ill. He seemed to have recovered, but suddenly and quietly died in his sleep from heart failure after a day spent in his usual occupation, bricklaying.

I have been asked many times how I acquired so much detailed information about this man. The fact is that I have had a special interest. John Miller White was my father. I was the little boy left on the place near Bremerton with my mother, who took over and carried on.

I do not know what made my father and mother "tick" the way they did. I do believe they were the kind of people who carried on with the faith, perseverance and pride which made America great, and I find it increasingly hard to find as much to be proud of today.

Letter Regarding the Youngers

(Continued from page 35)

gave to the poor. Uncle Cole said that he only did that one time. He rode up to a farmhouse for a drink; the lady was out in the yard crying and said, "See that man riding down the road? He stole the money I had to pay off the mortage on my house." Uncle Cole said he took a shortcut, met the fellow and got the money and took it back to the lady; and that was the only time he did that.

He told us of the time he went into the army camp of the Northerners dressed as an apple lady. Uncle Cole was a spy for the South. He had sold most of his apples; this was during the Civil War. Some soldier came up to his horse and began talking to him, and the wind blew the dress up and the soldier saw his boots, and then Uncle Cole had to make his exit fast, and did get away.

The Younger family was at first in sympathy with the North, for they loved their slaves; but after the Red Leg soldiers robbed and murdered their father, they joined the South to get revenge. They did find the ones that murdered their father and killed them. That was the start of their trouble.

UNCLE COLE wrote a speech he intended giving when pardoned. He wrote it at our house, and Mama would hold the paper and he would stand off a ways and give it, Mama correcting him when he made a mistake. One night she was helping him with it, and at those times we had to be very quiet. I was upstairs, and coming down I thought it would be quieter if I slid down the banister just holding on by my hands. I toppled over the banister as I started so things were not very quiet then.

Uncle Cole took some medicine that would fizz when dropped into a glass of water. Maud and I had to take turns fixing this for him.

We had so much snow in St. Paul, we went sledding a lot—Belly Buster, we called it—but after Uncle Cole came to live with us, he asked us not to slide that way, it was not ladylike.

He worked for the chief of police while on parole. They were such good friends. He visited us often, I still have his picture he gave Mama. (Chief O'Conner.) The night Uncle Cole left for Missouri after his pardon the chief was over to see him off, and he bet Uncle Cole he could not get back here without being recognized. The bet was $20. I did not know how it came out until I heard from this lady in California; she said Uncle Cole got to Kansas City, Missouri before he was recognized.

The Christmas of 1902 the mayor of St. Paul called Uncle Cole at our house. He was a friend of Uncle Cole's, and asked him to bring my sister and me over to the mayor's Christmas party, which he did. They had so many presents ready to give Maud and me, but Uncle Cole said no, the tree was for the poor children and we had plenty, so we had a wonderful time without the presents. That night after we went to bed, or rather Christmas Eve, Uncle Cole helped Mama put things around the fireplace, where we had our stockings hung up. He made a track or footprint in the ashes to make it look like Santa did it. He also placed a large spinning musical top as though it had been dropped, and it had the name Ole Olson on it. It almost ruined our Christmas as we thought Ole did not get his present. He made us forget it some[illegible] and we had a wonderful Christmas. He [illegible]d so many friends. The governor of Minnesota would come over to see him as well as the mayor and chief of police. Uncle Cole said their cells [in prison] were not locked but for a short time after they went in. He was a nurse; Uncle Jim carried mail.

Uncle Cole was one who did not hold resentment for being accused of things they did not do; but Uncle Jim was of the nature he could not forget it and was resentful. He wanted to marry this former sweetheart but could not while on parole, so he wrote her a letter and killed himself.

After 1903 I did not see Uncle Cole again until about 1908, when we came to Kansas City, Kansas to live. My grandparents lived here by that time, and Grandpa was an invalid. We lived across

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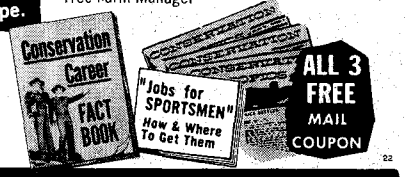

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the street from them, and Grandma would tell me so many things that happened in her childhood, during the war.

GOING BACK, though, to times we would come back to Arkansas to see our grandparents, we would come to Lee's Summit to see my great-grandmother Rouch who was in the millinery business there, and also go to see my Aunt Emma Rose, who was Emma Younger. Her husband was Kit Rose, superintendent of the County Poor Farm near Little Blue where my father Charley Hull was raised. My mother went to live with her Aunt Emma for a while and met my father there. They were married at the County Farm. Two of their old slaves still lived with the family. When we would come to Kansas City, Missouri, we would take a horse-drawn car and go to see them. The younger one was called Bob, and the older one Suse Handy. They never left the family. I went to see Grandma Duncan one time after Roy and I moved to Kansas City and Suse Handy was at Grandma's; that was in 1916. I was not much interested then, but how I wish I had asked her a lot of questions.

Uncle Cole would come to visit us after we came to Kansas City. We moved to Salina, Kansas in 1909, and the last time I saw Uncle Cole was in 1912 when we went to Lee's Summit to get Papa's grandmother. They were afraid (the city officials of Lee's Summit) that Grandma would burn the town down. She was ninety years old. She was still in business. She lived and had her store upstairs in the main building in town. When we got there she was using a gasoline stove with one of those tanks high on it, and it leaked so she just bent the pipe so the gasoline would drip into a pan. So you can see why they were afraid. She had lived there all her life. Mama was born in Lee's Summit.

Uncle Cole smoked a Persian Pipe—a glass bowl, looks like a vase, a small gold container on top to hold the tobacco, and two long tubes coming out from it. There was water in the glass vase. I have the lower part of it—a red glass trimmed in gold. You have seen the pictures I have of Uncle Cole, Maud and I taken in 1902, also some of him and Papa, and some of Uncle Cole alone. Also of Harry and Beersheba Younger, and the wills of Sarah and Charley Younger. The names of children of Harry W. Younger and Beersheba are: Laura, born 1830; Helen, born 1832, married William Kelly; Isabel (Bell), born 1834, married Richard Hall; Martha, born 1836, married L. Jones; Richard, born 1838; Josephine, born 1840, married John Jarrett; Caroline, born 1842, married George Clayton; Thomas Coleman (Cole), born 1844, died 1916; Sarah Ann (Sally), born 1845, died 1925, married Jeptha Duncan; James H. (Jim), born 1848, died 1902; John, born 1850, died 1874; Emma, born 1852, died 1900, married Kit Rose; Robert Ewing, born 1855, died in 1889 in prison of TB; Henrietta (Ret), born 1856, married a Rollins.

I did not tell you Aunt Ret Rollins and a stepson, Fisher Rollins, visited us many times when we lived in St. Paul, Minnesota. She would come to see the boys in prison and would stay with us. I have a picture of her and Jim, Bob and Cole, taken in the early days of their being in prison. Aunt Ret lived in Dallas, Texas. Also we would visit Aunt Bell Hall in Lee's Summit when I was a very little girl; later we visited Norah Hall many times, after Uncle Cole went to live with her. She was Aunt Bell's daughter.

The children of Charley and Sarah Younger mentioned in Sarah's will are (State of Missouri & County of Clay, Liberty Court House, November 5, 1858. Probated January 11, 1859. Will Book D, Pages 240-244): Virgenia, Jacob Creek; Lucy S., Buster; Henry W. (Harry) Younger.

Children mentioned in Charles Younger's will (Book W. P. 524-528 Independence, Missouri, Jackson County Recorder's Office. November 11, 1854. Charles Younger deceased. Recorded April 7, 1855): Harry W. (Henry) Younger; Littleton; Virgenia L., wife of Jacob Creek; Elizabeth D. wife of Thomas Wood; Lucy S., Buster; Adeline S., wife of Lewis Dalton, Sr. [parents of the Dalton boys]; Coleman Younger;

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(Milton, deceased) children Rebecca, Catherene, Charles.

In the will it is stated: "Give and bequeath to Sophia L. Wilson, Charles F. Wilson, Mary L., Martha L., Jefferson, Bruce, Sophronia, My children by Parmelia Wilson, sometimes known as Parmelia Younger. [Bequests specifics omitted.]

"To my slave Elizabeth age twenty-two of Mulatto Color and her two children Catharine and Simpson, at my death be known by Younger.

"Also Fanny between thirty-five and forty-five and her two children named Nathan and Washington."

Standing is Charley Hull (nephew by marriage), Maud, on left, and Leva Hull, right, (great-nieces), Cole Younger, seated.

OH YES, Grandma Duncan would tell me stories of how her father was murdered and her mother forced to burn down their home. I often wondered if it was as bad as she said, and I bought a book entitled *History of Jackson County Missouri 1881*, and in that book it tells of Harry W. Younger's murder and the burning of their home just as Grandma had told me.

Judge Little, a friend here, called me one day and asked me if I knew the Youngers were the wealthiest family in Jackson County at that time. I know from records of real estate transactions recorded they must have had a lot of money. I remember in 1911 some lawyers tried to get Grandma to sign some papers that would give her some money, but she would not sign. Well, I think this is all I can write now.

"I Have Almost Become Desperate . . ."

(Continued from page 33)

older children. . . ."

The divorce went through, but J. C.'s problems were far from over. He had brought his hands from Indiana when he gave up his land there, and among them was a seventeen-year-old girl who came out with her brother. Early in March 1879 she gave birth to a child, and claimed J. C. as the father. Now Juvenal was no saint; he had seen life in all forms; but he was not about to have a child palmed off on him just because some young woman had thought him to be the richest man around. J. C. arranged for depositions from Indiana that destroyed whatever was left of her reputation.

The rancher was fortunate that his former wife was not around. J. C. had warned her, "You could keep me out of a divorce, but you could not fence me to live with you." That remark particularly angered Martha. She was furious. And so was her daughter Kitty. Neither of them would forgive J. C., especially after he married nineteen-year-old Jennie Caton in 1879.

Kitty took $600 of her father's money and bought a team for her mother. Six hundred dollars then, and especially to J. C., was a lot of money. But he did not demand the team back, perhaps because Martha allowed their son Dick to use it on the farm east of Russell. When Dick took the team to help his father break sod on the Saline, however, Martha blew up. She sued for return of the team and won. Dick was whipsawed between the parents. J. C. wanted the money and Dick didn't have it. J. C. then placed a notice in the *Record* that he would not be responsible for any of Dick's debts. Finally, on her deathbed, Martha amended her will so that Dick could sell a quarter-section and repay his father.

J. C. had a hard enough time with Dick. His son liked to race, and had a fast little grey horse; and he liked to bet, usually on himself. When he lost, there was likely to be a fight. Dick (or Martin, or Joshia, or Joseph as he was called at various times) was not a big man. Like his father, he barely weighed 150 pounds with boots, breeches, and shirt. But he was some fighter. Under the name Tommy Ryan he became welterweight and then middleweight boxing champion in the 1890s. He also liked women. J. C. had his hands full.

WHEN Juvenal wrote that he was going to "begin new" he meant it. Earlier he had homesteaded a section near Fairport in Russell County, registering land in his, his wife's, his son's, and his daughter's names. His relatives also claimed land around him, so that the family controlled the water. Once the river was boxed in, nobody else was interested in the surrounding hills, and the Juvenals could run their cattle over all the range there.

As the years passed, though, this became more difficult, and in 1885 J. C. had to make some big purchases to guarantee control of the water. He bought several sections from the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific Railroads. He had always been in debt, but now he was in deep. He had a $10,000 note, a $900 note, a $400 note, and some given previously for land, machinery, and current expenses. If he succeeded he could become rich. It all depended on the cattle and on prices.

The summer of 1885 was a hot, dry

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one. A prairie fire burned a stable, hay, and other goods, as well as much pasture. J. C. took his careless neighbor to court and won a $100 decision, but that did not help the cattle. Ben's house burned up in a separate incident. And, as if the summer were not hard enough, the winter of 1885-86 was the worst in history. An early snow melted and refroze so that the cattle could not forage. Half the herds of the Middle West perished.

J. C. did better than most. The *Record* noted: "Mr. J. C. Juvenal . . . reports a remarkable incident in connection with the late storms. He had eight fat hogs that were buried in a snowbank, without food or water for twelve days, and which, when rescued, were in good condition. . . . Our statement in reference to the loss of stock by Mr. Juvenal was a mistake as to the number of head. He only lost three calves. Inasmuch as Mr. Juvenal is one of the largest stockmen in the country, his loss was comparatively trifling."

Perhaps J. C. lost many more head, but he was not telling. As it happened, a judge and his brother from the East had come to town with a pile of money. They were intent on becoming gentlemen ranchers, and saw the depressed prices (cows were bringing only $15 a head, half the normal price) as a chance to buy cheap. J. C. saw them as his salvation. He sold the Sutton brothers 5,700 acres and 450 head of cattle, with all the buildings, implements, etc., at a price estimated by the *Record* at $55,000 to $60,000. That was speculation, of course. J. C. liked to keep up a front, and the record office shows a $1 transaction.

Juvenal had to pay off his mortages and debts, but that should have left him enough to cease despairing about "dying a poor man." Just to be sure, however, J. C. reportedly sold him the same cattle several times. His hands used to joke about that later, how he took the Suttons around and, coming upon a herd they had seen only minutes before in a different location, would say, "Now here is another nice herd very similar to the last." Naturally, they "strayed off" later. And he kept some pieces of land out and took advantage of other cloudy titles so that a year later the Suttons had to pay him another $5,000.

With all this J. C.'s future was not secure. Prices got no better and the weather remained unkind. One by one his relatives moved away. Some fled back to their kin in Illinois. Others went to Pendleton, Oregon. Judge Sutton, who was thoroughly tired of the Juvenals by that time wrote to the *Record* in 1889: "There are some farmers among your readers . . . who are neat in person and who loathe to defile themselves with profanity and profane company—men who labor because it is honorable to work as well as a necessity for us all—men who are not so utterly cast down that they cannot have any hope for this country—who are not wanting to go to Oregon or anywhere else until they become utterly unfit to hold employment through this restless spirit."

The Juvenals just did not have the bankroll the Suttons had. They could not ride out the bad years. J. C. moved to Osborne County and continued ranching, but with as much lack of success as everyone else. As Joseph McCoy had warned years earlier, "Bank interest eats up the profits and substance of hundreds of stockmen annually. It is an insatiable leech industriously sucking the life-blood day and night." Interest was 12 per cent and up. Prices were increasingly controlled by big packers and the railroads. When weather was good, men like Juvenal could still survive. When it turned bad, they went under.

J. C. continued the good fight only a little longer. In September 1890 he died after returning from Kansas City to deliver cattle. Those who remember his name know nothing of his history. So it is in the world.

Juvenal was a good man. If a man is judged by his friends he was rich. He planned the biggest Fourth of July celebration Fairport ever saw, supervised the festival, and sheltered those caught in the storm. He lived where they had the "richest soil, purest water, handsomest women, and fattest babies of any county in the state." The folk around about liked him and his relatives: "Ben Juvenal showed his good-natured face in the *Record* office yesterday." They kidded his family too: "That was a FOWLE conspiracy, by which a certain young gentleman lost his girl, the night of the dance and Bob's now down on all such JUVENILE tricks." (Bob Snowden married her anyway.) And they were sociable: "There was a social party at J. C. Juvenal's New Year's Eve. Quite a number of friends from Russell . . . were in attendance, not withstanding the extreme cold weather and almost impassable roads. All enjoyed themselves hugely, and came away convinced that J. C. does not do a thing by halves."

But his life revolved around his work. He feared "dying a poor man." He scratched all his life, and the money just didn't stick under his fingernails. That fear drove him, and courage alone allowed him to live with it. It was a common fear, and a common cure, in those days gone by.

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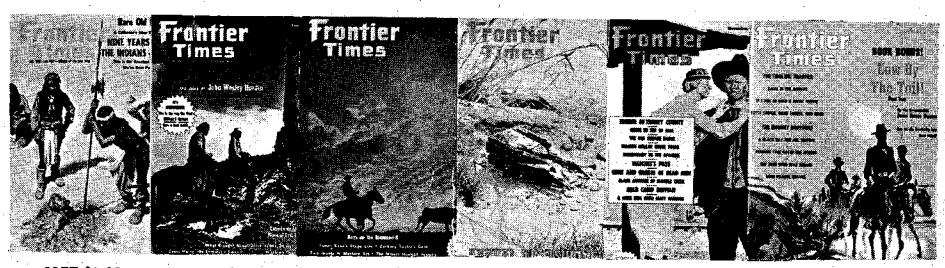

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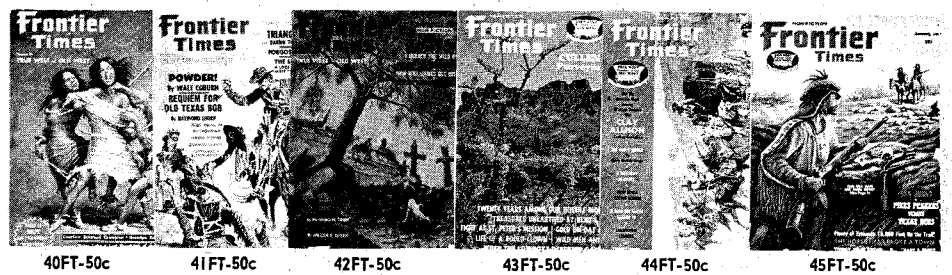

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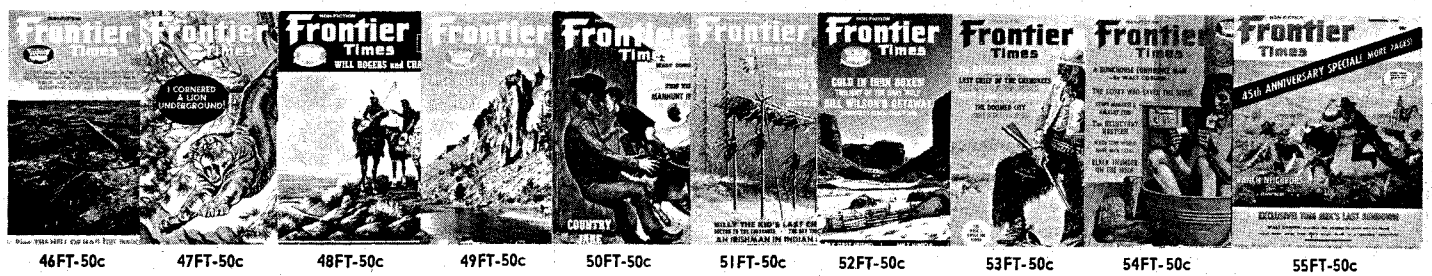

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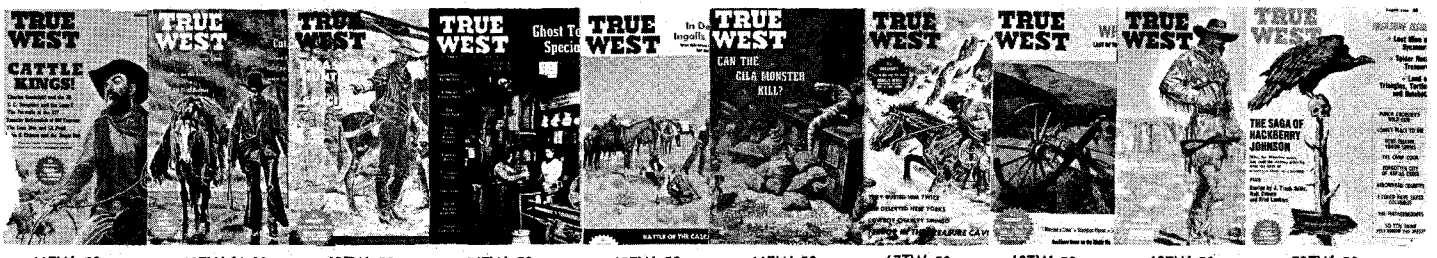

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 39)

given her much thought until this big-eyed outburst by the school kids. When we began investigating, we found that right here in New Mexico we have what may well be the oldest and most widespread ghost-legend in the world.

TALKING with some of the *viejos* (old ones) in the area, we found no one who didn't know about this strange Spanish "banshee," and quite a few claimed to have seen or heard her, or else knew someone who had. As far north as Walsenburg, Colorado, she is believed to haunt certain stretches of the Cucharas River. Down around Las Cruces, New Mexico, it is along the Rio Grande that the wailing cry of a heart-broken woman gives believers the shivers. Even around man-made lakes of recent origin the phantom apparition is seen floating along the banks or over the water, usually after midnight.

Even the many people of Spanish ancestry who obviously do not believe in her reality seem to feel a certain pride in the existence of the legend. And well they might.

It was during a Christmas season in Mexico City that we again picked up the trail of our Mexico ghost. One impressive number of the famous Ballet Folklórica was a convincing impersonation of *La Llorona.* Under spooky lighting, dressed in a long white gown, a hand-wringing contralto sang in brokenhearted tones the lament of the Weeping Woman much as we had been told about it in New Mexico—except that this was tuneful, with no screaming.

On the way to the pyramids the next day, our guide told us the story of *La Llorona* in Mexico. She had been a beautiful young *señorita,* he said. By day she wore the garb of a poor peasant woman but evenings when there were *fandangos* she dressed up in a long white evening gown and was always the belle of the party.

She loved her fun and by night led a gay and pleasure-loving life. She had two small sons and, with no one to take care of them while she was out for the evening, she was often angry about the way they cramped her freedom. (There was no mention of a father in the guide's story.)

One night in a fit of petulance, when she was especially resentful of her burden, she drowned the little boys in a well. Soon she began to miss them, so much so that gradually grief and remorse drove her practically insane. She began haunting wells around the neighborhood, moaning and crying, *"Ay mis hijos! Mis pobres hijos!"* (Oh, my sons! My poor sons!), always wearing her long white gown. It was not many months, so the legend went, until she wasted away and died of a broken heart. Ever thereafter her spirit's mournful wail could be heard in the shadows of night near wells or waterways in almost any *placita* in Mexico.

The legend, our guide told us, originated in Oaxaca, but there are reasons to

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believe he was mistaken. Soon after our return home, an exchange student from Peru told us almost the same story of *La Llorona* in her country. We later heard a version of the legend which seemed to identify *La Llorona* with *La Malinche,* said to have been the mistress of the *Conquistador* Cortez, wailing because of her betrayal of the Aztecs. However, that version seems unconvincing. An educated couple, refugees from Cuba, told us that in Cuba *La Llorona* goes about wailing for her lost sons just about as the Mexican guide had told us.

Later our young niece returned from Spain where she had been studying at the University of Madrid. We asked her if she had ever heard of *La Llorona* over there. She laughed and said, "Oh, yes!" Then she began humming the song we had heard at the Ballet Folklórica. Her account of the legend in Spain was essentially the same as we had heard from the guide in Mexico, except that this one had originated in Spain long ago, probably as far back as four or five hundred years. By pretty acceptable hearsay, we find that the same legend persists in several other Spanish-speaking countries to the south.

Obviously, the Weeping Lady Ghost who scared little Ramoncita out of her wits here in our American West, must have come over with the *Conquistadores* and the colonizers who followed them. A standard apparition wherever the Spanish language is spoken, *La Llorona* is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, and most believed-in ghost in apparitional history.

In and around the isolated villages of northern New Mexico, the Weeping Woman still walks or floats beside wells and waterways in her long white gown, haunting the night with her grief and remorse for the murder of her *pobres hijos*—and serving also as a handy hobgoblin by grandmas who need to scare children into being good!

THE BONES OF PINCKNEY W. SUBLETTE

By Agnes Wright Spring

MOUNTAIN MAN Pinckney W. Sublette, fur trapper and trader for the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, did not always "rest in peace" after his burial on Fontenelle Creek southwest of LaBarge, in what later became Lincoln County, Wyoming Territory. In fact, there was a period of thirty-seven years when his bones were shunted about the vault of the clerk of the circuit court in St. Louis, Missouri.

According to one source Sublette died in 1828, but the date on the plaque which now marks his resting place on Prairie

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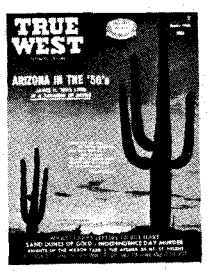

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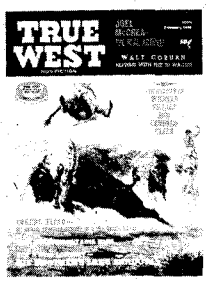

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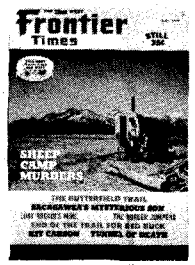

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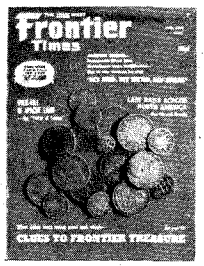

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—Joseph Conrad

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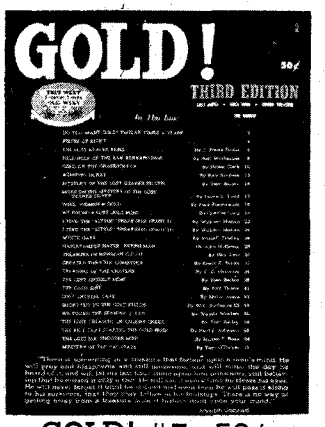

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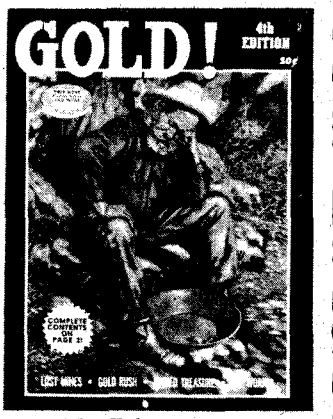

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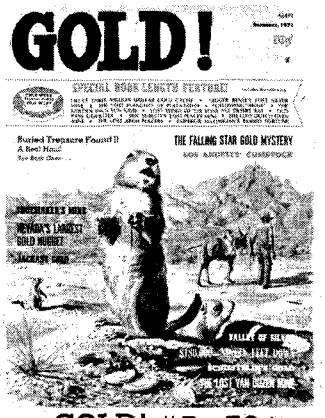

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du Masse, about five miles south of Daniel, Wyoming, gives the date of death as 1865.

Whatever the date of his first burial, his remains were disinterred in 1877 on a court order obtained by Thomas Crewes, an attorney, to establish a corpus delicti in a suit over a valuable tract of St. Louis, Missouri real estate. The tract, valued at $3,000, near the then fashionable Kingshighway Apartment district, was once the property of Solomon P. Sublette, a brother of Pinckney.

Solomon P. Sublette died in 1857, apparently without a will, and the St. Louis property which he owned reverted first to his widow, then to a daughter, Ester Francis, who died in 1861. Maternal relatives came into possession of the tract.

Twenty-four years later in 1885, the Sublette branch of the family produced a will that purported to provide that if Solomon's daughter died without issue the property should go to Pinckney Sublette and should he die, to his next of kin on his father's side.

The skeleton which was shipped from its lonely grave on Fontenelle Creek was produced to establish Pinckney's death. Relatives entered suit to probate the purported will. The suit, however, was never tried.

In 1926 the action was quashed on a ruling that since Pinckney preceded Ester Francis in death, his heirs had no interest in the property. Dismissal of the case was upheld by the Supreme Court of Missouri. Just what date the court set for Pickney's death is not available.

In the meantime the bones of the long-dead trapper remained in the court clerk's vault. Apparently no one was interested in removing them.

BACK in Wyoming Perry W. Jenkins, president of the Wyoming Reclamation Service, who was deeply interested in Wyoming history, especially if it pertained to his own Sublette County, pieced together much historical evidence. He discounted the idea of Pinckney's death in 1828. He believed that Sublette might have sold out to Peter Skene Ogden's Hudson's Bay Company and spent some years trapping in northern Idaho and Canada. Jenkins designated the date of death as 1865.

In 1935, Jenkins sought out Lee Jennings, the only living relative of Pinckney Sublette, for permission to return the bones of Sublette to Wyoming for reburial. A court order was obtained and the bones were returned on May 18, 1935.

On July 4, 1936, the Wyoming Historical Landmark Commission interred the bones in a grave near the monument erected to the memory of Father J. DeSmet on the Prairie du Masse near Daniel, Wyoming, overlooking the famed Green River Rendezvous of fur trading days.

The Wyoming Historical Landmark Commission marked the grave with a pink granite boulder set in concrete, on the face of which was embedded a bronze plaque. And so at long last the bones of Pinckney W. Sublette were left to rest in peace in the Wyoming county which bears his family name.

Mountain Man

(Continued from page 9)

of places, but the crew went with the boat and, with nothing but water on all horizons, they stayed with the boat. And whaling included cutting up blubber, oiling engines, and other not-so-fun jobs. Mainly, it would come out later, Simmons

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preferred living alone, as he disliked regimentation.

LIKE "eagle tracks in the sky," Simmons' trail is not easy to follow, for he led a nomadic, lonely life and heard the owl hoot in many places. In 1836, he left St. Louis with a trading party that headed for Mexico, but for some reason the expedition never reached its destination.

Simmons disassociated himself from the party and spent some time on the Plains, largely hunting and seeing the country. During his wandering he met Old Bill Williams, the mountain man, and went with him to the Arkansas River in 1842, his first trip to Colorado. They camped for a few days near the present site of Pueblo. He learned a lot of savvy of the wilds from Old Bill, but they were both loners at heart and, although they remained good friends, they never stayed together long. Later, Simmons would recall a remark he heard Kit Carson make: "Billy Williams was better posted than any other mountaineer."

For two years Simmons wandered, visiting Fort Laramie, Sand Creek, and Ute Pass, spending much of his time trapping, hunting and occasionally prospecting. He found indications of gold as early as 1842, but he wasn't really looking for gold.

In 1844 the adventurer met John C. Fremont, the Old Pathfinder, and spent some time with him. Simmons returned to St. Louis that year, spent four more years on the frontier, going to St. Louis again in 1848. He was invited to act as guide on the ill-starred Fourth Expedition of 1848-49 in quest of a central route for the railroad, after Fremont learned that his first choice, Kit Carson, couldn't make it.

Although Philander Simmons liked adventure—sought it out, in fact, he respected the severe winters that struck the San Juan country. He told Fremont that he wanted no part of the expedition, a wise decision on his part. So the Pathfinder settled for Uncle Dick Wootton and Old Bill Williams. Uncle Dick took one long, hard gander at the snow-packed Sangre de Cristos, muttered "too much snow," and quickly went home. That left Williams.

Cantankerous Old Bill doggedly went along with "Fremont's madness" and lost his life, indirectly, because of his decision. Later when the controversy raged as to whether the ill-fated venture failed as a result of poor advice from Williams, as Fremont claimed, or from the overconfidence of Fremont, as the mountain men contended, Philander Simmons spoke his "two cents worth" for Old Bill.

LONER that he was, Simmons did have one close companion on some of his jaunts into the wilderness, a Comanche Indian named Mischau, from whom he learned much about nature and the ways of the red man.

Mischau taught him how to observe—like the way grass bends under a human's foot in the direction he is walking but bends the other way under a horse's hoofs. Even if an Indian wrapped his pony's hoofs, Simmons would remember that thing about the grass and he would know.

Simmons learned to study the trail below him and count the number of horses that had gone by, and to listen at night and count the number of horses or men, afoot, that were coming or going. At night he could listen to the cadence of horses' hoofs and know whether their riders searched for something or someone or were just passing through. More important, he could distinguish between red men and white men even before he could make them out. There were other tricks, like cooking with a single-curl fire.

A person's senses became more acute when his life was at stake. Simmons summed it up neatly: "You don't go traipsin' around in the wilds with fellers that talk in their sleep."

With his blood brother Mischau, Simmons wandered throughout the Rocky Mountains and once spent several months in the Sierra Madre of northwestern Mexico—as far as anyone could determine, just looking at the countryside.

Partly because of his close relationship with Mischau, the rumored, even closer relationship with a young sister of his Indian brother, and the guessed-at likelihood that he was, off and on, a squaw man, Simmons became a controversial figure like his friend Bill Williams. Yet like Old Bill, whenever it came to pitched battle, his allegiance always appeared to be with the white man. And he had several scars, resulting from skirmishes with Indians, to prove it.

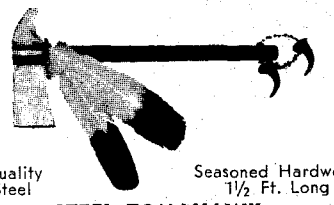
AFTER turning down Fremont in 1848, Simmons toured the Midwest and gradually worked his way back to Colorado in 1852. That summer he camped several nights on the Arkansas River with a party of Cherokee Indians. Simmons and the Indians panned minor amounts of gold which the Indians carried home with them.

We lose track of him then until 1855 when he struck out for California, visiting several gold camps before boarding a ship at San Francisco, heading for St. Louis by boat, with the hard hike across Nicaragua in between.

Our next glimpse of Simmons finds him in the lead mines of southwest Missouri, at least by late 1857. Early the next year, Simmons was contacted by his Cherokee friends who invited him to accompany them to Colorado.

Simmons said: "The Cherokees succeeded in organizing an expedition to the Pike's Peak country in the winter of 1858 [this was the forepart of the year]. This included the whole range from the Arkansas River to Long's Peak. The Cherokees had another object [besides gold] in this expedition; they wished to find a suitable place for their tribe where buffalo and other game were plenty."

In some manner, a report of gold finds by a frontiersman named John S. Smith and a band of Mexicans had trickled to the Cherokee country in late 1857. Smith, variously known as Old John, Trader John, or Blackfoot, was a well-known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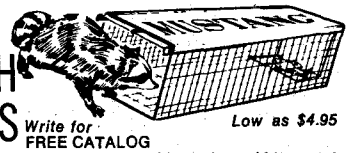
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Indian trader and friend of the Cheyennes. He had married a Cheyenne girl, Wapola, whom he generally referred to as Mrs. Squaw Smith. Their placer area on the South Platte River, three miles above the mouth of Cherry Creek, became known as the "Mexican Diggings."

Simmons decided to join the expedition and went to the Cherokee country, "joining the Indians near Cody's Ranch on the Verdigris River." At this time Rev. John Beck, a half-breed Baptist preacher, was promoting the enterprise, though the Hon. George Hicks was ultimately selected as the leader. Hicks had been a famous chief who became a successful lawyer and judge. As a warrior, Hicks, leading a band of Cherokees, became famous for rescuing Andrew Jackson on an occasion when Jackson and his men were surrounded and pinned down by an overwhelming number of Choctaws.

As an interesting sidenote, while the Cherokees organized and assembled their party in late April of 1858, the nearby Osage Indians decided that the Cherokees were getting ready to go on the warpath and fled to other parts.

Besides Hicks and Beck, other Indians in the party included George Hicks, Jr., Zeke Beck, Jr., and a fellow with the intriguing name of Pelican Tiger. Listed among the white people were Mr. Kirk, wife and family; George McDougal; Levi Brambaugh; Mr. Kelly, his wife and her sister; and Messrs. Brown, Tubbs, Johns and Taylor. And, of course, Philander Simmons. The wife of Kelly and, naturally, her sister were known to be Cherokees, but the various accounts do not elaborate on the Kirk family.

BEFORE the Cherokees moved out, word was received from Green Russell, asking permission for a group of Georgians to join the party. But the Georgians had not showed up by the time the Indians were ready, and George Hicks decided to leave without them, traveling westward with ox-drawn carts.

"We left May 12, 1858," Simmons told a reporter for the *Rocky Mountain News*, printed November 12, 1899, the day after he died.

Their trip was uneventful; it was a hot summer, and the going was slow. The Russell party, trying to catch up, gained ground largely because the Hicks group refused to travel on Sunday, due to the influence of Preacher Beck. On May 25, the Cherokees dispatched a message, written on the shinbone of a buffalo, which was received by the Russell party on the 28th, but it was June 2 before the two parties came together, totaling 70 men, 14 wagons, 33 yoke of oxen, 2 horse teams, and 20 or so ponies. Hicks remained the leader of both parties.

When they reached Bent's Fort they found only three men there, entirely out of provisions, according to Simmons, except for a small amount of corn. The men refused flour and other provisions offered them. They did not, however, refuse a liberal supply of whiskey.

The combined party reached the South Platte River on June 23. They were greeted by Trader John Smith, who was an invaluable asset to the party because of his knowledge of the country and his influence with the Cheyennes. For some reason the Cherokees had a deadly fear of the Cheyennes, one of the reasons they wanted Philander Simmons associated with them in their trek across the Plains.

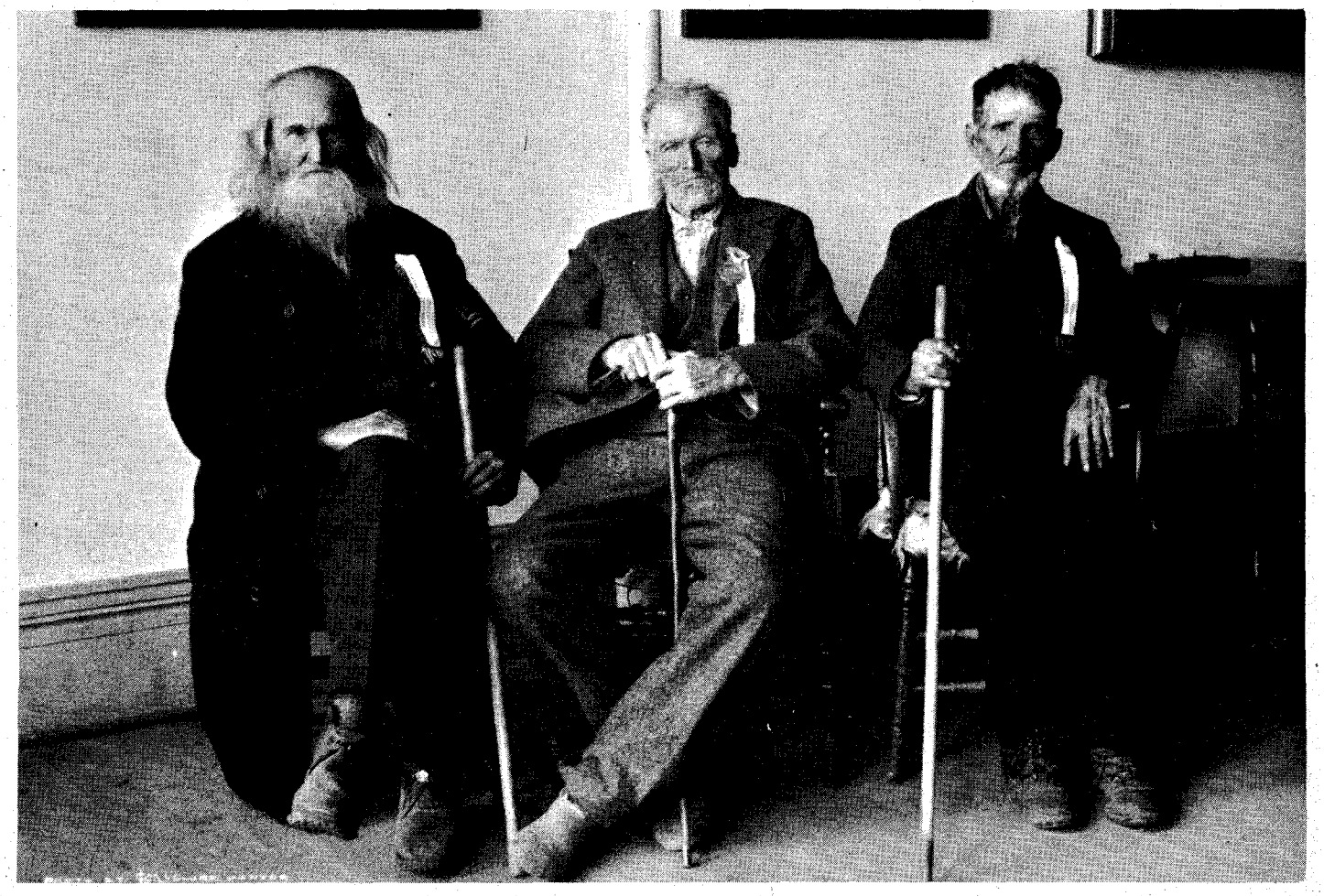
"Mining tools and rockers were put to work," Simmons said, "but after three days' labor all the gold that had been washed out was a small quantity of flat gold, washed there many ages since."

Simmons grew disgusted and started hunting. He killed two deer in what would become North Denver, a buffalo in East Denver, a bear in West Denver, but he does not tell us about the hunting conditions of South Denver.

Finally the Cherokees decided to pull stakes, leaving a handful of men with Green Russell. Simmons migrated Texas. He was employed as a sta driver when he heard of the rush to t Rockies in 1859. Simmons summed u his feelings for the Cañon City *Record Supplement* of June 18, 1881 in an

Philander Simmons (left), Jim Baker (center), and John Albert had their photo taken together at the Festival of Mountain and Plain held in Denver, Colorado back in 1895. Photo by C. L. McClure, Denver.

Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado Library



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article entitled "Pike's Peak" by P. Simmons:

"Green Russell remained, and through his instrumentality they prospected the balance of the season and kept up the excitement by reporting great discoveries and big strikes, which were in reality never made. Still it was the means of starting the great immigration the next year. For this he deserves credit, but to the Cherokees, and the Cherokees only, belongs the credit for originating the expedition which led to the early settlement of the Territory."

FOR SEVERAL YEARS, Simmons kept on the go. After Texas, he revisited Taos, then tried his hand at mining in Colorado at Cañon City and Black Hawk. In 1866 he spent his time around Las Vegas, Santa Fe, and Albuquerque, ending up in Silver City in 1873. He returned to St. Louis for a visit, then went back to Colorado where he decided to settle in the Cañon City-Pueblo area, living there until 1895, at which time he went to Denver.

Not much is known of the Cañon City-Pueblo interim, except that he located a claim near Salida and for a year or two lived in either a natural cave or a prospect adit. Fremont County residents described him as a "strange duffer," "peculiar in his ways," and "close to a recluse, always wanting to be alone."

Simmons visited Denver in 1895 for the Festival of Mountain and Plain, where he enjoyed the company of two other frontiersmen, Jim Baker, known for his knife-to-paw duels with bears, and John Albert, the only person to escape from Turley's Mill during the Taos Revolution of 1847.

Gradually Simmons' health began to fail and for a long time he existed on small loans from friends and the efforts of the Colorado Pioneers Association. William N. Byers, founding editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, was instrumental in securing an allowance of $2 per week for the pioneer. He spent a few days on a poor farm, but that life didn't satisfy him because of the restrictions to his freedom. Finally a friend allowed him the use of a small cabin, until ill health forced him into the county hospital as a charity patient. He died there on November 11, 1899.

His story started out like a Horatio Alger tale, but it had a bitter ending. All along he had had a carefree, don't-give-a-damn attitude and way of life, then he had to spoil it all by becoming disgruntled and sour. That can't be entirely true, though. Undoubtedly, he just couldn't take being "stove up" in a county hospital, "stony broke," and listening to the other old-timers reminisce about how Green Russell had discovered gold in Colorado. It made him downright surly.

He would remind those old-timers and reporters how he and the Cherokees had found small quanities of gold in 1852 and that he had panned gold in Colorado as early as 1842. Then he would remind them that the Indians knew of gold generations before white men came on the scene. He would tell them that the Cherokees came to Colorado in 1858 because of the reports about the Smith discoveries, and the Russell party came because they heard of the Cherokee expedition. Further, he explained, the Cherokees carried gold home with them and were at least partly responsible for the rush the next year. But historians prefer to have gold discovered by the white man.

Probably the old mountain man would have preferred dying somewhere out in the wilderness he loved. Yet it is fortunate for historians that he was confined to the county hospital those last months, otherwise much of Philander Simmons' story might have been lost.

Milt Hinkle

(Continued from page 37)

was about fourteen feet above the ground. As the plane was flying sixty miles per hour and the steer was making about thirty-five miles per hour, that meant that Milt had to jump from the plane when it was about ten feet ahead of the steer. The result—the steer was killed by a broken neck and Milt's hip was jammed up into his body and he spent almost a year in different hospitals before he was able to get around and ride again.

Twenty years later when he was about seventy years old and his bones became brittle like all older people's, he at first had to use a cane. Then when his hip finally gave way on him, he was forced to used both cane and crutch. Milt said the only reason he was the only one to do that stunt was because no one else was that foolish.

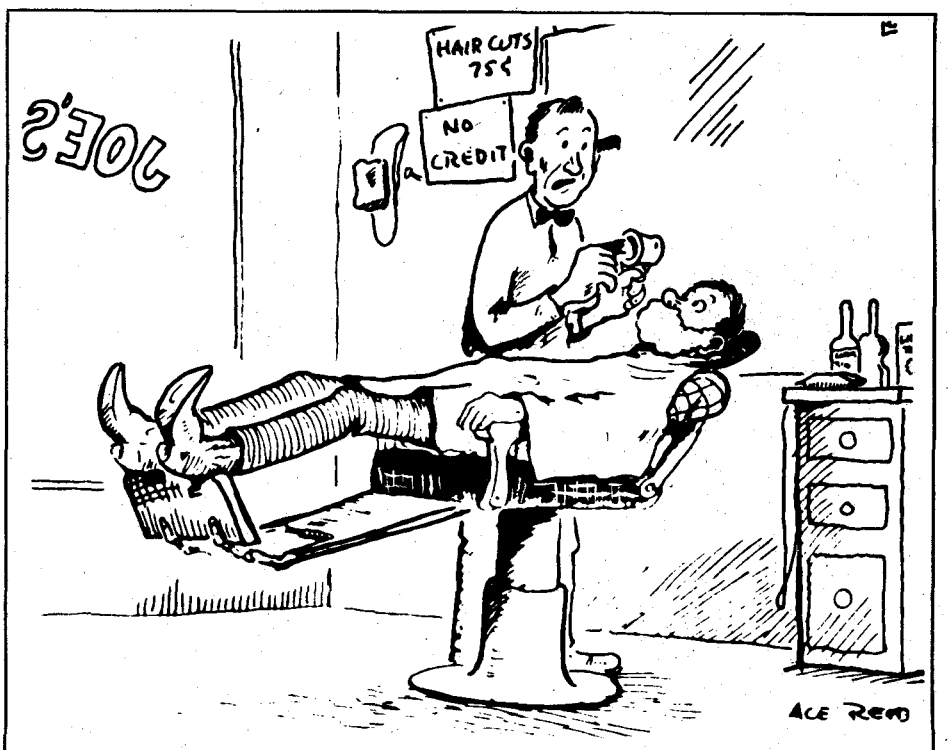
Milt jokingly said he had one scar that covered his entire body, but he did not have as many injuries as would be expected of a man who had taken so many chances. Aside from his badly injured hip, he had two broken ribs, a broken leg, a fractured collarbone and bruises too numerous to mention.

Milt could call among his friends movie stars, Indian chiefs, Presidents, scouts, show owners and many other famous people. He was bodyguard to Teddy Roosevelt when the former President led an exploration along the "River of Doubt" in the Amazon River country of South America.

At one time he was gone for two years with the IOI Ranch Show, a tour which took him to South America, then to England, and back home again. Milt said he sailed part of the way, rode part of the way, and fought all of the way. That was when he was Chief of Cowboys. While in South America he rode with the *gauchos* on the Argentine *pampas*. That is where he got his nickname of "The South American Kid."

During the years Milt also found time to travel with circuses, including the M. L. Clark Big Southern Wagon Show. He was with the Clark Circus off and on for about three seasons, mostly during the winter months when most of the wild west shows were off the road. On the Clark Show he usually had the wild west concert or after-show and was also lot superintendent. Milt was handy at a lot of things—such as blacksmithing—and at times he worked the big male tusker elephant "Old Ned" on that show. Ned was later sold to the Al G. Barnes Circus and his name was changed to "Tusko." Milt also had the wild west concert on the Sells-Floto Circus in 1927.

About the deepest Milt ever got involved in circus business was in the spring of 1945 when he, Harry Hammil,



"I was a cowboy, too, till recently. The boss said I was the clumsiest hand at dehornin' steers he ever saw, so I quit and started barberin'."

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SEE PAGE 71.

and Ben Davenport got together to build the Austin Bros. Circus. Old wagons and railroad cars were purchased from Frank West, who had had them on his carnival. They were in such bad shape that some of the wagons looked like they would not run another mile without falling apart. Under the supervision of Milt Hinkle the cast-offs were soon rebuilt into first-class rolling stock. The show opened on March 30 with Milt as manager, but he did not stay with the circus long and was soon with a wild west show riding broncs and bulldogging steers.

Among Milt's many endeavors in later years was his work around rodeos where he was a well-known promoter; he had the wild west show at the World's Fair in New York in 1939. He also toured with a special bus loaded with mementoes of the Old West he had collected during the years, and gave lectures on his favorite subject. Among his many fans were children. Milt got along well with the small fry. He said he loved children and children loved him.

MILT settled in Kissimmee, Florida, and produced the first rodeo in that town. Up until the last two or three years Milt would go to Madison, Wisconsin to the World's Championship Rodeo each year, then to the Ohio State Fair Rodeo and other places. In 1964 he stopped off at our house in Carrollton, Ohio for a week end. The local newspaper sent a photographer and reporter over, and an article and a picture of Milt with our son appeared in the paper.

At that time Milt was near eighty-three years old and if it had not been for that dare-deviltry stunt of bulldogging a steer from an airplane he would have been able to get around well. He had good eyesight and a clear mind and his eyes would sparkle when he got started telling tales of the Old West. It seemed when Milt was talking, Buffalo Bill and all the rest seemed to come alive. A fellow could sit up all night and enjoy it.

Milt lived in an old twelve-foot trailer with no brand name and a patched-up canvas roof. He had added a small frame room which I called "The House That Milt Built." He did a good job for the shape he was in. His home was located on Mill Sloth Road on Mud Creek back of the slaughterhouse. Milt probably felt more at home there than he would have in a more elaborate dwelling, as it must have put him in mind of an old-time line rider's cabin.

The beginning of the end came for Milt on December 6, 1968 about one o'clock in the afternoon. He had just got back from the post office with his mail and stepped out of the car onto a round beef bone that caused him to fall to the fender and then to the ground. Milt said it hurt so much it nearly took his breath. In some way he crawled into the house and got into bed. He said he took a lot of aspirin tablets.

On the 19th of December he was admitted to Room 334 at Lakeland General Hospital where he remained for several months; X-rays showed he had reinjured his crippled hip and that his back was in bad shape. Milt was a big man and had to take off fifty pounds before they would operate on him.

On Thursday, May 1, 1969 he was given a spinal injection, which made it possible for him to watch the operation. They took all of his leg bones out on that one leg and replaced them with all steel leg bones and steel wire braces. The doctor replaced his hip bones with steel, also.

Then Milt had an auto wreck on January 13, 1971 when he ran into a large corner post. This time his good leg and his spine were injured and he returned home to spend the rest of his days in a wheelchair. After that, his colorful past was all my good friend had to live with. Like the Old West he loved so well, Milt was slowly dying. He had no plans for the future. He had no place to go but back—back through scrapbooks, old magazines and memories of the real old-time cowboys. "What else can I do," he said, "but sit here and wait?"

Milt stuck to his old Stetson hat to the end and in one of his last letters to me he said he was sitting in his wheelchair with his big hat on. That reminded me of the poem Milt had in his paperbac book he called the "Old West."

My Old Stetson Hat

Stained with alkali, sand and mud
Smeared with grease and crimson blood
Battered and bent from constant use
Still you have stood the danged abuse.

A true companion through all these years,
Fanning broncs and longhorn steers,
I dedicate this to the old gray lid
For useful things the old hat did.

Used to decoy some rustler's lead,
Or as a pillow beneath my head;
Coaxing a smoldering fire in the cold,
Panning dust in search for gold,
Pushed up high and knocked down flat,
Has been the lot of my old Stetson hat.

Milt was buried on March 3, 1972 in Osceola Memory Gardens at Kissimmee after services at the Grissom Chapel at 10:30 a.m. Casket bearers were Fred Clancy, Pete Hunt, Jim Killip, Floyd Lingle, Bud Mufford and Lou Young. B. P. O. Elks Lodge 1873 conducted the services. Most of the men who attended wore boots and big hats and some of the women there wore boots and big hats.

Milt had climbed aboard "Old Paint" for the last time and probably would have liked to turn and wave a last farewell—as he had done so many times after his performances during his rodeo and wild west show days.

Old Beaverhead's Point of Rocks

(Continued from page 43)

whiskey barrels from the Point of Rocks stage station bar. Sometimes he found a plug of chewing tobacco stuck fast to the bottom (an additive I'm told which enhances the strength, color, and flavor of the whiskey). It took a lot of scraping to dislodge the tobacco and, as it had soaked into the wood, it is highly probable that the kraut developed an unusual taste.

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In spite of the care of a large family with no modern equipment to lessen the labor, Rosa Mailey never refused the call of a neighbor to usher an infant into the world or to help with the last care of the dead.

In 1893 when Ben Pigeon was appointed postmaster at Point of Rocks, he moved the office out of the station to a site about a mile away and had the name changed to Blaine, in honor of James G. Blaine who had formerly been a Republican candidate for president and was greatly admired by Pigeon. In 1897 Pigeon resigned and John Mailey was appointed postmaster with his wife as assistant.

The country post office was more than a place to pick up and deposit mail. It was a place to meet your neighbor, to see who came and went on the stage, to hear the latest news, and swap quilt blocks for gooseberries. In their work the Maileys met hundreds of people they otherwise would not have known existed. John Mailey died in 1931 and Rosa continued as postmaster until 1937 when the Blaine post office was discontinued. She had served forty years. That may not be a record but it is a long time to stick in one place with one job.

As a boy August Mailey often visited the stage station. He told of the time back in the early 1890s when a man of unkempt appearance and empty pockets walked into the station and stayed several days, partaking of food and drink and sleeping on the barroom floor. Before moving on he offered to pay his bill by painting a picture on the board wall that by then separated the barroom from the dining room. The stagekeeper agreed and furnished paint and brushes. The picture was of a little girl standing beside a spring with a pitcher in her hand; a deer was watching her. There was a background of green trees and mountains. August remembers the picture as being about eight feet long and six feet high. Other old-timers recall that it was considerably larger. At any rate it proved to be quite an attraction, and during the next fifty years was viewed by people living nearby and by many whose homes were thousands of miles away. When the station was discontinued the wall with the picture on it was taken down; whether to preserve the painting or merely to use the lumber, no one seems to know—just as no one ever knew the artist's name.

An annual turkey shoot, held at the stage station on the Sunday afternoon before Thanksgiving, would draw a crowd of from fifty to sixty men. About a dozen fine turkeys were purchased each year by the station keeper. For one shoot one turkey at a time was placed in a crate with just its head sticking up above. A piece of iron (probably the door from an old cookstove since it had a small bolt hole in it) was placed in front of the crate to protect the bird from being shot except in the head. Shooting distance was 100 yards with an eleven-pound .50 Sharps rifle. Each shot cost the shooter two-bits. As long as the turkeys lasted, a man could shoot as many times as he had two-bit pieces to spend. If he hit the turkey's head he got the turkey.

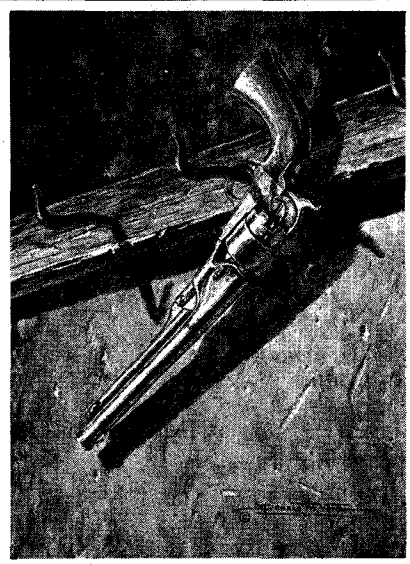
Naturally it was good business on the part of the bar-keep to see that whiskey flowed freely, and naturally most of the participants in the event grew tipsy, resulting in many shots going wild.

THE Nyhart children, the Maileys, and many other youngsters received most, if not all, of their formal schooling in the Point of Rocks schoolhouse. George Nyhart was quite a show-off, and one day when the teacher, Miss Robbins, left the schoolroom to speak to a caller, George managed to get his leg up around his neck to show the other pupils what he could do. The teacher returned to the room before he expected her and in his haste to resume a proper position, he gave his leg a wrong twist and it was hooked around his neck and he couldn't move it. So there he sat in both physical and mental misery with the other kids enjoying his predicament. Miss Robbins helped to get the leg back to where it belonged. (George grew up quite normally.)

Tradition dear to the hearts of some may not always find immediate acceptance on the part of others. Mrs. Albert Smith came as a bride from her home in the East to her husband's ranch at Point of Rocks. On her first evening she was busy making the erstwhile bachelor's adobe more homelike when just outside came the most frightening racket. Yelling, shooting, and something dropping on the roof scared the young bride witless It took more to calm her fears than to learn that the bloodcurdling uproar was only the welcome of friends and neighbors in a western charivari. Afterwards she remembered that the men came in and that her husband, who had been expecting them, passed out drinks. Whether or not she made coffee and served refreshments (the usual custom) was something she could not recall. She was just too upset.

For a long time Point of Rocks charivaris would not have been considered complete without the shooting of holes through the stove pipes or, if there were chimneys they had to be shot down, with bullets often boring holes through the roofs. Yet no one was ever physically injured.

The pioneers are gone. The Shoshoni no longer come to the old camping grounds. The stage station once known for hundreds of miles in every direction is no more and the name by which it was called may soon be found only in stories like this. But the promontory still puts a bend in the Beaverhead River and still looks like what it is, an ancient landmark, a Point of Rocks.



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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 29)

der Glover worked on the riverboat *Lessie B.* after the close of the Civil War. It ran from Jefferson, Texas to Shreveport, Louisiana. This flatboat was in operation in 1875.

I would like to hear from people who once lived in Phillips, Coal County, Oklahoma, as I am compiling a history on Phillips and Number 6 Coal Mines.—Mrs. C. E. Elliston, Route 5, Box 16, Coalgate, Oklahoma 74538

Nixon

I would like information concerning Tom Nixon of Dodge, Kansas, next marshal of that town after Earp. Nixon was killed while serving as marshal. If any of his descendents read this, will you please write, as I am trying to clarify some family history.—Charles E. Nixon, Waveland, Indiana 47989

Coose

My great-grandfather, Oscar Walton Coose, was born in October 1847. He married Ella Jane Foster at San Saba, Texas in December 1873. They had ten children and their homeplace was at Medina, Texas. Oscar also had a blacksmith shop there. He died February 1935 at San Antonio. I know nothing of his family background or his whereabouts from 1900 to 1934. Any information about him would be most welcome.—Jan L. Sevener, 3100 North 89 Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53222

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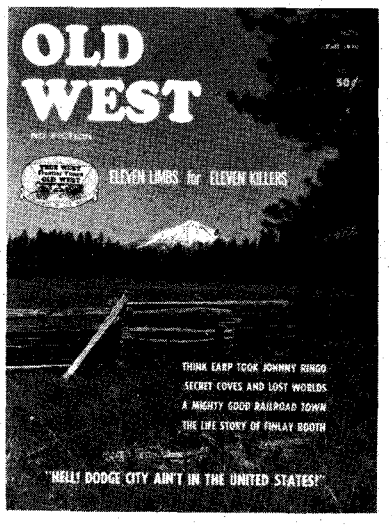

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 17)

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The Boy in the Painting

This letter is in reference to the picture on page 16 of your April 1972 issue, "Laying Track on the High Plains," by Joseph W. Snell. My first contact with this incident was in 1928. I was a member of a survey party of the Union Pacific. We reconstructed a bridge at the west edge of "Victoria," Kansas. Near the bridge on the creek bank were (and still are) the graves of the victims. It is on the Union Pacific right-of-way. The small plot is fenced and a granite marker bears the names of those men who lost their lives. It has always been cared for by the railroad. It is but a few steps off the old U. S. Highway 40.

Now about the picture. In 1931 I knew a William Schimmerhorn of Wilson, Kansas (near the locale). He and I were looking at this picture and he said, "See that kid trying to catch the handcar—that boy was my father." His father barely made it as the men on the handcar were not slowing down under the circumstances.—L. W. Servis, 524 North 54th Street, Mesa, Arizona 85205

Lillian Alling

In your April 1972 issue of TRUE WEST you carried an article by Francis Dickie entitled "Mysterious Lillian—Human Homing Pigeon," concerning a young Russian girl named Lillian Alling who made a 6,000-mile journey from Nye to the Bering Sea trying to reach Siberia. After reading the article I decided to write you because of a very peculiar incident that occurred back in 1965 when I was a visitor in Yakutsk, Eastern Siberia.

I had been invited by a Russian ex-Army man, with whom I had become quite good friends in Mukden, Manchuria during the closing days of World War II, to come and visit if ever I got the chance. The opportunity finally came in April, 1965 when the Cold War had thawed, so I went to San Francisco where I secured passage to Moscow. In Moscow I then flew to Yakutsk where I located my friend.

It seems he, like I, enjoys mysteries, and one day while exploring around (as much as one is permitted to do) he suddenly asked what I considered a very strange question. "If I were in America, how would I be treated?" Somewhat taken aback, I replied, "In what way do you mean? What makes you ask that?" Then he told me the following incident.

As a very young boy—somewhere around fourteen or fifteen—he had lived in a very small community in the Soviet Far East named Provideniya, which is about 170 or 180 miles from the present town of Wales, Alaska across the Bering Strait. He stated that late one afternoon while on an errand for his mother he saw a crowd gathered on the waterfront and several official-looking men were present, questioning a woman and three Eskimo men. He said he recognized that the Eskimos were from the Diomede Islands in the Strait by their dress but the woman was differently dressed, like a European or American. He remembered the woman telling the officials she had come from America where she said she had been unable to make a living or make friends (of necessity I'm condensing much of what I was told to save space). She said she had had to walk "a terrible long way because no one would lift as much as a finger to help me in any way because they didn't want to—or couldn't understand—my feelings. I tried to make friends at first, but everybody wanted no part of me—as a foreigner—and that so deeply hurt me I couldn't bear it and so I began to walk. I knew it was far and would be hard but I had to do it even if no one understood. And I did it!" He told me he saw the girl and the Eskimos led away—he never saw them again—but the memory was to linger with him always. He also stated all this took place in the fall of 1930—he was very positive of the date because he stated his parents and his family were moved two years later farther westward to a place named Ust Yansk where his father fished commercially.

For several years all of this sort of haunted me—all mysteries do, in one way or another—but I never could figure out any answer. Then this past week I happened by chance to pick up the above mentioned copy of your magazine to have something to pass time with and that's how I saw the article.

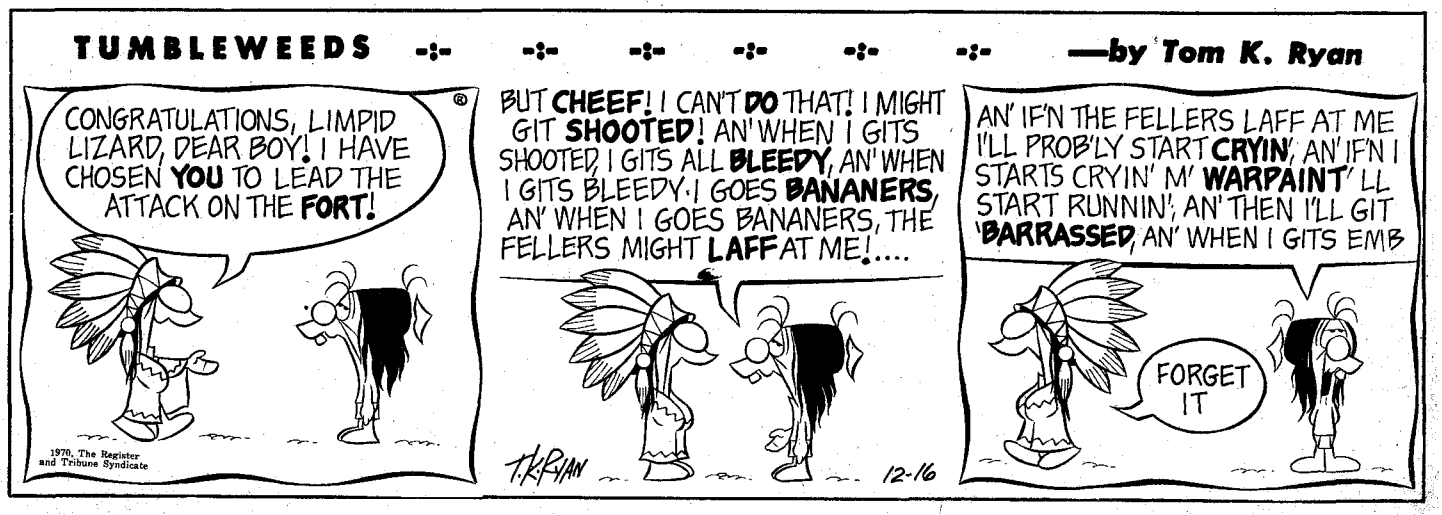
Now I'm really curious! Could it be possible that that girl with the three Eskimos could have been Lillian Alling? The Eskimos were definitely dressed as the Eskimos of the Little and Big Diomede Islands do. The only thing is—no black and white dog was visible or I'm very certain my friend would have said so. Anyway, knowing the people and the country as well as I do—I've spent nearly two-thirds of my life in Alaska—I'm very, very sure Lillian Alling made it! (Though, of course, I have no definite proof.)—Arthur F. Elmore, [illegible] California 95648

* * * *

I would like to commend [illegible] staff the April '72 issue. I feel [illegible] entire magazine is outstanding. J[illegible] Cooper brought back so many young memories in his article on Tex Ritter. A true Saturday matinee buff, I can well remember at age ten, watching Tex ride off into the sunset, week after week, without once succumbing to the "b[illegible]d guys." It makes me wonder whatev[illegible] happened to the likes of Hoot Gibs[illegible] Ken Maynard and Bob Steele.

Dot Smollen certainly proved that not everyone living in the West was an illiterate cowpuncher in the article on Sisterdale. And both the Black Jack Ketchum piece and Joe Snell's "Laying Track on the High Plains" were outstanding.

Most of all, however, I enjoyed Francis Dickie's article on Lillian Alling. Whatever prompted this courageous woman's epic struggle to reach Siberia from New York on foot, she should always be remembered for her indomitable will.—Donald L. Smith, 802 "Eye" Street, Sacramento, California 95814



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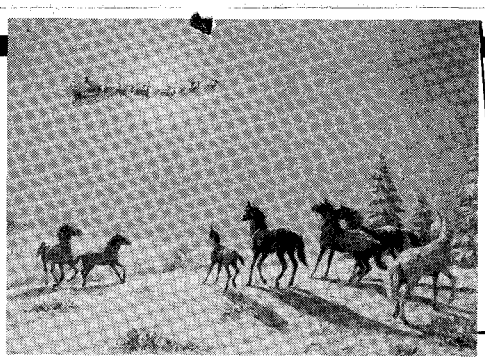
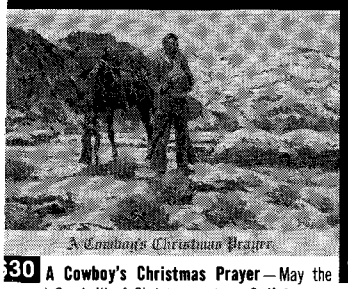


T508 A Surprise in the Sky — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Thomas**

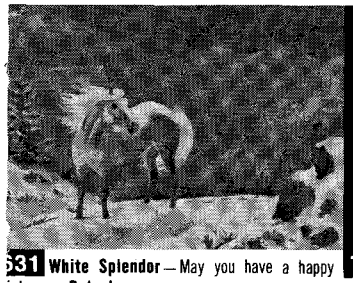


630 A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer — May the ce and Goodwill of Christmas, etc. — **Salisbury**

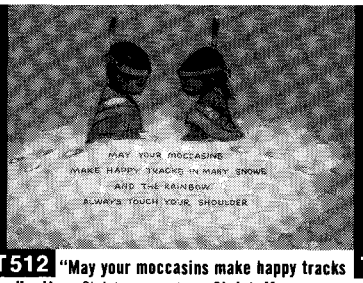
T607 Ranch Country — May the meaning of the Season be deeper . . . etc. — **Thomas**

T642 A Time for Friendship — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Johnson**

T107 Tidings of Great Joy — May the warmth and love around us at Christmas time, etc. — **EchoHawk**



631 White Splendor — May you have a happy istmas — **Delaplane**



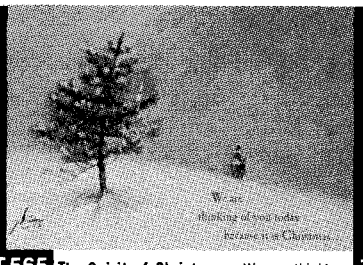
T512 "May your moccasins make happy tracks . . ." — Merry Christmas . . . etc. — **Christoffersen**

T616 Bronc to Breakfast — May there come to you this holiday time . . . Friendships — **C. M. Russell**

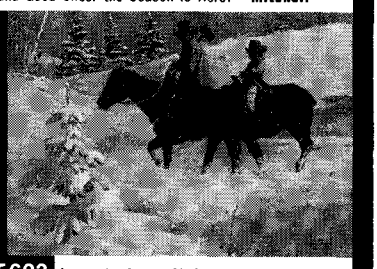
T632 Christmas Eve Out Our Way — Good Health and Good Cheer the Season is Here! — **Mitchell**

615 A Time for Celebration — Christmas Greet- s and Best Wishes for all the Year — **Thomas**

T605 Greetings from our Outfit to Yours — With best wishes at Christmas, etc. — **Salisbury**

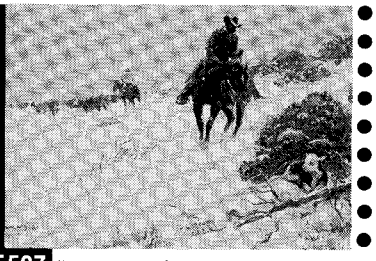


T565 The Spirit of Christmas — We are thinking of you today because it is Christmas, etc. — **Snidow**

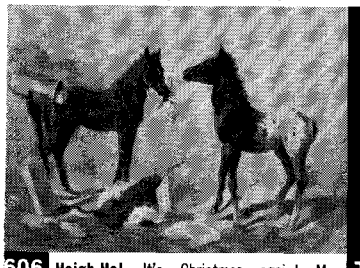


T623 Legend of the Christmas Tree — Wishing you a Blessed Christmas and Happiness, etc. — **Owen**

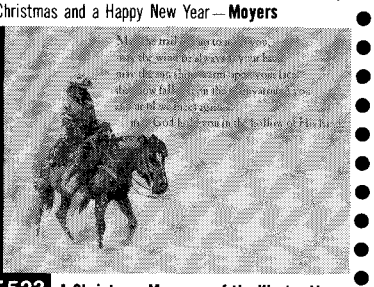
622 Christmas Eve in the West — May the ace of Christmas be with you, etc. — **Harvey**



T507 "...leave no little one alone." — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Moyers**



606 Heigh-Ho! — It's Christmas again! May ours be joyful and your New Year happy! — **Goodwine**



T523 A Christmas Message of the West — Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — **Quigley**

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